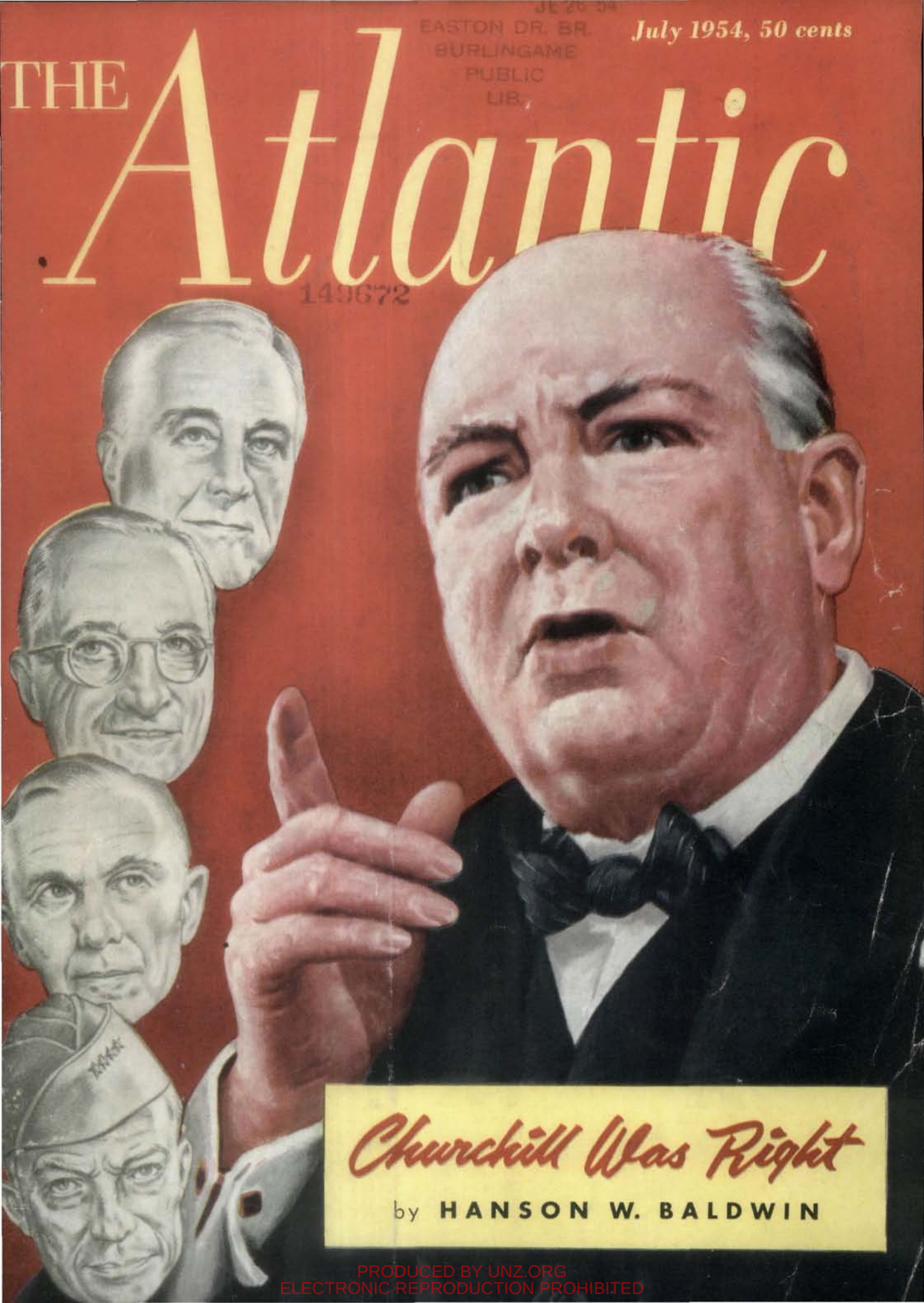




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Churchill Was Right

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

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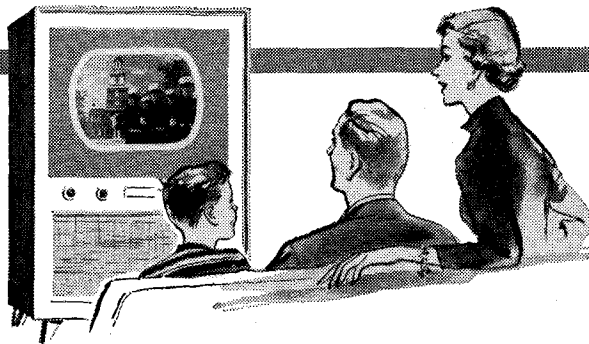


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Cover portrait of Sir Winston Churchill by Ern  de Sauv 

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, July, 1954, Vol. 194, No. 1. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1954, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

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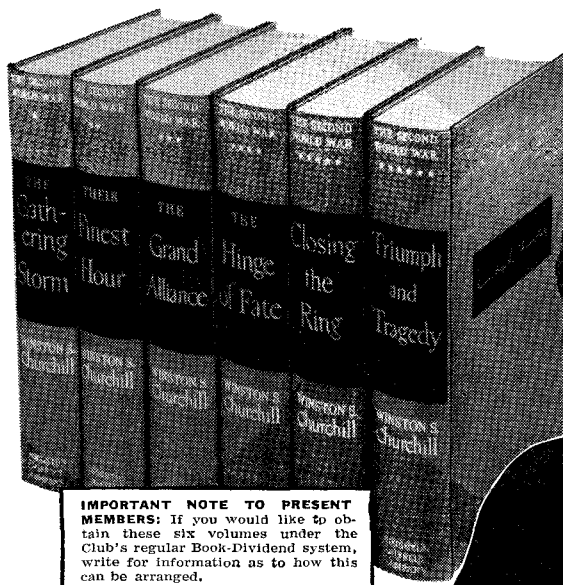
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Pakistan

EARLY this spring there wasn't a cockier capital anywhere in the world than Karachi. Its spirit was a direct reflection of the buoyant self-confidence of Pakistan's top leadership. In his first year in office 45-year-old Prime Minister Mohammed Ali had pulled off coup after coup. He had solved his country's 1953 trade crisis. He had arranged for the gift of military aid from the United States, to the discomfiture of Pakistan's unloved neighbor, India. He had improved the nation's international status by forming a military alliance with Turkey. The future looked bright.

Since then the atmosphere in Karachi has changed completely. Despite Mohammed Ali's triumphs, the official government party, the Muslim League, suffered a catastrophic loss in the important state election in East Bengal. It was the League that originally brought about the founding of Pakistan. Since then the League has governed its creation, almost without opposition. This was its first defeat, and it was a crusher. Practically every official in Karachi, civil service or political, is a Leaguer. It's easy to understand why doubt and sullen gloom have replaced the earlier optimism of the capital.

Most Pakistani are convinced that high-ranking Indians, including Pandit Nehru himself, resent their continued existence as illogical. Among the opposition leaders as well as in the ranks of the League, there seem to be a common feeling that the country is fighting against odds and a common determination to make a go of the nation.

When partition came, India got about 1.2 million square miles against Pakistan's 364,000. India got 356 million people against Pakistan's 75 million. India ended up with more than its proportional

share of some of the major assets of the subcontinent, including almost all the large cities and almost all the industry. Even more important, the overwhelming majority of the educated and trained men — engineers, doctors, lawyers, civil servants, scientists, business executives, newspapermen, and writers — were Hindus. Naturally they stayed with India.

Drastically split from the point of view of geography, ethnology, and language, Pakistan has had to depend on the Muslim religion to provide its one rallying point of unity. In secular terms this unity has been expressed through the Muslim League. The League has never had any distinct planks in its platform except the defense of the nation and the protection of the special status of Islam. The Constituent Assembly, which doubles in brass as a national legislature, is composed of Muslim Leaguers elected from the Muslim constituencies of the old undivided India. There has been no national election since 1947.

Frenzied election

The state of East Bengal takes up the whole of East Pakistan and includes more than half the population of the country. In the provincial election last March the Muslim League was defeated catastrophically by a coalition of miscellaneous opponents calling themselves the United Front.

The League fought a frenzied campaign. Top government officials accused the United Front of wanting to tear Pakistan in two and hand the chunks to India. The government tossed some hundreds (no one is sure just how many) of opposition election workers into jail without the right of habeas corpus, on the ground that they were violat-

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The Atlantic Report on *Pakistan*



ing the security of the state. After all this effort, the League won only 10 out of the 309 seats in the legislature. Already government spokesmen in Karachi are trying to explain away the defeat as "a question of personality clashes." It was far more than that. It was a revolt against the League's monopoly rule.

A popular theory in India has held that the League lost because American military aid was unpopular in East Bengal. This doesn't seem to be borne out by the facts of the campaign. The American aid was never questioned by any members of the United Front except the few Communists. The pact itself seems to be generally popular everywhere in the country.

A factor easily identifiable as having been directly involved in the defeat was Bengali resentment against two trends: the increasing indifference of local League leaders to the needs or desires of the people of the state, and a steady preferential treatment given by the central government to West over East Pakistan when it came to handing out funds for development.

Communists in Pakistan

In the East Bengal election, for the first time, Communists emerged as a factor to be reckoned with in Pakistan. Until this spring, in comparison with those in India and most of the other Asian countries, Communists in Pakistan have been conspicuous by their absence.

Part of the reason, of course, has been the strength of the Muslim religion. Still more important has been the lack of intellectuals, especially of the unemployed intelligentsia that forms the backbone of the Communist Party in India. The East Bengal election gave the Communists a chance to rise to prominence as civil liberties martyrs.

Although Communist candidates met with little success at the polls (4 out of 25 were elected to the new legislature), there has been a marked increase in Communist activities since the election. The Soviet propaganda drive has been stepped up, and Soviet-sponsored literary and dramatic gatherings have emphasized the "similarity of the Soviet and Muslim ways of life."

Rioting at jute and paper mills resulted in more than 500 deaths in the first two months of the new provincial government. At the end of May, the central government sent some 10,000 troops to East Pakistan to restore order, and Prime Minister

Ali dismissed Faslul Huq, Chief Minister of East Pakistan, and his entire Cabinet of fourteen men and imposed martial law. He attributed the rioting to "disruptive forces and enemy agents."

Too much jute

The economic status of Pakistan lies somewhere between bad and moderate. Pakistan came out of partition with two strong economic assets: the raw jute of East Bengal and the wheat of the Punjab. The jute proved to be a problem in marketing. Although Pakistan held a virtual monopoly on growing jute, all the mills in undivided India which had spun it into burlap were in Calcutta.

During the communal slaughter among Hindus and Muslims in 1948, trade between the two countries came to a halt. East Bengal lost its chief market. The Pakistani government had to develop its own port, Chittagong, so that it could ship its raw jute directly to European and American mills. Then it began building its own expensive factories to compete with Calcutta. In the meantime, India began taking lands in West Bengal out of rice production and putting them into jute to compete with Pakistan. More than half of the raw fiber milled in Calcutta last year was grown in India.

When the Korean War started, the prices of all raw materials went sky-high. For two years Pakistan enjoyed a boom, mostly on the basis of jute exports. In 1952, as happened in all the other exporter countries of Asia, the bottom dropped out. Pakistan lacked — and still lacks — trained financial experts. The government failed to take even the simplest measures to prevent a bust.

It wasn't until the government crisis of a year ago that a new crew took over the treasury. The new prime minister, Mohammed Ali, and his confusingly named finance minister, Choudhry Mohammed Ali, slapped on import restrictions and brought the dizzy drop in the nation's reserves to an end. Jute prices have now grown firmer, but there are long-range troubles ahead. The shortages and high prices of the Korean boom days forced many American firms to shift from burlap to competitive forms of packing materials, such as multilayer paper bags. It is doubtful that the jute market will ever completely regain its prosperity.

Not enough wheat

The Punjab is a broad and fertile plain north of Delhi, now divided between India and Pakistan. The Pakistan Punjab used to supply a regular surplus of 150,000 tons of wheat a year to the rest

of the country. Out of the last four years, however, three have been exceptionally lean. In 1950 there were floods, and in 1952 and 1953 there was drought. Last year Punjabi production of grain was down from the normal by a million tons. Only the American gift of a million tons of wheat saved the country from famine. This year the rains have been better than normal in the region, and farmers are harvesting a bumper crop.

Vital water supply

An important factor in the food situation in the Punjab is the water supply for the great irrigation canals built by the British. In the partition, India ended up with the most important of the dams that control Pakistan's water. Without irrigation the Punjab plain, fertile though it is, would revert to desert.

An example of India's power occurred in the 1948 crisis between the two countries. Simply by turning a few valves, Indian engineers completely cut off Lahore, a city of more than a million inhabitants, from its water supply for several days. Not only do Pakistan's planning experts worry about how to expand the irrigation system with an uncertain source of water, but military leaders openly conjecture what Pakistan could do to fight an enemy with the power of imposing starvation and thirst on the country.

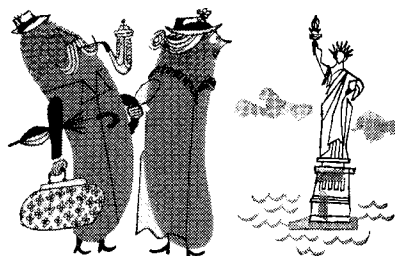
This spring the World Bank proposed a solution: dividing the six rivers of the Punjab evenly between the two countries. The proposal has been met with something less than enthusiasm both in Karachi and in New Delhi.

Like all the countries of Asia, Pakistan faces increasing difficulties in meeting the Communist menace inside and out, in developing industries to balance its economy, in educating its children, and in finding new sources of food for its expanding population.

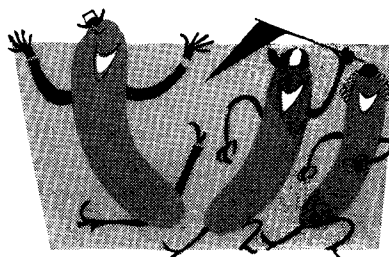
In one sense, perhaps the shortage of trained leaders will stand Pakistan in good stead. The country has already had to turn to young men, who look for new solutions to the new problems. Most of the ministers of the Mohammed Ali cabinet are in their forties. If the Muslim League breaks up, they should be able to adjust to any new situation.

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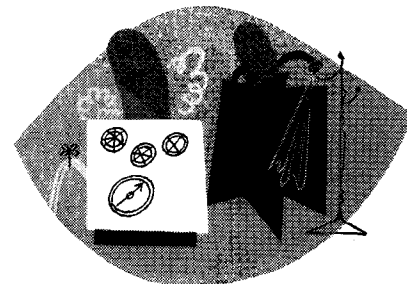
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Washington

FLOUNDERING is the only word to describe the Administration record in the Indochina debacle. Following the fall of Dienbienphu and the siege of Hanoi, a somewhat more understandable American policy began to emerge to save the remainder of Southeast Asia from Communist absorption. This was not, however, until the Western alliance had been put to severe strain and the Administration's talk of "regained initiative" had been shown up as hollow. Although Secretary Dulles rejected the charge that he had suffered a diplomatic defeat at Geneva, unquestionably a split with Britain did develop.

To understand the difficulties and the subsequent attempts at patchwork, it is necessary to go back to the Berlin Conference. At that meeting in January, Dulles exhibited great diplomatic skill. He kept the Western Allies together and he threw bare the unwillingness of the Soviet Union to do anything substantive respecting a settlement in Europe. As a concession to French Foreign Minister Bidault, Dulles agreed to a discussion of the Indochina war at Geneva. He made very clear that the presence of Communist China was not to be construed as American recognition. But the mere arrangement to appear at the same meeting with Red China got him in trouble with the Formosa bloc in Congress.

Immediately Senator Knowland jumped in to denounce the meeting as appeasement. Forgotten was Dulles's diplomatic triumph in Berlin. A steady drumfire of criticism kept up before the Geneva Conference. Any discussion with Red China was stigmatized, somewhat inaccurately, as "another Munich." It was in this atmosphere that Dulles had to prepare for the conference. On the one hand was the French insistence on exploring every means to obtain a decent cease-fire. On the other was the equally vehement insistence by members of Congress that there could be no concessions.

Thus Dulles went to Geneva with his hands tied. He could not negotiate; he could only demand. Whether or not the offer of eventual recognition and the seating of Communist China in the United Nations would have done any good, Dulles was

not even empowered to mention such inducements. All he could do was talk tough in terms of massive retaliation against Chinese intervention in Indochina and attempt to enlist support for a Southeast Asia version of NATO.

Intervention before diplomacy

On his flying trip to London and Paris on the eve of the Geneva Conference, Dulles obtained an agreement from British Foreign Minister Eden to *consider* a military alliance in Southeast Asia. Dulles, however, apparently thought the commitment was far more definite than Eden believed it to be.

Just before the opening of the Geneva meeting, French Foreign Minister Bidault made an urgent plea for active military help to save Dienbienphu. Dulles approached the British with a request to join in active intervention if Congress would approve American participation. Dulles reportedly already had discussed the matter with certain members of Congress, and a formal request for intervention powers was set for April 26. D Day for the intervention of American carrier planes had actually been scheduled for April 28.

At this point the British drew back. Intervention before diplomacy at Geneva had had a chance was more than they had bargained for. Prime Minister Churchill, with a political problem of his own in the revolt of the left-wing Laborites, disavowed active intervention in a speech in the House of Commons.

Thus Dulles, unable to negotiate and with his plans for military intervention shattered, could only put in a nominal appearance at Geneva. The Communists were able to coördinate the capture of Dienbienphu with the presentation of their demands at Geneva. Of minor importance strategically, the fortress became a great psychological symbol because of the huge stress laid on it in the United States.

The loss of Dienbienphu completed the American disillusionment with the Navarre Plan devised by the French commandant for the military defense



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of Indochina. Originally the idea had been to make a stand at the fortress as a means of luring the Communist-dominated Vietminh into an open fight. But Dienbienphu was too close to Communist supply lines, and too far from French strength, for the stratagem to work. The Vietminh massed in division force, and its artillery and ammunition supplies far exceeded French estimates. Supplies from Communist China, however, could hardly be considered the deciding factor. After the Korean armistice, supplies sent by China increased from an estimated 300 tons a month to some 2500 tons. Unquestionably there are Chinese technicians in Indochina, and according to one intelligence report there even are three Russian generals and seven colonels with the Vietminh.

The cost of American aid

But the volume of Communist assistance to the Vietminh has in no way equaled the American assistance to the French and native forces. Aid by way of military supplies has been running at no less than 30,000 tons a month at a cost of nearly a billion dollars a year. Indeed, one thing that

has worried Administration policy makers is the possibility that formidable amounts of American equipment would fall into Communist hands. American weapons originally sent to Chiang Kai-shek and captured by the Chinese Communists, as well as equipment captured in Korea, have played a large part in arming the Vietminh.

Understandably, American efforts to bolster the French are regarded by many of the neutralist countries of South Asia as support for colonialism. Realizing this, Foreign Minister Eden sought to enlist the aid of Asian nations for any settlement he could work out through diplomacy at Geneva. It is here that the sharpest difference arose between Britain and the United States. Eden sought to exhaust diplomacy before resorting to military measures. Dulles talked in terms of a military answer to a problem that, in the judgment of many experts, was not susceptible of a wholly military solution.

Before the breach could be repaired it was necessary for the Administration to do some backtracking in

public on its strategic assumptions about Southeast Asia. Official after official—including the President, Vice President, Admiral Radford, and Secretary Dulles himself—had proclaimed or implied that the fall of Indochina to the Communists would mean the ultimate loss of the remainder of the area. By way of patchwork Dulles had to acknowledge that this was not necessarily true and that prudent collective measures might protect other countries despite the influence of the Vietminhese kind of internal subversion.

Meanwhile there has been remarkably little partisan criticism in Congress of the muddling by the Administration. Part of the forbearance derives, no doubt, from a realization of the truly Atlas-like burden under which Secretary Dulles has been struggling. There also is the knowledge among Democrats that it was a Democratic Administration which began many of the policies that have proved unworkable in Indochina. It was the Truman Administration that recognized the French puppet Bao Dai as the "sovereign" in Vietnam, in company with the British, and doled out aid uncritically without considering the issue of real independence.

St. Lawrence seaway

Approval of the St. Lawrence seaway was a curious anti climax in view of the rising Canadian sentiment for an all-Canadian project. The able and affable Canadian Ambassador, Arnold D. P. Heeney, found himself congratulated smugly by members of Congress, at the signing ceremony, on a measure in which Canada had lost at least some of its interest.

Because of the thirty-year wait on the seaway, few Canadians expected the United States actually to join in the project. Since the war, Canada has taken another look and found that an all-Canadian series of canals would be not only financially feasible but in some ways preferable from the Canadian point of view. Plans were under way for Canada to proceed on her own; and the \$105 million which the United States will now contribute still leaves Canada with the major part of the task. Officially, however, Canada continues to welcome American participation, and there is little doubt that a suitable treaty can be worked out to start the International Rapids canal.

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The Congressional vote itself (51-33 in the Senate and 241-158 in the House) showed some interesting changes of position. Democratic Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts, for example, departed from his Republican colleague, Senator Saltonstall, to vote for the bill, with the statement that the national interest takes precedence over regional interests. Both Senators from Maine, both Senators from Rhode Island, voted for the bill, as did Senator Lehman of New York.

Many of the representatives of eastern port states voted against it, however, and opposition continued to the end from a lobby organized by the eastern railroads. What undoubtedly influenced the final passage more than any other consideration was the sure knowledge that this was the last chance for the United States to participate in an international waterway and help set the tolls its own shipping would pay.

Mood of the Capital

No one in Washington has known precisely how to gauge the business recession. Many Democrats, abetted by labor leaders, have been talking gloom; but the gradual spring upturn in employment offset some of the fears in the Administration. In the words of Chairman Arthur Burns of the Council of Economic Advisers, this is "the mildest recession the country has ever had."

Burns, whose own view tends toward optimism, adds that if there were either a sharp downturn or a marked improvement he would know immediately what to advise. As it is, the Administration can only watch carefully and be prepared to step in with new stimulus if necessary. It has relied on selective and indirect measures, such as the billion-dollar Federal highway aid program, to promote expansion of the economy.

Burns strongly opposed Senator George's plan to increase income tax exemptions. Tax relief, Burns believes, ought to be granted through lower rates when necessary; but he emphasizes that everyone ought to pay some tax as a matter of principle. He was fearful that the exclusion of many low-income taxpayers would bring the cry of "poor man's tax" if it subsequently should be found necessary to reduce the exemptions.

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Poland

In the few years since the Communists became its masters, Poland has been transformed from an agricultural to a predominantly industrial country. Viewed historically, this is probably the most important change that the Red regime has imposed. It has caused an upheaval in Poland's entire social structure.

Before World War II, some 67 per cent of the Polish people were rural; today that figure has shrunk to 48 per cent. One result is that there is almost 50 per cent more land per rural inhabitant than before the war. Reliable estimates agree that in pre-war years the surplus population employed in Poland's agriculture was around 6 million. In the past four years, 2 million have migrated to the cities, where most of them have been absorbed by industry. Before the war, industry produced only 30 per cent of the national income; today it contributes 53 per cent.

Agriculture is the source of greatest anguish to the Polish Communist government. Farm development in recent years has been lagging far behind that of industry. The rate of industrialization has been dizzy. Since 1949, Poland's over-all industrial output has risen by 115 per cent, heavy industry by 135 per cent. But in the same period, farm production increased by only 9 per cent.

The government was constrained to spend large sums abroad to buy a million tons of grain in 1953. Prime Minister Cyrankiewicz said in March that another million tons or so must be purchased from foreign — mainly Russian — sources in 1954. Capital expended for this purpose could be far more usefully devoted to the import of industrial equipment, farm machinery, or consumers' articles.

Poland's inadequate food production is in large measure due to the peasants' resistance against the regime. The top agrarian expert of the Polish Communist Party, Jerzy Tepicht, was candid enough to admit that a majority of Polish peasants are opposed to collective and state farms. He said that in the past three years 150 collectives have been disbanded because unwilling farmers have been dragooned into them or because these enterprises

were too small to be efficient. The 8.5 per cent of the land collectivized in Poland is well below the average ratio of collectivization among other states in the Soviet camp. Another 12 per cent of Poland's arable soil has been organized into state farms.

The distinction between these two is plain. Peasants engaged on state farms are wage earners paid by the state, just as if they were hired in a nationalized factory. In contrast, the peasant on the collective remains the owner of his soil. If a member wishes to withdraw from a collective, he has the right to his own plot of land or to another of equal value. He must give one year's notice before quitting the collective. This differs from the system in the Soviet Union, where the peasant on a collective enjoys no ownership of land whatsoever.

The farmers drag their feet

Of Poland's 3 million peasant families, no more than 200,000 belong to collectives, and a further 300,000 to state farms. The peasants are conservative. Rather than expand their production only to let more flow into their compulsory deliveries to the state, they have tended to let output remain stationary or decline. About five years ago the government tried to accelerate the rate of collectivization. Farmers passively resisted. They slaughtered their hogs and devoured produce. Poland soon slithered into a severe shortage of meat and fat.

At first the government met this resistance with force. Punitive expeditions were sent into the villages. Cattle were confiscated. Public trials were opened against recalcitrant farmers. In some instances, additional taxation was arbitrarily foisted on them. But these methods boomeranged. They simply stirred greater resistance. Communist party agents appearing on the farms were sometimes chased with pitchforks and scythes.

The government retreats

After a couple of years of these unsuccessful tactics, the Communist authorities confessed it had all been a blunder. A show trial was staged in Gryfice near Stettin with a local Communist party secretary and the chief of the district secret

police as the villains. They were accused of excesses against the peasants and were condemned to long prison terms. The government bestowed a maximum of publicity on this prosecution in order to assure the peasantry that the era of terror against them had ended.

The government then began substituting candy for the whip. The authorities promised premiums in money, clothing, and industrial products as rewards for larger food deliveries to the state. They offered land to newlyweds on easy installments. The state granted peasants cheap credits to enable them to buy cattle, improve farm buildings, and enlarge the cultivation of industrially important crops like flax, hemp, and oilseed. The government made available to farmers at reasonable prices such household goods as furniture and pots and pans. Upon delivering his fixed quota of produce to the state, the peasant received a certificate entitling him to buy necessities like artificial fertilizer, nails, bricks, cement, coal, and timber.

But the biggest concession by the state to the peasant is this: if agricultural production rises in the years ahead, the state promises to abstain from increasing the farmer's compulsory deliveries. This means that the peasant who raises more food can sell his surplus on the free market, often at thrice the price he obtains from the state. Instead of being bullied, the peasant is now being coddled. Four and a half years after the Communists grasped power, the overwhelming majority of peasants have upheld the capitalist against the socialist system of farming.

The church's continuing hold

However, neither the peasantry nor the government's other formidable adversary — the church — is sufficiently organized to put up active resistance. Indeed the church hierarchy has capitulated and sworn allegiance to the Communist state. At the same time the power which the church exercises over nine tenths of the Polish people is unbroken. The government's effort to create a "patriotic" or subservient wing of the church has failed. Lay Catholics, placed in charge of this fellow-traveling branch of Catholicism, are attempting the impossible by trying to reconcile Catholic dogma with Marxism.

"Why All This Fuss About the VIRGIN MARY?"

"I don't get it!" Jim told Father Crane. "You Catholics are always coming up with something new about Mary—trying to make her more important than Christ."

Patiently the priest waited for Jim to go on.

"For example," Jim continued, "the Pope has proclaimed 1954 'The Marian Year'—for special worship of Mary."

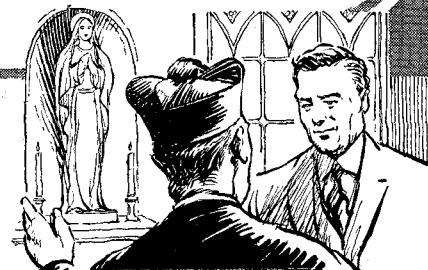
"No, Jim," Father Crane interjected, "not worship. Catholics *honor* Mary, but they *worship* only God."

"All right," Jim conceded, "but how about the Marian Year? It commemorates the 100th anniversary of the Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Isn't any doctrine only 100 years old pretty new? And it's not in the Bible!"

"The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Jim," Father Crane replied, "has been held and taught by the Church from the earliest Christian era—before the Bible was ever compiled into a book. It has been in the tradition of the Church since the beginning. It was implied in the writings of the fathers of the Church as far back as St. Irenaeus (140-205 A. D.). It means simply that God, intending Mary to be the human mother of the Son of God, preserved her from original sin from her conception."

"St. Ephrem (306-373) described Mary as 'innocent as Eve before her fall, a virgin most estranged from every stain of sin... the pure seed of God, ever in body and mind intact and immaculate.' That, Jim, means only one thing—that Mary herself was immaculately conceived."

But Jim was still unconvinced. It was only recently, he declared, that the Pope proclaimed the Assumption of Mary's body and soul into heaven. "Did it take the Church nearly 2,000 years to decide this?" he demanded.



"This, likewise," the priest answered, "is not a new doctrine. It was the universal belief of the early Church. In the year 593, St. Gregory of Tours referred to it in this way: 'The Lord had the most holy body of the Virgin taken into heaven, where, reunited to her soul, it now enjoys, with the elect, happiness without end.'"

Many people cannot understand Catholics' homage to the Blessed Virgin. And Catholics often wonder why devotions to Mary are not more widespread, for does not the Bible say she shall "be blessed amongst women"?

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The Atlantic Report on Poland



Churches in Warsaw, Breslau, and Cracow are overflowing with the faithful. Worshipers even stand in the streets because there is no more room inside. On Corpus Christi Day last year more than a million Poles walked or rode to Czestochowa, the country's religious center. When the government removed Cardinal Wyszynski from the primacy in 1953, attendance in the churches grew.

State and church are struggling for the soul of Polish youth. Many have joined the Union of Communist Youth, some from conviction and others to promote their careers. The same young people continue to go to church in obedience to family custom. This ambivalence is making cynics of many of them.

How did it come to pass that the church leaders surrendered? On September 26, 1953, about 23 members of the episcopate from scattered dioceses of Poland were brought to Warsaw under escort. They were informed that the Primate had been stripped of all his church functions. Cardinal Wyszynski, who fought against Communism for thirty years, had refused to approve the condemnation of Bishop Kaczmarek to twelve years of imprisonment. Members of the Catholic hierarchy were "requested" to sign a manifesto calling on the people to coöperate with the Communist government in the common interest of church and state. They signed.

This act merely put "paid" to a bill presented to the church leaders three and a half years previously. On April 14, 1950, the episcopate and the Polish government signed an agreement regulating their relations. Its most ominous article recognized the Pope as supreme head of the church in matters of faith, morality, and church jurisdiction, "while in other matters the episcopate would be guided by Polish state interests." The pact neglected to say who decides the nature of "other matters," in which state interests shall dictate the church's attitude. This gave the government a bridle with which it could and did curb the church.

Rebuilding the cities

The Red regime can claim certain accomplishments in some fields. Most tangible of these is housing. Slums are disappearing in one city after another. In their stead are rising new homes for factory and white-collar workers and their families. Above all, the rebuilding of Warsaw is an attainment of unflagging, devoted labor performed by 75,000 construction workers and 500 architects. At the close of the war Warsaw was nothing more

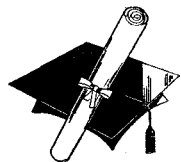
than a name on a map. Bombs, shells, and flames had left just one house out of twenty habitable. Today the capital is far along the road toward becoming a modern city. Admittedly, some of the construction is shoddy. But the government had to order houses erected hurriedly as some 2 million peasants deserted the farms in favor of factories and poured into the cities. The rebuilding of Breslau, Stettin, Danzig, and other cities has been equally impressive.

The second major achievement is in the field of industrialization. The Polish people have paid a steep price for this advance. One fourth of all capital investment has flowed into heavy industry, letting all but a privileged handful of citizens hunger for articles of everyday use which we take for granted. The 48-hour week is normal and overtime is widespread.

Government and party have decided on important changes in the national economy in the next couple of years. The accent of investment is to be switched from heavy industry to agriculture and light industry. In 1955 such investments are to be 45 per cent larger than in 1953 for farming and forestry, 38 per cent bigger for consumption industries, and 25 per cent higher for housing and public services. But capital investment in heavy industry in 1955 is to drop from 46.7 per cent of the 1953 total to 40.4 per cent.

Since 1949, Poland has been creating industries it never knew before. For the first time in their history, the Poles are manufacturing their own tractors, passenger autos, synthetics, machine tools, and equipment for steelworks and coal mines, chemical factories and shipyards. Since 1953 the Poles have been producing even their own jet planes. While demanding harsh sacrifices of the people, this forced expansion of heavy industry has now supplied the basis for creating light industries. Consumer goods, long absent from the market, are reappearing in the shops in growing volume.

If you ask a worker or peasant whether he wants the land returned to the feudal proprietors or the great new industries given to private capitalists, he replies unequivocally, "No," although he is aware of the role of the secret police, the failure of wages to keep pace with high prices, and the absurd manifestations of a swollen bureaucracy. And even the most implacable foes of the Communist government leap to its support at the mention of West German rearmament or revision of the Oder-Neisse frontier.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Science and Supper

SIR:

I have been waiting for years for an article such as "Science Has Spoiled My Supper" by Philip Wylie (April *Atlantic*).

He should have included ice cream in his list of examples. There are a few small companies here and there which still make good ice cream, but the large dairies which do most of the business must have highly paid scientists on their pay rolls who keep trying to make it worse.

Why has a competitive economy which has given us better automobiles, fountain pens, and mattresses worked in reverse on food products?

HAROLD H. NASON
Oxnard, Calif.

SIR:

I was shocked and saddened to see Philip Wylie standing athwart the Path of Progress in your April issue. A bright eye focused upon the future would catch some glimpse of the millennium science is preparing and would have no difficulty in recognizing elements of the Mighty Plan.

No man who stops to consider what modern packaging and pre-preparation of food has done for the wives and mothers of this nation has any trace of chivalry in his soul (to say nothing of more contemporary virtues) if he cavils over the loss of a little flavor.

RICHARD NIESSINK
Kalamazoo, Mich.

SIR:

How could Mr. Wylie omit the mention of instant coffee and its horrible twin, instant tea?

My own pet gripes are the debasement of the old-time Hubbard squash, which seems to be extinct, and of good smoked ham, with which the watery, overtenderized, tasteless pre-cooked product now sold has no possible association.

The appalling fact about all this is that a generation is fast growing up which does not know the difference, having, unlike Mr. Wylie and me, neither mother-in-law nor memories!

INEZ L. MILLER
Endicott, N.Y.

SIR:

Stand back, Mr. Wylie; this woman is aroused by one of your tirades again. As a "mother without very much to do" (I won't even get started on that one), I use great amounts of frozen foods and own a home freezer. And I bless it.

It is true that the vegetables can't compare with fresh ones, but is that a fair comparison? Put them beside canned peas, for example, and they shine. Most of us these days can't find fresh peas in March, let alone afford them. I'll match the taste of my frozen strawberries, prepared with carefully picked and sorted berries, against Mr. Wylie's family preserves. Frozen blueberries are superb.

Cake mixes deserve some praise, too. We women with small children have neither time nor energy to start a "real" cake at 4 P.M. for dinner.

SALLY JONES
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

SIR:

Having served dinner to Mr. Wylie on two or three occasions, and having received favorable comment from him

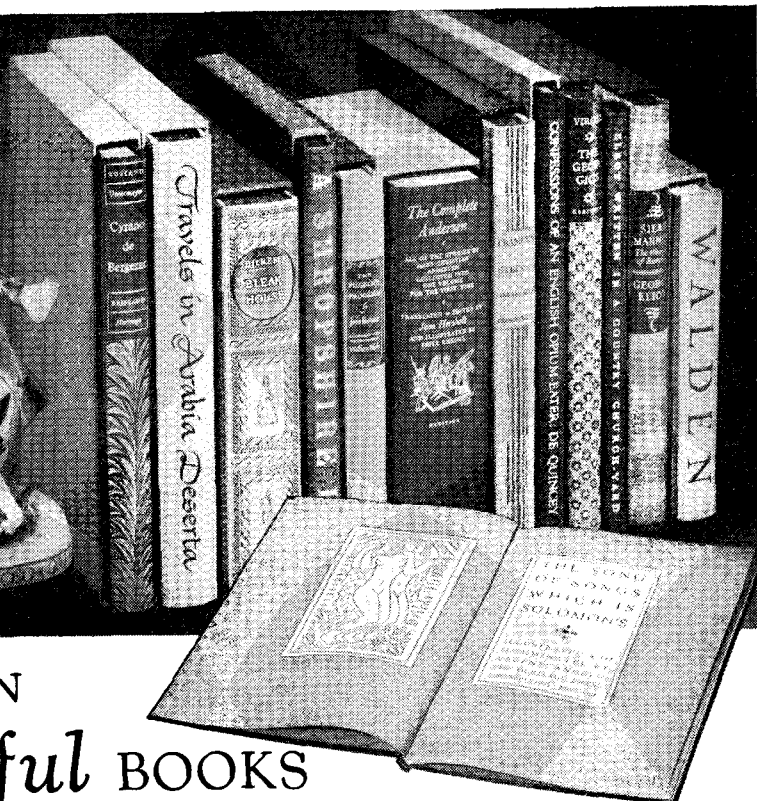
on the food, I feel qualified to answer him.

I agree with him when he says that we can set as good a table as any nation in the world; but when he says our food is as nutritious, I differ. During the last ten years America's eating habits have changed. The American housewife's buying of bread, potatoes, rice, and cereals has been substantially reduced, and there has been a shift to the animal product source of protein. The reason for this is that western grains showed a drop of 15 per cent in protein content.

During the last fifty years synthetic fertilizers came into extensive use, so that although the farmer could grow and sell more pounds of crop per acre, imbalances began to occur in his plants. Bulk was obtained at the expense of quality. Protein content went down and carbohydrate went up. Last year's crop is said to have had the lowest protein content in our history. Our farmers raise and sell not for health but for wealth. How can bread taste like bread when the loaf we buy at the grocer's has been chemicalized, first by the miller and then by the baker, so that it may keep with seeming freshness for a long period? Pearl Buck once said, "Rain and sun, the strong sweet properties of minerals, and the hidden magic of growth are contained within the whole grain. There is a natural affinity between natural foods and the human body. They share the earth as source, and the body so fed holds energies to be found in no other way. We call it health."

The trouble is not that the average housewife is not as good a cook as Mr. Wylie's mother-in-law or his

IF
YOU ARE
LIGHT
ON
YOUR FEET,



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For you may know that the membership rolls of *The Heritage Club* are not always open for new members. When some vacancies occur, and the membership rolls are publicly opened for new members through announcements such as this one—why, you are offered an unusual opportunity which you should be quick to seize.

Shall we tell you why?

WELL, *The Heritage Club* distributes to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not falsely *deluxe* nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are the classics of the world's literatures: especially designed by the world's most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on papers which have been *chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries*, handsomely bound and boxed.

You may find this next statement hard to believe; but nevertheless it is true, and it seems a principal reason for the continuing success of this cooperative plan: *the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary rental library fiction!* Yes, each member pays only \$3.65 for each book—or only \$3.28 if he pays in advance!

What is the natural result?

THERE ARE now thirty thousand members. And, although the Club is starting upon its Nineteenth Annual Series, of the original Charter Members more than half still remain in the membership! In short, the members themselves are highly satisfied!

Now the Prospectus is being prepared, for the Nineteenth Series; and in it are described the books to be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months. We anticipate fewer than one thousand vacancies. *If you are quick enough*, and if you obtain one of these for yourself, you will obtain books like these:

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These are only a few of the titles.

Yet you don't have to take any of the listed titles if you don't want them! You are given a list of more than four dozen *Heritage* books-in-print—from which you are permitted to select substitution titles. In short, you may obtain only the books you want, and yet at a price which is a bargain.

OF COURSE, there have been book bargains before; and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered.

You are invited to put this statement to the test! You are invited to send for this new Prospectus, which describes the cooperative membership plan in detail—and includes many expressions of opinion from the members themselves, the people who pay their good money for these books and do not *have* to indulge in high-flown language.

If you will fill out the coupon printed below, and mail it to *The Heritage Club*, you will be sent a copy of the Prospectus. Also, one of the limited number of vacancies *will be reserved for you* until you have had time to study the Prospectus. You would be wise to mail the coupon *now!*

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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

A-19

wife, but that she has no access to nutritiously grown food. No matter how she cooks or prepares it, it is tasteless before she has done anything with it. Now there is talk of growing algae, like yeast, for human food. Can you imagine a delectable dish of algae au gratin? On the basis of flavor and quality, farmers who refrain from using synthetic fertilizers are satisfied, through their own tests, that theirs is the better method of growing the nation's food.

I too call for rebellion — rebellion against the things brought to market by our truck farmers and sold as fresh vegetables. Give us more projects like the one in Glendale, California, which has been organized to raise and sell organically produced fruits and vegetables, called "Foods for Life." Then we may all be considered good cooks.

MRS. GABRIEL HEATTER
Miami Beach, Fla.

SIR:

Philip Wylie certainly carries his thoughts home to everyone.

"I bet you," said an opportunist friend of mine to a truck driver, "that I can put a whole loaf of bread in my mouth." Five dollars covered that bet. My friend then squeezed a whole loaf into a ball about the size of a yo-yo and won the bet.

Consequence: almost everyone in our plant wanted to read the Wylie article.

Later, in the restaurant where I ate my evening meal, a waitress and a customer who had heard of this incident were reading the article. Portions of it were read aloud.

EDWARD H. ALBER
Hutchinson, Kan.

SIR:

As a cook who fries her own doughnuts and refuses to have biscuit or pie mix in the house, I'm thoroughly in accord with three quarters of what Mr. Wylie has to say.

However, he's way off about freezers. If he eats here, he'll get corn or peas or broccoli grown in our own garden and frozen; in midwinter they taste exactly the same as they did in midsummer. It's all a question of getting fresh vegetables, picked early in the morning, and hurried into the freezer. And they have to be cooked properly when you take them out of the freezer.

ELEANOR NUDD
Tilton, N.H.

SIR:

Philip Wylie has told very aptly some truths that have bothered many of us for a long time. Much of our scientifically prepared food is indeed far from being appealing to either eye or palate.

However, Mr. Wylie omitted several things that have caused me annoyance. He does not mention homogenization. Perhaps homogenized milk can be justified on the ground that it allows each person in the family his equal share of the butterfat. But I found that milk which is "homogenized, irradiated and fortified" tastes no better than what comes from the cow. Recently, when I purchased "homogenized orange juice — rich in vitamin C," my children announced they couldn't drink it because it tasted like the water in the Y.M.C.A. swimming pool. Homogenized peanut butter does not remotely suggest the wonderful product we bought in five-pound cans in my youth. It had a deep layer of oil on top that one stirred in to get a spreadable consistency of butter tasting like the finest roasted peanuts.

FELICIA G. BOCK
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

My appreciative thanks to the *Atlantic* and Mr. Wylie. Food is losing its integrity and dignity, and we must protest clearly and frequently.

RALPH HUDSON
Oklahoma City, Okla.

SIR:

Our family is in hearty agreement with Philip Wylie's article on present trends in food processing. There has been a slight improvement recently as small cheesemakers in Wisconsin are developing a long-distance clientele by mail and tourist contacts. And a couple of new baking concerns are turning out bread that makes a consumer sharply aware of the dust and chemical diet he's getting in today's commercial bread. At a considerable increase in price of course, but how gratifying the difference!

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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In reading Mr. Wylie's indictment of the food scientists, we hoped he would mention the sad fate meted out to sweet corn by the green-thumb wizards in their current hybrid. And what have they given us in place of the Golden Bantam's tiny cob, the exploding milky kernels of Evergreen, and the sugar-sweet Country Gentleman?

H. L. ENGLE
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

I, too, dislike the various processed "cheese foods," and when I find what Mr. Wylie terms "rat cheese," I'm the rat who makes a pig of herself.

I agree also with Mr. Wylie on our tasteless vegetables. It's been years since I've had a tomato that tasted like one.

Mr. Wylie added a gallant fillip to his discussion of modern food by his praise of his mother-in-law's cookery. Most of us were worn out long ago with hearing from our husbands how "mother used to do it."

ELEANOR CUMMING
Ocala, Fla.

"College Athletics"

SIR:

Dean Harold W. Stoke's article, "College Athletics," in the March issue, declaring college athletics to be primarily intended for public entertainment, and proposing certain solutions based on that premise, is both entertaining and provocative. But his sweeping generalizations certainly give the reader a false impression of college athletics as they exist today in many eastern colleges and as they existed when I attended Princeton in the 1930s.

Aside from the strict athletic code recently reiterated by the Ivy League and not mentioned by Dean Stoke, the truth is that only a few sports at Ivy and many other eastern colleges involve public entertainment. They are varsity football, basketball, and perhaps ice hockey and winter track. There are many other sports at Princeton. Except in a few cases there is no admission charge to games, and generally only a handful of spectators with some special interest attend.

In fact, at Princeton (and at many similar colleges) some thirty teams are competing on an intercollegiate basis with no possible thought of public entertainment.

S. KEENE MITCHELL, JR.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Atlantic



Prizes

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BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIPS. Bread Loaf School of English of Middlebury College, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1954 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one to Patricia Nell Warren, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri (for her story: *Slave of the Sky*), and one to Mary Lucile Dawkins, Instructor of Patricia Nell Warren.

HONORABLE MENTION

Bates College, Lewiston, Maine (*Douglas O. Nichols, Instructor*) Patricia A. Francis, Louis Rose — Boston University, Massachusetts (*Robert L. Peters, Instructor*) Ernest A. Wight, Jr. — College of Notre Dame of Maryland (*Sister Maura, Instructor*) Judith Engel, Anne Therese Kiernan, Joan Polston — Dominican College, San Rafael, California (*Sarah Wingate Taylor, Instructor*) Valerie Prime — Guilford College, North Carolina (*Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert, Instructor*) Robert Warner — Immaculate Heart College, Los Angeles (*Joseph A. Feehan, Instructor*) Kathleen E. Creutz — Marymount College, New York City (*Mother M. Berchmans, Instructor*) Florence Marie Perrella; (*Elaine Small, Instructor*) Mary Catherine Ward — Miami University, Oxford, Ohio (*Harold Haley, Instructor*) Jack Boyden Updyke — Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont (*John L. Handy, Jr., Instructor*) A. W. Phinney, Jr. — Mount Mary College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin (*Sister Mary Hester, Instructor*) Maureen Flatley — Mount Mercy College, Pittsburgh (*Sister M. Aquinas, Instructor*) Janet Marie Ingoldsby — Mount Saint Mary's College, Los Angeles (*Sister Marie de Lourdes, Instructor*) Margaret Cain; (*Sister M. Laurentia*) Mary Joan Storm; (*Sister Mary Patricia, Instructor*) Claudette Drennan, Mary Joan Storm — Mundelein College, Chicago (*Sister Mary Irma, Instructor*) Rosemary Regan, Ann Wenzel — Pine Manor Junior College, Wellesley, Massachusetts (*Maude B. Harding, Instructor*) Mary Jane Lincoln — Randolph-Macon Women's College, Lynchburg, Virginia (*Robertia D. Cornelius, Instructor*) Sheila Maria Kortlücke — Saint Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota (*Arthur C. Paulson, Instructor*) Nina Northrop, Darwin Peterson, Roald D. Tweet — Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, New York (*Dorothy W. Upton, Instructor*) Hyun Sook Shin, Judith Gray Stahl — Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois (*Winifred Burns, Instructor*) Travis Kidd — Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas (*William Burford, Instructor*) Dorothy Yates — State College of Washington, Pullman, Washington (*Ella E. Clark, Instructor*) Le Van Diem — University of Alabama (*Hudson Strode, Instructor*) Martha Leathewood — University of Cincinnati, Evening College (*William S. Wabnitz, Instructor*) Vito Aiet — University of Houston (*Ruth Pennybacker, Instructor*) Roland Tharp — University of New Hampshire (*Carroll S. Towles, Instructor*) Robert H. Bundy, Priscilla A. Hudson — University of New Mexico (*Julia M. Keleher, Instructor*) T. Janet Surdam, Pauline Tharp — University of Pittsburgh (*Emily G. Irvine, Instructor*) William C. Anderson; (*Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor*) Viola Talich August — Wellesley College, Wellesley, Massachusetts (*Mary Eleanor Prentiss, Instructor*) Ruth Lax, Jo Reeser — Western College, Oxford, Ohio (*Isabel St. John Biss, Instructor*) Shelly Arbuckle

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- \$100.00 John Lee, Brookline High School, Massachusetts; *Francis W. Newsom, Instructor*
- 2nd Places:** Jo Ellen Gill, Charles Milby High School, Houston (*Alpha Kemp Baker, Instructor*) — Susan Wells, Emma Willard School, Troy, New York (*Kate Clugston, Instructor*) — John VanCleave Kory, Kirkwood High School, Missouri (*Mary L. Williams, Instructor*) — Sully Reeves McCauley, Ashley Hall, Charleston, South Carolina (*Mary Bewley, Instructor*)
- 3rd Places:** Susan E. Bryon, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey (*Virginia Foz, Instructor*) — Martha Klippert (also 4th Place), Northfield School for Girls, East Northfield, Massachusetts (*Eva Freeman, Instructor*) — Sally Jane Choate, Saint John's School, Mountain Lakes, New Jersey (*Theresa L. Wilson, Instructor*)
- 4th Places:** Karen Joy Miesem, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey (*Virginia Foz, Instructor*) — Barbara Darman, Brookline High School, Massachusetts (*Francis W. Newsom, Instructor*)
- 5th Places:** Barbara Hengst, Hathaway Brown School, Shaker Heights, Ohio (*Ada G. Bruce, Instructor*) — Sarah G. Melhado, Chatham Hall, Chatham, Virginia (*Eunice K. Baker, Instructor*) — William Neal Teunis, Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire (*George Bennett, Instructor*)
- 6th Places:** Marcia Woodruff, Wellesley Senior High School, Massachusetts (*Wilbury A. Crockett, Instructor*)

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH SCHOLARSHIP. The University of Pittsburgh awards a four-year scholarship (free tuition) to Sallie Bingham, Louisville Collegiate School, Louisville, Kentucky (*Louis McGalliard Smith, Instructor*), for her story, *And The Band Played On*.

HONORABLE MENTION

The Beard School, Orange, New Jersey (*Mary D. Musser, Instructor*) Ann Conroy, Jean E. Rippin — Brookline High School, Massachusetts (*Francis W. Newsom, Instructor*) Lillian Brackfield, Sherrie Huberman, Jeannette Kelz, Steffi Lewin, Elaine Tates, Ronna Werner — Evanston Township High School, Illinois (*Mary L. Taft, Instructor*) Janet Rountree, Harold Nathaniel Ward — Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (*Edward J. Gordon, Instructor*) Morris H. Wolff — Graham-Eckes School, Palm Beach, Florida (*Rose Bishop Ashley, Instructor*) Roberto Pollack, Jr.; (*R. Patirson, Instructor*) Charles Herbits — Highland High School, Albuquerque, New Mexico (*John B. Barnes, Instructor*) Sheila McCarthy — Hunter College High School, New York City (*Mildred BruBaker, Instructor*) Jeanne A. Newkirk, Becky Lou Rand — Hyde Park High School, Chicago, Illinois (*Edyth Thompson, Instructor*) Robert Bergman, Harry Moss — Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey (*Virginia Foz, Instructor*) Barbara Davison, Sidney E. Welsh — Kirkwood High School, Missouri (*Mary L. Williams, Instructor*) Sue Wiggins — Lincoln High School, Portland, Oregon (*Mabel D. Southworth, Instructor*) Irene Elmer — Lincoln School, Providence, Rhode Island (*Elizabeth H. Giangreco, Instructor*) Mary Julia Curtis; (*Dorothy L. Kwapi, Instructor*) Pete Mansfield — Louisville Collegiate School, Kentucky (*Louis McGalliard Smith, Instructor*) Sallie Bingham — Mount Lebanon High School, Pittsburgh (*Virginia A. Elliott, Instructor*) Lynne Wilhelms — Northfield School for Girls, East Northfield, Massachusetts (*Eva Freeman, Instructor*) Nancy Arnold, Alice Black Crawford, Jane Lou Timbrell; (*Wilfred Freeman, Instructor*) Lucy A. Fuller, Martha Anne Schaff — North Shore Country Day School, Winnetka, Illinois (*Cleveland A. Thomas, Instructor*) Patricia Prentiss Blunt, Virginia Lundling, Gay Stirling — Phillips Exeter Academy, New Hampshire (*George Bennett, Instructor*) Milton Bullard, Jr., Richard T. Cooper — Rochester Senior High School, Rochester, Minnesota (*Anna May Goddard, Instructor*) Martha Williams — Rutland High School, Vermont (*Mabel Morrill, Instructor*) Christine G. Bianchi, Evelyn Izenberg, Bertrand Muzzy — St. Margaret's Academy, Minneapolis (*Sister Elise Marie, Instructor*) Sally Brady — St. Paul's School, Walla Walla, Washington (*Tennessee Weatherred, Instructor*) Kitty Kenny — Walnut Hill School, Natick, Massachusetts (*Virginia McIver, Instructor*) Marily Dwight — Williams Memorial Institute, New London, Connecticut (*Marion S. Walker, Instructor*) Cynthia Ide — Will Rogers High School, Tulsa, Oklahoma (*Madge Gibson, Instructor*) Carolyn Staton — Woodward School for Girls, Quincy, Massachusetts (*Katherine Bacon, Instructor*) Claire M. Hueney.

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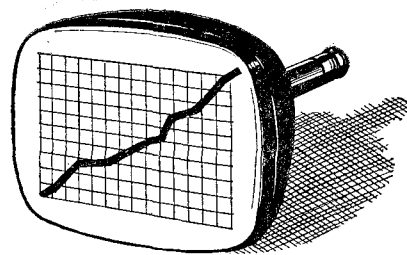
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A Baltimorean who graduated from the United States Naval Academy and who subsequently saw service aboard our destroyers and battleships, HANSON W. BALDWIN has been the military editor of the New York Times since 1942, in which year his articles earned him the Pulitzer Prize. Atlantic readers will remember his articles in 1950 which assessed the costly mistakes we made in the Second World War and in our judgment of Soviet designs. We turn to him now for an evaluation of Winston Churchill as military strategist and world statesman.

CHURCHILL WAS RIGHT

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

ON July 1 [1945] . . . Soviet Russia was established in the heart of Europe. This was a fateful milestone for mankind." Nine years later Soviet Communism is still "established in the heart of Europe." Behind the iron curtain of which Winston Churchill warned prior to Potsdam, an entire generation has been drilled to the "conditioned reflexes" of Communism. Half of Asia is Communist, the rest a battleground. Three fifths of our national budget goes for arms; 142,118 Americans gave their blood in Korea to halt the march of world conquest. The world is two worlds — and there is no end in sight.

Why has this come about? Why have the bright dreams faded once again? What mistakes were made and who made them? *Triumph and Tragedy*, the sixth and concluding volume of Sir Winston Churchill's personal account of World War II, gives some of the answers and rounds off and polishes the arguments of prior volumes.

And it provides proof — proof buttressed by other documentation — that American political astigmatism, our blindness to post-war political aims and our naïve belief that Soviet imperialism had modified its dreams of world conquest, was partially responsible for the establishment of Communism in the heart of Europe.

This assertion, that American politico-strategic decisions in World War II, dominated by the single-minded pursuit of military victory, contributed to

the subsequent loss of the political peace, was expounded by me in articles in the January and February, 1950, *Atlantic* (subsequently expanded into book form). My thesis — one held and advanced by many others — was that the unconditional surrender doctrine, our failure to penetrate the Danubian plain and to push into the Balkans, and the halting of our armies short of Prague and Berlin and their subsequent withdrawal to the west had helped to give the Russians hegemony over Central and Eastern Europe. Similarly Yalta, with its territorial "bribes" to Russia to induce her to enter the Pacific war, and our hasty and unnecessary use of the atomic bomb against a Japan already defeated and prostrate influenced adversely the peace in the Orient.

Chester Wilmot, the Australian writer and historian, whose untimely death in a Comet jet airliner crash off Italy terminated a brilliant career, developed and documented some of these contentions in *The Struggle for Europe*, the best single-volume history of the European phase of the war yet published. This thesis has been discussed in many other volumes, and the documents pertaining to it — among which the most fundamental are Churchill's works — are numerous and growing.

This conclusion — that we fought the war to win, period, and did not sufficiently consider the kind of peace we wanted — has been both distorted and challenged.

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The affirmative distortions can and should be quickly dismissed. They are the work primarily of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, the rabid extremists who rally round him, and alleged "historians" who fit the facts to the partisan objectives they pursue. General George Catlett Marshall has been one of the principal victims of this smear technique; so has former President Truman and the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. To challenge the past judgments of these men and the politico-strategic policies which they fathered is one thing, but to accuse two former Presidents of the United States, a former Chief of Staff of the Army, and the entire Democratic Party of "twenty years of treason" is as ridiculous as it is disgusting. This is not history but politics — a particularly reptilian form of politics which would have us believe that Pearl Harbor was a plot, not by the Japanese but by Roosevelt and his associates, to embroil us in the war; and that our mistakes at Teheran, Yalta, and above all in our politico-strategic policies were part of a Great Conspiracy intended to hand the country over to Communism on a silver platter. The more quickly such drivels are dismissed the better; we should be able to recognize, pinpoint, and examine the mistakes of the past without indulging in generalized judgments condemnatory to the sincerity, patriotism, and integrity of all who played a role on the stage of history.

2

THE genuine challenge to this thesis — that our policy mistakes during the war were in considerable part responsible for the lost peace — takes several forms.

In the first place, say the critics, this is *ex post facto* judgment. That is of course true, but balanced history is always *ex post facto*; it must represent judgment of past events, and it is not good history unless it labels mistakes for what they were. Moreover, the evidence is now clearly available — it is almost redundant in the Churchill volumes — that there were some (Churchill is most prominent among them) who raised warning flags *at the time and before the event*.

Second, say the challengers, the Churchillian (British) strategic arguments were never based, during the war, on a political foundation; in other words, the perspicacious political foresight now claimed for London was not evident then. Mr. John J. McCloy, who was prominent in the events of World War II, has said frequently since the war that he never heard of the British advancing political arguments to justify their hopes of invading the "soft underbelly" of Europe. He and other Americans got the impression that the British were lukewarm to the invasion of Western France partially because of Mr. Churchill's addiction to "peripheral strategy" and his subconscious desire

to recoup his Gallipoli failure of World War I, and because they were afraid such an invasion attempt would lead to a "blood bath."

Mr. McCloy's recollections are unquestionably accurate, yet they in no way refute the basic contention: that actions which we took and the British opposed aided the Russians in the extension of the Moscow-dominated brand of Communism in the post-war world. Some of the documents cited in his memoirs and elsewhere show that Mr. Churchill was concerned at the time about the political complexion of the post-war world. That this concern was not made evident to Mr. McCloy and to most other Americans was perhaps due in part to the international atmosphere of those times, typified by the Yalta Conference — an atmosphere which reflected a rather close Roosevelt-Stalin, American-Russian *rapprochement*, at the expense of the British. Moreover, Mr. Churchill's worry about the sanguinary cost of the liberation of Europe and his predilection for peripheral strategy both had a sound basis in history, which we should well note.

In World War I, Britain departed from her traditional policy which had served her well for several centuries; she committed to the Continent a mass land army instead of depending as in the past upon supremacy at sea, small British land forces used where the enemy was weak, the power of the British pound, and the strength of allies. Britain won, but at a tremendous price; the blood of the best and finest of whole generations stained the fields of France, and there is little doubt that future historians will date the beginning of the decline of the British Empire from the years 1914–1918.

We should mark this lesson carefully; it is, indeed, the biggest single (historical) argument for President Eisenhower's "New Look" military policies. If the United States becomes involved in mass land warfare, requiring the use of millions of American troops, on the continent of Asia or deep in Russia, we shall be substantiating Spengler; we may expect our decline and fall.

The third and most important argument countering the theory that we helped to make our own post-war bed of thorns during World War II is offered by those who claim that our wartime policies and actions and the agreements we made were not at fault; the fault lies with those (the Russians) who broke those agreements, who took advantage of our policies, and who turned our actions against us.

Now, I have no desire to play the Devil's advocate, but certainly such an argument is at best oversimplified. Even the Devil cannot roast a soul, unless the soul has abetted him. Our World War II actions, policies, and agreements were in many cases so naïvely trusting, politically superficial, or limited in outlook as to make it not only possible,

but easy, for Soviet Communism to turn them to its advantage. Our World War II mistakes aided Moscow to extend its Communist domination far beyond the borders of Soviet Russia.

The proof is here, for all who are not blind, in Winston Churchill's six volumes, particularly in the two final ones: *Closing the Ring* and *Triumph and Tragedy*. And Sir Winston's own papers and recollections are strengthened by much other material, only a small part of which can be mentioned in this appreciation.

But neither Sir Winston nor Whitehall can (or does) claim omniscience or an unfailing foresight. Mr. Churchill, in his own phrase, "missed the bus" many times during the war; he too is human and therefore fallible. It is, perhaps, hard for Americans to realize that Churchill at home has his own enemies no less bitter than the Roosevelt-haters of the United States. Nor are these confined to the left wing of the Labor Party. A bitter and partisan book, *Unconditional Hatred*, the work of Captain Russell Grenfell, R.N., criticizes Churchill's political sagacity as much as Wilmot praises it, and blames the lack of a clear-cut definition of war aims for many of the British Empire's post-war troubles.

It is true that Churchill demonstrated both his wartime strength and his wartime weakness at the time of Hitler's invasion of Russia in the oft-quoted remarks: "I have only one purpose, the destruction of Hitler, and my life is much simplified thereby. If Hitler invaded Hell I would make at least a favorable reference to the Devil in the House of Commons."

Churchill's single-minded concentration upon the defeat of Hitler made him underemphasize the importance of maintaining a moderately strong Germany as a counterpoise to Soviet Russia. And certainly out of his own mouth Churchill can today be refuted. We find him declaiming to Parliament after Yalta that the Soviet leaders were "honorable and trustworthy men," and that "I know of no government which stands to its obligations even in its own despite more solidly than the Russian Soviet Government."

Yet, as Sir Winston notes in *Triumph and Tragedy*, "I felt bound to proclaim my confidence in Soviet good faith in the hope of procuring it." And the words Churchill uttered for public consumption at a time when the war was still in crisis must be weighed against Churchill's actions and his private warnings—repeated again and again and again—of the growing danger of Soviet imperialism.

There can henceforth be, I think, no reasonable doubt that Churchill and the British government commenced to fear this danger and to warn against it much sooner than did Roosevelt or the top echelons of the U.S. government. The contrasting approaches of the two governments are best illus-

trated by quotations from source material. Robert Sherwood records in *Roosevelt and Hopkins* that Harry Hopkins took with him to the Quebec Conference in August, 1943, a document, "Russia's Position," which quoted from a "very high level United States military strategic estimate." This paper pointed out that "Russia's post-war position in Europe will be a dominant one. . . . Since Russia is the decisive factor in the war, she must be given every assistance and every effort must be made to obtain her friendship. Likewise, since without question she will dominate Europe on the defeat of the Axis, it is even more essential to develop and maintain the most friendly relations with Russia."

It is remarkable that this paper and the entire policy of the American government (until almost the end of the war) showed no worry about post-war domination of Europe by Russia, even though twice in the twentieth century the U.S. had gone to war to prevent domination of Europe by Germany.

3

CHURCHILL's attitude strongly contrasted with this laissez-faire policy. "The Nazi regime," he said in 1941 when Russia was invaded by Germany, "is indistinguishable from the worst features of Communism." On October 27, 1942, in a "minute" to Foreign Secretary Eden (recorded in *The Hinge of Fate*), Churchill wrote: "Meanwhile I should treat the Russians coolly, not getting excited about the lies they tell" (the Hess case was the cause of the "lies").

"You must remember the Bolsheviks have undermined so many powerful governments by lying, machine-made propaganda, and they probably think they make some impression on us by these methods."

On August 25, 1943, Churchill in a telegram to Deputy Prime Minister and War Cabinet, quoted in *Closing the Ring*, reported that the "black spot at the present time is the increasing bearishness of Soviet Russia."

On May 4, 1944, prior to the invasion of Normandy, Churchill in a memorandum to his Foreign Secretary, quoted in the appendices of *Closing the Ring*, speaks of the "brute issues between us and the Soviet Government which are developing in Italy, in Rumania, in Bulgaria, in Yugoslavia, and above all in Greece. Broadly speaking, the issue is, Are we going to acquiesce in the Communisation of the Balkans and perhaps of Italy?" And again on the same day, he noted: "Evidently we are approaching a show down with the Russians about their Communist intrigues . . ."

At the second Quebec Conference, in September, 1944, the Prime Minister, in a general survey of the war which opened the meeting, advocated a "right-handed movement to give Germany a stab

in the Adriatic armpit,” and (contrary to Mr. McCloy’s beliefs) offered as “another reason for this right-handed movement . . . the rapid encroachment of the Russians into the Balkan peninsula and the dangerous spread of Soviet influence there.”

These and countless other references in Churchill’s memoirs certainly betray none of the illusions then current in Washington about the nature of Communism or the danger of Soviet imperialism. There were, of course, some in the Administration who openly expressed their concern even in those days of the “happy marriage” between Washington and Moscow. The late James V. Forrestal, then Secretary of the Navy; W. Averell Harriman, the U.S. Ambassador to Russia; Adolph A. Berle, Assistant Secretary of State; and Sumner Welles, Under Secretary of State, were four, among others, who never lost sight of the need for concrete peace aims. In the fall of 1944, Berle in a memorandum expressed concern about the increasing danger of Soviet post-war domination of Central and Eastern Europe.

Forrestal congratulated Churchill on his Greek intervention policy in December, 1944 — a policy which was then under bitter attack in both Washington and Britain. This policy undoubtedly saved Greece from Communism but it was not until 1947, three years later, that the United States government, through the mouth of its Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, inferentially endorsed Churchill’s prior unilateral action by declaring that “a Communist-dominated government in Greece would be considered dangerous to United States security.”

It is clear that by actions, words, efforts, and arguments Churchill tried consistently and persistently to check the forward march of Communism and to alert the United States government to potential post-war dangers. These efforts were particularly pronounced after the summer of 1943, and in the last volume of the memoirs — from D Day in Normandy to the end of the war — there is scarcely a chapter that does not reflect the Prime Minister’s growing preoccupation with the ever-increasing Russian danger.

He knew that a war which created dangerous vacuums of power could only result in an unbalanced peace; he expressed this knowledge in a typical Churchillian *pensée*, under date of April 8, 1945: —

“Prime Minister to Foreign Office: This war would never have come unless, under American and modernising pressure, we had driven the Habsburgs out of Austria and Hungary and the Hohenzollerns out of Germany. By making these vacuums we gave the opening for the Hitlerite monster to crawl out of its sewer on to the vacant thrones. No doubt these views are very unfashionable. . . .”

Throughout this volume, from the triumph in

Normandy until the Russians moved into Central Europe on the heels of the retiring British and American armies, the voice of impending doom — *a voice vocal before the event* — is everywhere evident. On May 12, 1945, with Germany not fully occupied, Churchill in a cogent letter to the new President Truman expressed his deep anxiety about the future and warned that an “iron curtain is drawn down upon” the Russian front. Europe was cut in two.

So much, then, for the attitude of Downing Street; Churchill’s approach to the problems of international power was unquestionably far more realistic than the idealistic but impractical attitudes of the egocentric, charming but internationally inexperienced Roosevelt and some of his trusted advisers.

What of the specific major issues of the war years which contributed to the later loss of the peace?

4

THE policy of unconditional surrender and its political and military implications have been both damned and praised — not only by those who enunciated that policy but by sincere and careful historians. Its very origin has been subject to debate. It is, however, clear that the famous phrase — first used publicly by President Roosevelt at a press conference at Casablanca on January 24, 1943 — was born primarily in the President’s mind and was mentioned in the secret conferences at Casablanca and in Washington prior to that conference. But it is equally clear that the policy never received, *prior to its enunciation*, the extremely careful consideration and study that it deserved.

Churchill, who now supports the policy and assumes his share of responsibility for it, records in *The Hinge of Fate*: —

“It was with some feeling of surprise that I heard the President say at the Press Conference on January 24 that we would enforce ‘unconditional surrender’ upon all our enemies. It was natural to suppose that the agreed communiqué had superseded anything said in conversation. General Ismay, who knew exactly how my mind was working from day to day, and was also present at all the discussions of the Chiefs of Staff when the communiqué was prepared, was also surprised. In my speech [at the Press Conference] which followed the President’s I of course supported him and concurred in what he had said. Any divergence between us, even by omission, would on such an occasion and at such a time have been damaging and even dangerous to our war effort.”

Roosevelt himself, according to Robert Sherwood in *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, “absolved Churchill from all responsibility for the statement,” but Sherwood adds that unconditional surrender represented “a true statement of Roosevelt’s considered policy.”

There is no evidence, however, that this policy had had much preconsideration except in Roosevelt's mind. Maurice Matloff and Edwin M. Snell in *Strategic Planning for Coalition Warfare — 1941–1942* (a volume in the Army official history series) state flatly: "The most striking illustration of the want of understanding between the White House and the military staffs was the President's announcement at the 7 January [in 1943 — prior to Casablanca] meeting, of his intention to support the 'unconditional surrender' concept as the basic Allied aim in the war. The President simply told the JCS [Joint Chiefs of Staff] that he would talk to the Prime Minister about assuring Stalin that the United States and Great Britain would continue on until they reached Berlin and that their only terms would be 'unconditional surrender.' *No study of the meaning of this formula for the conduct of the war was made at the time by the Army staff, or by the joint staff, either before or after the President's announcement.*" (Italics mine.)

Thus one of the fundamental policies of World War II, a policy which has greatly influenced, for better or for worse, the lives of this generation, was born. Unconditional surrender was laid down as a *diktat* — a one-man decision — without any study of its political or military implications and was announced publicly and unilaterally at a press conference to the surprise of the nation's chief ally, Great Britain. Historians may agree or disagree as to the validity of the unconditional surrender policy, but history can describe the manner in which this policy was born in only one way: "This is a hell of a way to run a railroad."

5

THERE remains the influence of this policy upon the war and upon the peace.

Churchill declares that he does not believe the policy prolonged the war or played into the hands of the dictators. In this belief he has the support of some distinguished historians, including John W. Wheeler-Bennett, the British historian, whose magnificent book *The Nemesis of Power* traces the history of the German Army in politics from 1918 to 1945. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett declares unequivocally that "one thing . . . is very certain.

"The Allied formula of 'unconditional surrender' played no part in the hesitancy of the German generals to remove Hitler . . . the Casablanca declaration constituted for the conspirators a very small embarrassment, if any at all."

To this point of view Chester Wilmot in *The Struggle for Europe* took considerable exception. The public announcement of the unconditional surrender policy denied the Anglo-Saxon powers "any freedom of diplomatic maneuver and . . . the German people any avenue of escape from Hitler," he stated. As Goebbels wrote in his diary, "The

more the English prophesy a disgraceful peace for Germany, the easier it is for me to toughen and harden German resistance."

This writer's vote is cast with Wilmot rather than with Churchill and Wheeler-Bennett. Wheeler-Bennett's examination of the conspiracy against Hitler is thorough and written with a brilliant lucidity, but even so I find in its pages incomplete references to the attempts of some German officers, in the final months of the war, to surrender *conditionally*. The full story of some of these attempts has not been told. And both Churchill and Wheeler-Bennett deal only tangentially with the psychological effects of the doctrine upon the German people and the German troops. I agree with Wilmot's contention that the unconditional surrender policy, harshened by Morgenthau's "potato patch" plan for a post-war pastoralized Germany, strengthened rather than weakened the German will to resist, and that even in the final winter of the war, with their cause completely lost, "the German people and their armed forces rallied to uphold the rule of the very man [Hitler] who had led them to the brink of ruin."

But if history still leaves room, nine years afterwards, for legitimate debate about the military effects of the unconditional surrender policy, there can be, I think, no room for valid disagreement about its political effects.

This policy represented a negative peace aim, not a positive one. It meant, as Mr. Churchill himself states, complete destruction of German (as well as Nazi) power, and peace terms so harsh that as the late British Foreign Minister, Ernest Bevin, put it, it "left us with a Germany without law, without a constitution, without a single person with whom we could deal, without a single institution to grapple with the situation. . . ."

It meant the creation of vacuums of power, the complete destruction of two nations — Germany and Japan — which in modern history had been the traditional counterpoise to Soviet Russia. It meant subordination of political aims to military ones; it put military victory ahead of political peace. The unconditional surrender policy was a triumph of the "total war" concept — a concept that has never led, and will never lead, to the only kind of peace worth having, a more stable one.

It was the foundation stone of the politico-strategic edifice the United States erected during the war upon the quicksands of unreality. We fought to win and we forgot that wars must have political aims and that complete destruction and unconditional surrender cannot contribute to a more stable peace. We substituted one enemy for another; and today's enemy, Soviet Russia, is more threatening than the old.

History needs no footnotes to prove the truth of these assertions; it is written in the daily head-

lines and in all our policies since the war. Unconditional surrender meant in World War II the complete destruction of the power of Germany and Japan; nearly ever since, at the cost of billions, we have been attempting to build up again the power of these two nations in order to restore some balance of power in the world. The tragedy is that we cannot erase the psychological memories of unlimited devastation and destruction with unlimited dollars. The Germans and the Japanese have not changed and neither nation will soon forget the "no quarter" terms of World War II.

6

SIR WINSTON, taken by surprise, did not oppose vigorously the Roosevelt policy of unconditional surrender. He "missed the bus" in lending even sequential support to this policy. But his position in the now famous issue of the Balkans versus Western Europe is fairly clear and, judged by the inexorable standards of history, far more correct than our own.

Sir Winston, with British history part of the very marrow of his bones, had no intention of allowing Russia instead of Germany to dominate the continent of Europe. Despite his support of the unconditional surrender doctrine, he knew that it was to Britain's vital interest even more in the twentieth century of planes and guided missiles than in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to maintain a balance of power policy on the Continent and to oppose the overwhelming superiority of one Continental nation over other European powers.

A major and fundamental difference about strategy marked from the beginning the American and British approach to victory in Europe.

Churchill himself does not make completely clear the nature of the difference in the British and U.S. approach. But his accounts are now fortunately supplemented by Matloff and Snell (*Strategic Planning for Coalition Warfare*). The British plans, a twentieth-century outgrowth of the time-tested strategy of the past, were explained in general terms as early as the Atlantic Conference of 1941. They were based primarily upon peripheral operations and British sea power; the U.S. European plans (unlike those in the Pacific) were based primarily upon mass land operations, supplemented later by mass air bombardment.

"We do not foresee vast armies of infantry as in 1914-18," Admiral Sir Dudley Pound noted in the Atlantic Conference. "The forces we employ will be armored divisions with the most modern equipment. To supplement their operations the local patriots must be secretly armed and equipped so that at the right moment they may rise in revolt" (Matloff and Snell).

The differences were at first military, though

in the case of Britain no hard and fast dividing line between military and political concepts was possible. The British peripheral strategy was the child of the marriage in past centuries of British political and military interests.

The British explained their concepts at the Arcadia Conference in Washington soon after we entered the war (December, 1941-January, 1942). Churchill's aim, say Matloff and Snell, "was to make full use of the advantages that the United States and Great Britain could expect to have — command of sea and air, and the aid of the people of occupied Europe.

"He envisaged landings [by small forces] in several of the following countries, namely, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, the French Channel coasts and the French Atlantic coasts, as well as in Italy and possibly the Balkans." Thus, Mr. Matloff comments in a letter to me, "the Balkans . . . formed a basic part of the British notions of a war of speed and maneuver against American notions of mass and concentration."

The plan to form a bridgehead at Cherbourg, Churchill himself writes in *The Hinge of Fate*, seemed "to me more difficult, less attractive, less immediately helpful or ultimately fruitful. It would be better to lay our right claw on French North Africa, tear with our left at the North Cape. . . ."

As the war progressed and the pressure of the United States for its "slam-bang" strategy — a direct and massive invasion of the Continent cross-Channel from England — became stronger, Churchill modified his concepts, made them more specific; and gradually, as the Russian armies retraced the long road back toward the Balkans, immediate political factors as well as the politico-military lessons of the past influenced his judgments. Sir Winston states that he came to be in "complete accord with what [Harry] Hopkins called 'a frontal assault upon the enemy in Northern France in 1943.'" (It was actually postponed, wisely, until 1944.) But he also emphasizes that he did not believe this assault should have precluded other operations, which he consistently supported, in the Mediterranean and the Danubian basin.

The preoccupation, throughout the war, of British policy with Turkey is clearly explicable by this Churchillian emphasis upon what he called "the soft underbelly of the Axis"; he felt (wrongly in retrospect) that the conquest of Italy and operations in the Aegean-Greece-Rhodes area might encourage Turkey to enter the war. As early as November 18, 1942, the Prime Minister cabled President Roosevelt that the paramount task then before the Allies was first "to conquer North Africa and open the Mediterranean . . . and, second, to use the bases on the African shore to strike at the underbelly of the Axis . . . in the shortest time."

General Marshall, however, was opposed to any further Mediterranean "dabbling" (Matloff and

Snell). And President Roosevelt, as Mr. Matloff points out in a letter to me, "had no desire to become embroiled in thorny domestic European politics — which the Balkans represented both to him and his staff."

The unreadiness of the Allies for a cross-Channel assault, and the conquest of North Africa — plus Churchill's persuasiveness — led to the Sicilian campaign and the Italian invasion. But this was all. Here the British strategy, based upon sea power, mobility, and penetration into Southeast Europe, bogged down in the snows of the Apennines and was slowed up by the concentration of the United States upon its "slam-bang" strategy in the west. Despite the tremendous Allied superiority in sea and air power, the Allies fought a land campaign up the spiny ridge of Italy instead of leap-frogging their armies to the valley of the Po by sea power.

After Salerno only one amphibious operation was tried, and Anzio was almost a disaster, in large measure because of high-command overoptimism, U.S. concentration on Western Europe, and the shoestring nature of the operation. The unpublished diaries of the late Major General John P. Lucas, who commanded the initial assault force (the VI Corps) at Anzio and was later relieved when the Germans failed to collapse and Rome did not fall, reveal clearly the cross-purposes that existed at high levels between British and Americans. Anzio was Churchill's "baby," and as such he must share the blame with the high command in Italy for its failure to achieve quickly the definitive results expected. Churchill apparently envisaged Anzio as part of his approach to the Balkans; he was characteristically optimistic about its opportunities, whereas the Americans viewed the landing with perturbation. General Lucas recorded in his diary, under date of January 1, 1944, at Maddaloni, Italy: —

"Yesterday we had a high-powered conference, General [Sir Harold R. L. G.] Alexander [Commanding Fifteenth Army Group in Italy] presiding. . . . Apparently 'Shingle' [Anzio] has become the most important operation in the present scheme of things. . . . [Alexander] quoted Mr. Churchill as saying, 'It will astonish the world,' and added, 'It will certainly frighten Kesselring' [Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, commanding German High Command Southwest in Italy]." Later, General Lucas added: "General Alexander, in addition to his remark as to inspiring fear in Kesselring, said in great glee that 'Overlord would be unnecessary.' Overlord was the cross-channel operation [to Normandy] to which, all of us had heard, the Prime Minister was violently opposed."

In contrast to this optimism, General George Patton, who saw Lucas before the Anzio landing, "seemed much disturbed," and blurted out, "John, there is no one in the Army I hate to see killed as much as you, but you can't get out of this alive."

"He advised me," Lucas records, "strongly to read the Bible when the going got tough"; and later Patton buttonholed one of the aides to General Lucas and said, "Look here, if things get too bad, shoot the old man in the 'backend,' but don't you dare kill the old bastard." The operation was initially envisaged on a scale far too small, but despite these weaknesses Churchill's driving insistence forced the landing. Lucas was at least in part the scapegoat of superiors' mistaken judgments.

But Anzio was strategically sound (though tactically weak), and it was part and parcel of Churchill's attempts to exploit past Allied victories in the Mediterranean and to move on quickly to the head of the Adriatic and into the Danubian basin.

In these objectives Churchill never faltered, despite what seemed at times the implacable opposition of General Dwight D. Eisenhower, President Roosevelt, and the U.S. Chiefs of Staff. In late 1943, after the surrender of Italy, the British undertook ill-fated operations against Cos, Leros, and Rhodes. Again, as at Anzio, the strategy and Churchill's ultimate objective — to pose a threat to Germany's southeastern flank — were sound, but insufficient forces — sea, air, and land — were available. Prizes that should have been ours for the grasping were rather easily held by the Germans, for the United States refused to aid materially in what it then considered "diversionary" operations. The American land concept of strategy, which minimized and misunderstood the proper uses of sea power, again triumphed, and Churchill records the "sharpest pang" he suffered during the war, a "pang" provoked by the triumph in Europe of the U.S. Army version of strategy.

The United States Navy concentrated upon the Pacific; to it the Mediterranean was a British theater. There was some friction between Admiral Ernest J. King and the British, and Admiral King resented what he felt were failures of the British to live up to their naval commitments — failures which required consequent diversions from American naval efforts in the Pacific. But Churchill's bitterness was nevertheless justifiable; the "control of the Aegean" and major psychological and political advantages might have been won at little cost.

7

THESE Aegean operations represented one of the main differences between Churchill and Eisenhower. The debate over the Southern France invasion was another. An earlier Anglo-American difference was sharp on staff levels but never reached a polemical stage between the General and the Prime Minister. This concerned the invasion of the Italian island of Pantelleria (prior to the Sicilian landing), an operation which one of Eisenhower's British subordinates mistakenly regarded as highly dangerous. There were other differences, of degree rather than

of principle, in the conduct of the campaigns in Western Europe, but the major Anglo-American dispute concerned the southern flank operations in the Mediterranean.

Churchill believed, as he told Eisenhower in 1943, in concentrating "six tenths of our realizable strength" across the Channel, three tenths in Italy and thence in the "right-handed movement" the Prime Minister preferred (as against the Southern France invasion) through the Ljubljana Gap toward Vienna, and one tenth in the Eastern Mediterranean.

"From this I never varied, not an inch in a year." This flat assertion is a little less than frank, however. Churchill, in his memoirs, particularly in *Closing the Ring*, specifically denies that at Teheran he wished to substitute a "mass invasion of the Balkans, or a large-scale campaign in the Eastern Mediterranean" for the cross-Channel invasion. He speaks in many places of "coming into" the Balkans, but differentiates between Austria and Hungary and the Balkans proper, and he explains, though sometimes cryptically, that when he speaks of "coming into" the Balkans he means essentially penetration by commando units, local guerrilla forces, and underground units, backed up by small Allied ground forces and Allied sea and air power. But both Churchill and the British Chiefs of Staff apparently contemplated a definite "Balkan Front"; the phrase is, in fact, used repeatedly, and it is indisputable that at Cairo just prior to Teheran the British Chiefs of Staff tentatively proposed postponement of the 1944 cross-Channel attack and substitution of a campaign in the Aegean. Moreover, as early as December, 1941, Churchill admitted that the small peripheral operations he advocated, "once started, will require nourishing on a lavish scale."

The British insistence upon the Mediterranean operations was usually supported until late 1944 by military arguments, but it is rather clear that the ultimate complexion of the post-war world was always present in Churchill's mind — particularly as the Russian armies started to move westward after recovery from their defeats. It is significant, too, that Field Marshal Smuts in a speech in London on November 25, 1943, spoke with prescience of the need of some Western European union after the war, since Russia, he foresaw, would be "in the midst of Europe."

This political motivation is emphasized in a brilliantly documented book that is far too little known: *The Great Powers and Eastern Europe* by John A. Lukacs. Mr. Lukacs declares that at the Teheran Conference on November 30, 1943, "the decision which had the effect of delivering central-eastern Europe to Russia was made: it was finally and irrevocably decided that the main invasion of Europe would come in northwestern France during May-June, 1944, followed by a secondary landing in France's Mediterranean shores."

From then on Churchill's attempt to save Central Europe from post-war Russian domination was a rear-guard action; he tried repeatedly, supported by General Mark Clark and (in certain respects) by Major General Walter Bedell Smith, to fend off the invasion of Southern France and instead to press the Italian campaign, and to move through Istria and the Ljubljana Gap into the Danubian basin and the Austrian and Hungarian plain.

The last volume of Churchill's memoirs is replete with references to this unsuccessful effort, which was faced with the obdurate and increasing opposition (although the Russian armies were moving always to the west) of the Americans — notably General Marshall, General Eisenhower, the U.S. Chiefs of Staff, and President Roosevelt. Churchill even threatened to "lay down the mantle of my high office." Butcher records (Harry C. Butcher: *My Three Years with Eisenhower*) under date of August 15, 1944: —

"The PM [Prime Minister] wants . . . to continue into the Balkans through the Ljubljana gap, in Yugoslavia, to reach Germany through Austria. Ike said the PM wanted to go through 'that gap, whose name I can't even pronounce.'"

The military and logistical difficulties of a drive from Trieste toward Vienna cannot, of course, be underestimated. Yet there is no doubt in my mind that such a strategy could have succeeded had sufficient sea and air power been allocated to it and had the same number of ground troops been employed that were actually used in Italy and in the invasion of Southern France. Three crack American divisions, heavily reinforced, more than seven French divisions, and very strong naval and air forces launched the Southern France invasion. These forces were certainly more than adequate to establish a major beachhead at the head of the Adriatic. After junction with the Yugoslav guerrillas and with Alexander's more than twenty divisions (who were pushing northward toward the Po valley) this combined force, equivalent in strength to perhaps forty divisions, would have had ample power to drive northward into the Danubian plain and to threaten Germany from the south. There is some evidence that the Germans feared a Balkan invasion and were relieved when they learned, through their espionage system, of the Teheran decisions to launch the cross-Channel and Southern France invasions.

Politically there can be no dispute. Major General J. F. C. Fuller, in his *The Second World War*, has summed it up well. Politically the decisive area "was Austria and Hungary, for were the Russians to occupy those two countries — the strategic centre of Europe — before the Americans and British could do so, then the two Western Allies would have fought the war in vain; for all that would happen would be the establishment of a Russian *Lebensraum* in Eastern Europe instead of a German."

Lukacs compares Russian and Anglo-American strategy in August, 1944, even more incisively: —

Russian

Subordinated military objectives to long-range political goals; stopped [their] offensive 325 miles from Berlin, leaving the central bulk of the German armies intact in order to:

1. Throw the bulk of the Russian armies into the Balkans, Hungary and Austria.
2. Bring about the destruction of the Polish insurgents by the Germans.
3. Thereby indirectly enable the Germans to gain a breathing space on the main sector of their eastern front and thus delay the advance of the Western Allies into Germany.

Anglo-American

Practically excluded political considerations from their military plans; ordered their main armies to make a bee-line lunge toward Berlin, whereby they:

1. Abandoned the possibilities of an advance into Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia.
2. Did not give effective help to the Poles; were unable to assist Czech, Slovak, Serb insurgents, certain Hungarian forces ready to secede.
3. Were facing the bulk of the western German armies on a relatively short front; suffered three defeats at Arnheim, in the Ardennes, and in Alsace, thus delaying their final advance into central Germany from Sept. 1944 to March 1945.

It will be hard, I think, for history to refute the contention that the loss of much of Eastern Europe was due in considerable measure to American political astigmatism.

In the history of our wartime mistakes the loss of Central Europe need not be labored long. In his last volume, *Triumph and Tragedy*, Churchill produces again and again documentary evidence of his increasing fear — marked from Teheran onwards — of Soviet domination of Central Europe. His telegrams and minutes of those times are now amply supported by other source material.

As Churchill states, “when wolves are about, the shepherd must guard his flock, even if he does not himself care for mutton.” The British Prime Minister knew there “were wolves about.” Russian “imperialism and the Communist creed saw and set no bounds to their progress and ultimate domination.”

Sir Winston foresaw most emphatically in the last year of war: —

“First, that Soviet Russia had become a mortal danger to the free world.

“Second, that a new front must be immediately created against her onward sweep.

“Thirdly, that this front in Europe should be as far east as possible.

“Fourthly, that Berlin was the prime and true objective of the Anglo-American armies.

“Fifthly, that the liberation of Czechoslovakia and the entry into Prague of American troops was of high consequence.

“Sixthly, that Vienna, and indeed Austria, must be regulated by the Western Powers, at least upon an equality with the Russian Soviets.

“Seventhly, that Marshal Tito’s aggressive pretensions against Italy must be curbed.

“Finally, and above all, that a settlement must be reached on all major issues between the West and the East in Europe *before the armies of democracy melted*, or the Western Allies yielded any part of the German territories they had conquered. . . .”

Even though, in the winter of 1944–45, the Normandy invasion and the Southern France assault meant that the eleventh hour, politically, was at hand, many of these eight points were still realizable. The sixth and seventh, as a matter of fact, were accomplished, at least in part, as a result of Churchill’s emphatic and repeated warnings. Berlin might well have fallen first to American troops had the Balkan operation, considered “diversionary” by our Chiefs of Staff, been undertaken. Indeed we might, even so, have beaten the Russians to this prize had its political and psychological significance been fully understood. Churchill repeatedly urged Eisenhower to focus his efforts upon Berlin, but “Ike” saw it as a goal of scant military importance and he failed to appreciate its political significance. Prague was clearly within the grasp of American troops, but with almost naïve faith in Russian good intentions, we deliberately halted our armies short of the goal. And, most emphatically, as Churchill told President Truman in a cablegram on May 12, 1945, “this issue of a settlement with Russia before our strength has gone seems to me to dwarf all others.” In the following months he repeatedly urged that the withdrawal of American troops — “three million to our one” — from the heart and center of Germany to the occupation zones be delayed pending definite agreements with Russia. But President Truman, new to his office and confronted with contrary advice, showed no more prescience than had Roosevelt and felt he had to conform to agreements made prior to his assumption of office, even though Russia already had violated some of those agreements.

“Thus, in the moment of victory was our best, and what might prove to have been our last, chance of durable world peace allowed composedly to fade away. . . .”

8

IN TWO of the great wartime issues — the entry of Russia into the Pacific war and our use of the atomic bomb — issues that influenced the peace in the Orient, Churchill and the British played purely subordinate roles.

At Yalta, Churchill subscribed to but had no part in shaping the much-criticized territorial con-

cessions promised to Soviet Russia as her reward for entering the war against Japan. These concessions — Southern Sakhalin and the Kuriles and rights in Dairen, Port Arthur, and Manchuria — were the inducements offered by Roosevelt without the then knowledge of Nationalist China to secure what the bulk of his military advisers, in one of the most mistaken intelligence estimates of history, told him was necessary to final victory in the Pacific: the participation of Soviet Russia in the war.

“... on behalf of Great Britain I joined in the agreement, though neither I nor Eden took any part in making it,” Churchill records.

“It was regarded as an American affair and was certainly of prime interest to their military operations. It was not for us to claim to shape it. Anyhow we were not consulted but only asked to approve. This we did. In the United States there have been many reproaches about the concessions made to Soviet Russia. The responsibility rests with their own representatives. To us the problem was remote and secondary.”

Yet Churchill cannot escape some of the responsibility of history by thus washing his hands. For he did agree, without cavil, to what was a mistaken political gesture based on a mistaken military analysis. And since he had fought for and demanded, successfully, some part for the British forces in the closing phases of the war against Japan, Sir Winston, having secured authority in the Pacific, cannot forswear responsibility, even though it be secondary, for the moral, psychological, military, and political blunder of the Yalta concessions.

In the final days of the war against Japan, Churchill shied away slightly from the same policy he had supported in Europe — unconditional surrender.

But at Potsdam he and Britain played a secondary role; the decisive blows against Japan had been delivered by American forces utilizing, ironically, the strategy of sea power which Churchill had tried futilely to “sell” to the Americans in Europe.

British “consent, in principle” to the use of the atomic bomb was given on July 4, 1945. But at Potsdam “there never was a moment’s discussion as to whether the atomic bomb should be used or not. . . . The final decision . . . lay in the main with President Truman . . . but I never doubted what it would be, nor have I ever doubted since that he was right. The historic fact remains, and must be judged in the after-time, that the decision whether or not to use the atomic bomb to compel the surrender of Japan was never even an issue. There was unanimous, automatic, unquestioned agreement around our table; nor did I ever hear the slightest suggestion that we should do otherwise. . . .”

And yet, just a few pages later in his closing book, the greatest Prime Minister in Britain’s

modern history records that “it would be a mistake to suppose that the fate of Japan was settled by the atomic bomb. Her defeat was certain before the first bomb fell, and was brought about by overwhelming maritime power. . . .”

Indeed, Japanese peace overtures dating back to 1944 had been reported from many sources; in July of 1945 the fundamental question was in no sense how to win the war — it was already won — but merely how to set face-saving conditions which would make what amounted to unconditional surrender acceptable to Japan. Potsdam refused to do this; we demanded unconditional surrender; we dropped the bombs and then accepted conditional surrender.

Judged, as Churchill says, “in the after-time,” this admittedly unnecessary use of atomic weapons against a power already defeated, already striving for peace, represents a historical and psychological mistake of grave consequence in the moral, psychological, and political fields. It arrayed the Anglo-Saxon world, long known as the defenders of freedom, the champions of tolerance, the enemies of the doctrine that the end justifies any means, on the side of those exponents of total war whose outlook is limited to military victory no matter what the corollary costs. We have suffered dearly in Asia as a result; Communist propaganda has pictured us as ruthless, unscrupulous destroyers.

Churchill and Britain must share whatever verdict history finally renders on this account. For British scientists participated in the development of the atomic weapon, British energy went into its making, Churchill and Roosevelt agreed not to use the weapon without the other’s assent, and Britain claimed some degree of authority, even though secondary, in the Pacific realm. It is amazing and sad that a man of Churchill’s prescience and warmth for his fellow men can record that so vital a decision was not even discussed or debated at Potsdam. The end result might well have been the same, but how much more defensible in history would have been the decision had someone argued the case for Man! An apostrophe, a comma, a caveat, a but — these might at least have shown historically that the West thought beyond victory to the good of future generations.

These six volumes will serve in future time as Churchill’s finest epitaph. They represent personalized history — incomplete, sometimes inaccurate, but withal honest, vivid, grandiose in scope. They reveal the immense nature of Churchill’s mind; truly he is the political Michelangelo of our times. He is fallible because human, wrong as well as right, but certainly a man of far more than ordinary foresight, a man who understands the harshness of life but loves his fellow men. He is that rare statesman — perhaps the only great one of his time — who has kept his feet in the mud of today but his eyes on the stars of tomorrow.



The process begun by Abraham Lincoln in his Emancipation Proclamation made another and far-reaching advance on May 17 of this year, when the Supreme Court handed down its unanimous decision abolishing segregation in the public schools. With that decision the Communists lost one of their nastier accusations against us, and our Negro citizens gained a fuller opportunity to enter into the life of this republic. The Atlantic turns to ARTHUR E. SUTHERLAND, *Professor of Law at Harvard, for an authoritative account of how this advance was won.*

SEGREGATION AND THE SUPREME COURT

by ARTHUR E. SUTHERLAND

I

IT WAS a great day — Monday, the 17th of May, 1954. On that day the Supreme Court decided that the Constitution proscribes, anywhere in the United States, public schools in which Negro children and white children are kept separate because of their race. On that day the Court did justice to more than the children before it; the judgment will benefit all the people of the nation — alike in the states where segregation has long since been given up, and in those where, at least to some, the Court's word was unwelcome.

To think of these school segregation decisions as marking a sudden unexpected turn would be a mistake. The trouble was old, and a change for the better has been long coming. The wrong to be righted began when the first slaves were landed in Jamestown in 1619. It had causes in old times when, in some places, free common schooling for white children was wretchedly poor and for Negroes was nonexistent. It continued through the days when even in northern states Negro children were forbidden to come to white schools. In 1847 a five-year-old colored child named Sarah Roberts was told by the public school authorities of Boston that she could not go to the nearest school because that was only for white children. Sarah was refused again the next year. Then her father turned to the courts. His case was argued by a youngish Boston lawyer, named Charles Sumner; but the Massachusetts Supreme Court in 1850 held that Boston could separate school children by race, and Sumner lost, and little Sarah Roberts was disappointed. Massachusetts has long since changed this law, and Sumner went on to great things. A bronze statue of him, seated as if in his chair in the United States Senate, faces me when I walk to work through Harvard Square. After the Supreme Court handed down its great judgment, I looked at the bronze figure and thought about Sarah Roberts.

The segregation decision has its roots in other history. There was Dred Scott's case in 1857 when Chief Justice Taney wrote that a Negro whose ancestors were sold as slaves could not become a member of the political community formed by the Constitution; could not become a citizen of one of the states and so have the privilege of suing in a Federal court. The old unhappy battles between 1861 and 1865 underlie this year's segregation cases. So does the Fourteenth Amendment, adopted in 1868: —

... No State shall . . . deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

It is hard to say that the men who wrote those words intended to end separate schools for Negro and white children. In 1862, 1864, 1866, and 1874, the Congress enacted legislation which specifically provided for separation of the races in the schools of the District of Columbia. It is difficult to think that the Congressmen of that time proposed to require by constitutional amendment that the states do what Congress was unwilling to require of the District.

So there was no surprise when, in 1896, the Supreme Court declared the doctrine of "separate but equal." A man named Plessy, one-eighth Negro, was prosecuted in the Louisiana courts for the offense of riding in a white railroad coach on a journey in that state. The Supreme Court of the United States, to which he finally brought his case, held that so long as the state required that facilities afforded Negroes be equal to those for whites, the Fourteenth Amendment did not forbid compulsory separation. "Separate but equal" has been plaguing us ever since.

The Court was not unanimous in *Plessy v. Fergu-*

son. Associate Justice John Marshall Harlan of Kentucky, onetime colonel of a Union regiment, wrote in dissent. He spoke not only of the Fourteenth Amendment but of the Thirteenth, which ended slavery and was meant, he said, to end all that went with slavery, including Plessy's separateness. But this was not the judgment of the Court.

Plessy with his railroad case is troublesome enough; but cases involving little children, whose parents have to tell them that by birth they are different; that they are so born that they can never have what other children can have — these are the cases that hurt. In 1927 the Supreme Court judged the rights of a nine-year-old child named Martha Lum, whose ancestors were Chinese. Martha had gone to a consolidated school in Mississippi on the opening day, but at noon was told she could not come again. Under the Mississippi constitution separate schools were mandatory for children of white and "colored" races, and Martha was "colored." Her father, Gong Lum, took her case to the Supreme Court of the United States, but in an opinion by Chief Justice Taft, based on the Roberts, Plessy, and like precedents, the Court unanimously decided that Mississippi had power to segregate schools if she saw fit.

2

BUT new ideas were stirring in the land. A younger generation of people who heard of cases like Martha Lum's were saddened, and wished the law might be otherwise. By 1950 "separate but equal" had begun to crack. In that year the Supreme Court passed on the case of a Negro named Heman Sweatt, qualified, except for his race, to enter the University of Texas Law School. State law restricted that university to white students. Sweatt applied to a Texas court for a mandamus order to compel his admission. While the case was pending, Texas set up a separate law school for Negroes and relied on "separate but equal" to justify excluding Sweatt from the white school. But on June 5, 1950, in a unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court written by Chief Justice Vinson, the Texas courts were reversed and Heman Sweatt was ordered admitted to the University of Texas. The Court declined to re-examine "separate but equal," for the law school to which Texas was willing to admit Sweatt was not, the Court found, equal to that for whites. The Negro school, said Chief Justice Vinson, excluded the 85 per cent of the population of Texas from which come most of the lawyers, witnesses, jurors, judges, and officials with whom a Texas lawyer is inevitably in contact.

With such a substantial and significant segment of society excluded, we cannot conclude that the education offered petitioner is substantially equal to that which he would receive if admitted to the University of Texas Law School.

On the same day the Supreme Court decided a more difficult case. This involved a man named McLaurin, a Negro who wished to become a Doctor of Education. He had the necessary academic standing and was admitted to the University of Oklahoma. But the Oklahoma legislature required that instruction be given to Negroes "upon a segregated basis," and McLaurin was given a desk in an anteroom adjoining the white classroom, was given a separate place to sit in the library, and was told to eat at a different time in the cafeteria. He applied to the United States District Court in Oklahoma for an order modifying these conditions, the relief was refused him, and ultimately he brought his case to the Supreme Court. It was a puzzling case. McLaurin was eating the same food, studying in the same library, and listening to the same instructors at the same time as white students. But the unanimous Court, in another opinion by Chief Justice Vinson, held that the restrictions imposed on McLaurin impaired "his ability to study, to engage in discussions and exchange views with other students, and, in general, to learn his profession." This, the Court said, produced inequality and deprived him of the equal protection of the laws.

The score in 1950 was not entirely in favor of Negro students. There was one important setback in that year, not in the Supreme Court of the United States, but in the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. The District of Columbia stands in a different constitutional position from the states. There is no constitutional requirement, in so many words, that the United States treat people equally. The Fifth Amendment has, however, since 1791 forbidden the United States to deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; so, arguably, segregated public education is forbidden as much by the Fifth Amendment as by the Fourteenth. However, when a Negro girl named Marguerite Carr attempted to obtain from the United States District Court in the District of Columbia an order permitting her to attend a junior high school where there were vacancies while the colored school she was attending was overcrowded and operating on a two-shift schedule, the District Court refused the order she sought; and the Federal Court of Appeals, in 1950, by a vote of two justices to one, affirmed that judgment. The Court relied on the fact that the Congress had enacted the legislation of 1862, 1864, 1866, and 1874 providing for segregated schools in the District, and so came to the conclusion that neither the people who drafted the first ten amendments in 1789 nor those who drafted the Fourteenth Amendment in 1866 meant to exclude the Congress from legislatively segregating the races.

The five school cases that in May, 1954, ended "separate but equal" arose in four states — South Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, and Kansas — and in the District of Columbia. In South Carolina, Vir-

ginia, and Kansas; the plaintiff Negro children had been unsuccessful, although in Kansas, pending the litigation, the school authorities had voluntarily decided to end segregation in the schools as rapidly as it might be accomplished. In Delaware, because the state courts found the Negro school unequal, the plaintiff's child was admitted to the white school on the ground that even the old rule of *Plessy v. Ferguson* was not satisfied if the accommodations furnished were both separate and unequal. But the Delaware child remained under the threat of renewed segregation in case Delaware should bring the Negro schools up to the white standard.

The fifth case, from the District of Columbia, was substantially similar to that of Marguerite Carr. As in Marguerite's case, the Court of Appeals of the District had ruled against the Negro child. Taken together the cases had an immense sweep; they affected twenty-one states and at least eleven and a half million school children. They touched some of the strongest emotions and deepest antagonisms that in the past have divided the people of this country.

3

THE Court approached its duty with proper care. It first heard argument in December, 1952, held the cases under advisement until the following June, and then directed the reargument conducted last December. In the meantime, for those of us who were hoping for a ringing and unanimous declaration of the end of the doctrine of separation, there were both encouraging and discouraging aspects of the situation. Decisions in two other cases, in May and June, 1953, were heartening. One involved a purportedly private political party in Texas called the Jaybird Democratic Association, which excluded all Negroes; the other concerned a contract between two white men by which one of them agreed not to sell land to a Negro. Neither of these cases, on its facts, resembled the school segregation cases, but in each the decision was such as to favor the Negro's decent position in society. The Court held that the Jaybird Party must admit Negroes to its primary, and that the land contract was unenforceable. These were difficult controversies; both could have been decided on grounds which, at least in form, had nothing to do with race relations; both were decided the way a friend of the Negro people would wish. These were straws in a favoring wind.

On the other hand, there were worries in the five school segregation cases. Would the Court perhaps find that the Negro schools were not equal to the white, and hence that it was not necessary to decide what would be the law if they were equal? Would the Court, even if it felt that the issue was squarely presented, find distinctions between university students and grade-school pupils, and refuse to override generations of established practice of segregating children in primary schools?

These worries for those of us who wished the Negro children well disappeared a little past noon on May 17, 1954. For on that day, speaking for a united Court, the Chief Justice declared in plain words that neither in the District of Columbia nor in any one of the states does it fit with our Constitution to maintain a white public school which keeps out children whose skins are darker.

The two opinions of the Court, as is right in explaining the Constitution, are written in plain words. Mr. Justice Warren had as the center of his problem in the state cases escape from the verbal symmetry of equality in separation. If, speaking for the United States, he was to forbid any state to keep white children and black children apart in equal schoolhouses, he had to find some inequality in this treatment. He and the eight brethren for whom he spoke found it in what we all know: that excluding the Negro from schools where white children go denotes inferiority of Negro, not white. If, said Chief Justice Warren, segregation hurt McLaurin, an advanced graduate student in a university, it hurts children in grade schools the more. It generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community; it may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal. Finding a denial of equal protection, the Court had no need to discuss due process of law under the Fourteenth Amendment.

Philosophically, the District of Columbia case produced an even more profound opinion. Here there was no equal protection clause to rely on. The court had to decide whether segregated schools deprive the Negro of liberty without due process of law. And the Court found it so.

Liberty under law extends to the full range of conduct which the individual is free to pursue, and it cannot be restricted except for a proper governmental objective.

Segregation in public education is not reasonably related to any proper governmental objective, and thus it imposes on Negro children of the District of Columbia a burden that constitutes an arbitrary deprivation of their liberty in violation of the Due Process Clause.

What lies behind the Court's concept of "proper" government? What is proper for the many to do to the few? What is right? What is truth? What is justice? Back of the decision lay ideas of the spiritual origin of individual man, and the bright hope of the eighteenth century that somehow it would turn out that all men are created equal.

Man has never succeeded in defining justice, and this is well; any definition might exclude what he would later wish to preserve. But the Supreme Court had no trouble in deciding on what was not justice; it was not justice to exclude the Negro child from the school where the white children

could go. And that judgment day was a great day.

As I write, the papers are full of reports of governors calling together educational commissions to consider what shall be done; and in two or three states there are reported a few — surprisingly few — hurt and indignant utterances from public officials. This is not remarkable. For generations men have felt deeply and resentfully about this matter. People against whom any court decides are apt to be exasperated, and say things in immediate hurt which a little later they realize they do not wholly mean.

More widespread are reports of plans for the hearings in the fall, when those interested will have a chance to discuss the terms of the Court's formal decree. There is nothing very extraordinary about the Court's deferring this final crystallization of judgment. The words "Settle decree on notice" appear at the end of many opinions. A court's opinion gives general ideas about the case, discusses precedent and theory, and announces the judgment. A decree is a later, much more precise, and much less eloquent document, which tells the parties exactly what they must do. The school situations differ in each of the four states and in the District of Columbia. Even assuming a desire on the part of all concerned to put into effect the new policy at once, there would still be complicated arrangements to make. Delay and a chance for the parties to be heard about the effectuation of the judgment are not at all unreasonable.

Furthermore, it is wise. One should never forget the immense moral pressure of such a great judgment as that just announced, and its capacity to persuade men of good will who have been doubting and hesitating. No state in the Union is populated by a separate species of cruel and brutal white men, seeking by cynical devices or by sheer defiance to escape the performance of constitutional duties. One has only to travel in the present South to realize the contrary — to be convinced of the rapid increase of humanitarianism, of cultivation, of kindness, of comfort, of all the good things that go to make up a great civilization.

Announcements from thoughtful people in the

southern states are sensible and heartening. As this is written, on May 19, the Commissioner of Education of Texas has said that he was sure that Texas would comply with the Supreme Court's decision; the Governor of Kansas has expressed the intention of that state to adjust its schools; the Superintendent of Instruction of St. Louis, Missouri, has done the same. Kentucky is in the same frame of mind; the State Superintendent of Instruction of Virginia has stated that there will be no defiance of the Supreme Court decision as far as he is concerned. West Virginia feels the same.

The most resentful statements to come from public officials are from South Carolina and Georgia. But the influence of time; the quiet example of the majority of southern states; the words of the many moderate people in the less moderate states; the admiration and respect felt for the President, who has urged that the District of Columbia proceed at once with desegregation; the immense moral pressure of the simple and unanimous opinion of the nine justices — all of these things will be working. There will be problems to solve, but foolish words will quiet down and a wiser day will come. This is a time to respect, and to have confidence in, the people of the South.

After all, these are not the first tense issues to adjust themselves rightly without pressure on the states concerned, other than the moral force of a judgment of the Supreme Court. For a number of years, early in this century, litigation was pending between Virginia and West Virginia over the payment of West Virginia's share of Virginia's pre-1861 debts. This, too, raised bitter memories and thoughts of defiance. The case came before the Supreme Court several times; and after one of these hearings Mr. Justice Holmes, who had himself been thrice wounded in another sort of difference between states, spoke wise words: —

. . . [This] case is one that calls for forbearance upon both sides. Great states have a temper superior to private litigants and it is to be hoped that enough has been decided for patriotism, the fraternity of the Union, and mutual consideration, to bring it to an end.





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DESTINY, TWO WOMEN, AND A CARRIAGE

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

I

THE year, 1775. The place, Frankfort in Germany. Young Wolfgang Goethe, son of the Imperial Councilor Johann-Gaspard Goethe, a leading burgher of the town, had just come back to his native city. He was fully aware of his genius and, from childhood, had always kept faith in his destiny. "The start," he said when only six, "will not forget me." He had always known he was made to dominate and to observe. "The Spirit of Nature will lead you by the hand into all nations, will show you Life in its entirety and the strange restlessness of Man; you will see him wandering about, seeking, jostling, pressing on, falling back, pulling, pushing aside, rubbing against; you will witness the extraordinary confusion of the human herd. But, for you, that will be like watching a magic-lantern." Thus Goethe to Goethe.

Like watching a magic-lantern. What could that mean, exactly? That his daemon (for Goethe, like Socrates, believed himself possessed and guided by his own spirit-devil) would command him never to take part wholeheartedly in human affairs. For only he who keeps his spirit free and apart may become a Poet, a creator of worlds. But this detachment, for a young man of twenty-six, was not easily maintained. Goethe was handsome; women liked him and he needed them. Without love, Goethe was incapable of creating. Moreover, he was violent and his recklessness made him a choice morsel for the devil.

At eighteen our Faust has encountered his Mephistopheles in the form of a student called Behrisch, from Leipzig. "My word," wrote young Goethe to this evil tempter, "I believe I am now prepared for the seduction of a young lady. In a word, Sir, ready for anything you might by rights

expect of the most zealous and conscientious of your disciples. . . ." Goethe-Faust had found his Gretchen and devastated more than one heart, but in Alsace the charming Friederike Brion had conquered him. Goethe, however, left her without remorse, saying calmly: "Providence has it that trees shall not put forth their tops to reach the sky." In other words, passion, at a certain given moment, must cease its growth. More exactly, Goethe's guiding spirit willed that he not depart from the chartered path.

At one time, nevertheless, he had thought he would lose his life amid the debris of an unhappy love affair. He was torn apart by the marriage of the adorable Charlotte Buff to his friend Kestner. The blackest thoughts of suicide beset him. Night after night, on going to bed, he kept a dagger near him. But he never succeeded in doing himself the slightest harm. Did his body frustrate his will? Not at all, for he really willed to live. Instead of killing himself, he incorporated the story of his love affair — and of his suicide — in *Werther*, and was freed from Charlotte from the moment he finished the work. "After great suffering, I have found myself again," he said. "And in what form? As an artist." The magic-lantern. This painful experience, however, raised him up against the gods. There was, after all, something of Prometheus in the young man.

This was the time, in Germany, of the *Sturm und Drang*, a literary movement which preceded and resembled Romanticism. The *Sturm und Dränger* wanted to portray the struggle of man-giants against society. Goethe took part in this movement and was to give it its masterpieces. He was in revolt against *la raison* of the French eighteenth

century. He exalted the obscure powers of the soul. He compared himself with the Titans. He hated Zeus.

Here I am. I am molding men
After my own image;
A race of men exactly like me
Who will suffer, and will weep,
Who will revel, and rejoice,
Who will scorn you as do I!

Certain friends were appalled by his systematic rebellion and concluded that he was possessed of the devil, and the devil was Pride. And it is true that revolt against the gods is a dangerous attitude in that it can lead to nothing. The world is what it is; the gods are what they are. The role of a gifted man is not to execrate the world, but to transform it. This Goethe, in his twenty-sixth year, seemed handsome, genial, unique, but one could fear he would smash himself up against inflexible obstacles. Lavater, who was fond of him, was astonished and disturbed by his wild behavior: "Goethe is all force, sensitivity and imagination. He acts without knowing why or how; one might say that he is carried along as if by a river's current." And Goethe himself: "Am I not the Cruel Fair One who, without object or respite, hurls himself into the abyss like the cataract which roars ever downward from rock to rocky ledge?"

But his daemon was watching over him and, in mysterious ways, at a decisive moment, was going to orient the Cruel Fair One towards the Humane Fair One. He would use for this purpose a girl, a prince, a carriage, and a *grande dame*. Destiny's tools, one can see, are unforeseeable.

2

THE girl was Anna Elisabeth Schöнемann, the daughter of one of Frankfort's important bankers, who had died several years before Goethe met her. She was called Lili by her intimates. The meeting occurred at the beginning of January, 1775. Because of *Werther* and his poems, Goethe was already well-known, and the Frankfort salons were attempting to draw him into their circles. The young Titan was warding off their advances; he did not want to be tamed. The more he played the role of a socially savage and wild animal, the greater waxed the curiosity of the others. The time came, however, when, on the spur of the moment one evening, a friend proposed to take him along to a concert at the home of a Calvinist banker, and he accepted. Goethe loved anything that was improvised. It meant taking a ticket in Life's lottery.

He was led into a large salon, in the center of which was a harpsichord. The only daughter of the family, sixteen, blonde, charming, and a coquette, was playing. Her touch was quick and light. Goethe, seated facing her, admired the childlike freshness and naturalness he found in Lili. When

he complimented her, she answered him most charmingly. He noticed that she was taking great pleasure in looking at him, as though he were a spectacle. He was not astonished by this interest, knowing he was both handsome and famous. As for himself, he was carried away by what he saw. He found that a mutual attraction was dawning. A group surrounded them and so they were unable to speak alone with one another at all; but as Goethe was leaving, the girl and her mother exacted his promise to come again.

He often took advantage of this invitation. He spent some of his happiest hours with Lili. Almost immediately, their talks became intimate and confidential. She recounted the story of her rich-girl adolescence, spent among worldly surroundings. She did not seek to hide the weaknesses in her character, of which the most important was coquetry, a gift for attracting. "I used it on you, yourself," she confessed, "but I have been punished for doing so, for now I find myself drawn by you." He soon found out he could not do without her, and that was to transform his life, for this lovely heiress lived in a constant social whirl and, not to lose her, the Solitary One had to accept a compromise.

As was always the case with him, Goethe remained a spectator of his own feelings and he described his situation, making somewhat fun of himself, to a friend, Augusta von Stolberg, in a letter dated February 13, 1775: "Imagine, my very dear friend, a Goethe in an embroidered suit, under the vulgar sparkle of chandeliers and candelabra, stayed an instant at a gaming table by two ravishing eyes, then leaving behind the reception hall for the concert, finally permitting himself to be enticed into dancing, all the while courting this graceful blonde. You will then have a picture of the frivolous Goethe who, still quite recently, was imparting to you his nebulous and deepest thoughts." Then he added: "But there is another Goethe, in gray beaver topcoat and brown silk scarf, who is hurrying Spring along in the now still brisk February air, and sees his vast and beloved universe opening up again before his eyes. . . ." In this Goethe Symphony, two motifs were seeking to dominate: that of Goethe-in-love, bound up for the first time of his life in all the ties of society; and that of Goethe-the-independent-creator, who needed the whole universe and all mankind. "*Liebe, Liebe, lass mich los!* . . . Love, love, leave me in peace!"

There lies the drama. There were two Goethes: the one who carried a world within himself, and the one who spent the night of Shrove Tuesday, 1775, dancing, far from nature, far from work, far from himself. And although, undoubtedly, he had previously known this same anguish in other love affairs, he had always triumphed, either by conquering the woman concerned or by fleeing. This time, conquest was impossible except in wedlock.

The Schönemanns were a powerful and respectable family; Lili was not a girl susceptible to seductive blandishments. Flight alone remained to him. But he didn't want to escape. He was happy near his beloved. Even in this elegant world, whose influence he feared, he was pleased to watch Lili being transformed into someone of such grace and precocious sureness. Then, when he saw her again, in March, it was unadulterated joy, for he had Lili all to himself and the hours were "brimful and golden."

Love, love, leave me in peace! And yet Goethe seemed just then to be on the very threshold of losing his freedom. It is true that the two families were evincing little interest in the marriage plans. The Goethes were of the Lutheran middle class; the Schönemanns, Calvinist patricians. Goethe's sister, Cornelia, like so many possessive sisters of men of genius, watched jealously over her brother to save him from himself. Herself unhappily married, she advised against this (and any) marriage. But another influence was to make itself felt, to precipitate events. In April there burst upon the scene at Frankfort an old maid from Heidelberg whose name was Fräulein Delph, and who enjoyed matchmaking. Miss Delph! What a propitious name for Goethe, who had a taste for sibyls and oracles.

The sibyl saw the two families; she wrung from them their consent. A very determined person, the Delph woman simply took charge of things. She sought nothing at all for herself except the pleasure she derived from concluding a marriage, which gave her a pleasant feeling of personal power. She had known and been fond of Lili from childhood. She had observed the two young people, she knew they were in love, and she thought they were taking too much time about it. One day, while they were together, she appeared and surprised them by announcing that she had obtained the blessing of all parents concerned. She said to them, "Hold hands."

Goethe stood facing Lili and held out his hand to her. Unhesitatingly, but slowly, Lili placed her hand in Goethe's. Then, after having caught their breaths, they fell into each other's arms. Thanks to Miss Delph and her strong will, Lili and Wolfgang were officially engaged. Was the sibyl to triumph over the daemon? Our admirable Goethe interpreted it otherwise: "It was a strange decision of the Supreme Being that, in my checkered life, I have to experience among others the feelings of a fiancé." Providence, bent on forming a perfect writer, was taking care to acquaint him with every human feeling.

This business of being a fiancé, new to him, seemed all too agreeable. Everything was changing. The obstacles had cleared away. The impulsive bursts of nature and the proprieties of society's law were reconciled. He now saw his beloved in a two-fold light. He still found her beautiful, gracious;

but knowing also that she was soon to be his wife, he took pride in her dignity and the dependability of her character. In short, all would have been happiness, tranquillity, and pleasure, had the *génie* inside him stopped scolding. Goethe's daemon saw only too well what the domesticated bear was going to become. He would dance on his hind legs if his mistress so commanded; he would grunt softly when she stroked his back with her foot. He would live at home, in a pretty little palace. He would be a faithful husband, a doting father. But Goethe, Goethe! What would have become of Goethe?

And I! — Gods, it is in your power
To put an end to this work of somber enchantment;
How grateful I should be if you gave me back my liberty!

3

IN May, he made an attempt at escape. With three friends, he left for Switzerland. It was an interesting and wonderful trip. The four handsome young men went bathing, naked, in every brook. Goethe saw Lavater, went canoeing on the lakes, became intoxicated with nature. His friends tried to draw him along with them as far as Italy, but his interior *génie* was watching. The time when Italy would be necessary to Goethe had not yet come. He felt a small gold heart, given him by Lili, dancing about on his chest, and he wrote some famous lines for her: —

*Wenn ich, liebe Lili, dich nicht liebte,
Welche Wonne gäb' mir dieser Blick!
Und doch, wenn ich, Lili, dich nicht liebte,
Wär', was wär' mein Glück?*

If, dear Lili, I didn't love you,
What joy this view would bring to me!
And yet, Lili, if I didn't love you,
What happiness could I have?

Here we see the bear had not yet broken his silken leash. Goethe turned north and at the end of July was back in Frankfort. Apparently the engaged pair were in love as much as ever. Lili's relatives, in Goethe's absence, had done all they could to undermine him, but Lili remained faithful. She said she was ready, if the poet feared the social life in Frankfort, to leave with him for America. However, it was impossible for the long and voluntarily imposed absence of her fiancé not to have saddened and shocked her.

As for Goethe, during the journey he had likened himself to a bird that, having escaped from a cage and returned to the forest, still dangled from its gullet a piece of string as "the stigma of his imprisonment" — "He is no longer the bird of days gone by, the one that was born free." And now here he was, back in his golden cage, bearing the situation with more and more difficulty. To his distant confidante, Augusta von Stolberg, he wrote: "Oh! if only I could tell you everything!

But here, in the house of this child who makes my life miserable, without it even being her own fault, with her angelic soul. . . . Here I am, reduced to a child's simplicity and hemmed in, like a parrot on his perch. . . ." When Lili was not there, he flirted with others, just to prove to himself that he was maintaining his independence, but he found no satisfaction in doing so: "All this time, I have been like a rat who has been poisoned; running into every hole, drinking of anything wet that he encounters, and with his entrails burning with a mortal and unquenchable fire. . . ."

The man who wrote these lines had already broken his engagement in his heart. In good faith, he told himself that it was impossible, that he simply could not torture an angel thus. Yet he knew, unconsciously, that all was over. In September he could no longer stand it, and on the 20th the engagement was broken. He was not only running away from Lili but leaving Frankfort on the Main as well. Fate, which continued to watch over him, offered him a splendid opportunity to begin his life anew, in the widest and most active manner, by having him meet the young reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar. This young prince was a boy of eighteen, who had just inherited, at the death of his father, a small but independent state, with a castle, a court, a cathedral, and the University of Jena. He prided himself on being a progressive and enlightened mind; he had ideas for reforms. The meeting with Goethe left him enthusiastic.

From their very first conversation, they talked politics. Goethe, who had opinions on all subjects, set forth his ideas on government forcefully. The Duke, Karl-Augustus, was amazed to find in a poet such a taste for the life of action and such a knowledge of facts. "What a minister this poet would make for me!" he thought. Since, moreover, he saw in Goethe a companion for pleasure-hunting, and a marvelous interpreter of feelings, he concluded that no mentor could be more worthy or more capable of guiding an immature sovereign. And how wonderful to have near him, instead of those obsequious courtiers, a young and good-looking comrade, bursting with intelligence! Karl-Augustus invited Goethe to come to Weimar as his personal guest. It was not yet a question of official position. In what capacity would Goethe stay in Weimar? For how long? All that remained obscure and it was better so. The bird whose cage door is being opened must not be frightened by seeing another cage in the offing.

It was agreed only that the Duke would dispatch his carriage to Frankfort on a certain day and that Goethe would get into it. The obstacles? Lili could no longer be considered as such. She had been sacrificed. Her part had been played; exit Lili. *Der Lebenskünstler*, the artist of his own life, would know why Fate had decreed that Goethe encounter Lili in his path. At a time when he might

have dissipated his strength in vain rebellion, he had to be led back to a place in society. After the torments of Werther, full confidence in his power to make himself loved was to be restored. The tempestuous cataract was threatening to destroy everything. The Titan in revolt was attracting the thunderbolt of the irritated gods. Lili Schönmann had delivered Goethe of his ungoverned furies. But the counterswing of the pendulum could be no less dangerous. For Goethe to become Olympian, he had to be both free and aware of the necessary links with society. His daemon had taken care to ensure this balance. The Lili episode had been essential, but its usefulness was now exhausted. All passions spent, now the word was "Forward!"

4

STILL another difficulty? His father, the Imperial Councilor, who was a democratic burgher, advised him not to put his faith in a prince's friendship. Those people were, by their very nature, frivolous and inconstant. One might be their favorite for a few months, but they were capable of getting rid of their friends with as much dispatch as they had shown in taking them on. Goethe, however, felt a genuine attraction for the young Duke and was sure of his own power over him. Nevertheless, on the day appointed, the Duke's carriage failed to appear. No word. What had happened? Here we have Goethe on the spot. He had announced his imminent departure for Thuringia to all Frankfort. So, to avoid losing face, he stayed at home, working hard on a play, *Egmont*. People were told he had left. Still no carriage. Could his guiding spirit have deceived him? Tired, and wounded by the chiding of his father, he went off to Heidelberg. There he awaited events confidently. Destiny's carriage would appear at the hour fixed by the stars.

And indeed, one day, at Heidelberg, in the middle of a discussion he was having with Fräulein Delph, the matchmaker, Goethe heard at his door the sound of a postilion's horn. The ducal carriage was without. The prince's envoy explained the reasons for the delay: there had been an accident, but his master was expecting Goethe. The latter took leave of the sibyl, throwing to her in farewell these lines which he had just composed for *Egmont*: "Whipped up by invisible spirits, the solar horses of Time drag off behind them, in spite of us, the light-weight cart of our destiny; we can only hold tight and courageously to the reins and turn the wheels here away from a rock, there from the abyss. Where are we going then? Who knows? We scarcely can know even from whence we came. . . ."

With that rapid ride to Weimar, the turning point was reached. Goethe found himself uprooted from the sophisticated and intimate circle of Frank-

fort. In a new world, over which he was soon to reign, his genius could expand and find self-expression more freely. The carriage played the role assigned it by Destiny. To finish shaping Goethe, the gods were now going to make use of a prince and of a woman.

Karl-Augustus was eight years younger than Goethe. The two men were to spend fifty years together. The Duke had truly a remarkable spiritual make-up: he desired the well-being of his subjects; he wanted to accomplish great things, and in every field of endeavor. Goethe's limitless interests enchanted him. Here was a man capable of composing sublime poetry; of taking part in all physical exercises; of discussing intelligently different questions of science, public administration, art — in short, everything. If ever the word *genius* was meaningful, it was certainly so in describing Goethe. His influence on the young ruler was immense. He formed him, inspired in him the love of ideas, and taught him to use his absolute power to make Weimar an intellectual capital, without neglecting the material needs of the poor.

This school of action was no less essential for Goethe's development. The Duke did not delay in making him a Privy Councilor and in sending him on a hundred varied missions. Then he made him Minister and his lieutenant in the government. The appointment gave rise, quite naturally, to intense jealousies. The old courtiers, apprehensive about their jobs, criticized the new methods and procedures introduced by Goethe. But the latter, master of his sovereign's mind, was in control of the situation. "It is quite probable," he wrote on February 14, 1776, to Johanna Fahlmer, "it is quite probable that I shall remain here. I shall play my role as best as I can, as long as I like it and Destiny wills it."

He did stay, growing in power and mind. Nothing is more wholesome for an intellect than laying assault to those stubborn things, facts. In the accomplishment of his duty, he was led into the study of science. When he took charge of the mines, he had to study minerals. Being interested in the forests and in stock-raising, he studied biology. He ranged from highway maintenance to lyrical theater; from army administration to fiscal reform. Thus he widened the base of this life's pyramid, permitting him to raise its summit all the higher. In Weimar was being prepared the material for the second *Faust*: "In the beginning was action."

5

BUT action alone would not have been sufficient to put the finishing touches to that masterpiece of the human race called Johann-Wolfgang Goethe. Action, left to itself, tends to take up all the room and to curb the spirit downward. To straighten it up, in so far as Goethe was concerned, an interven-

tion by *das Ewig-Weibliche*, the Eternal Essence of Woman, was indispensable. Man is active; woman is emotional. The woman who saved Goethe at Weimar was Charlotte von Stein. Without her, the turning point would not have been decisive. Baroness von Stein was an aristocrat, daughter of a former Marshal of the Court, and wife of the Master of the Horse. Victim of a loveless marriage, she had nonetheless borne eight children. Her difficult pregnancies, the travail of childbirth, had finished by exhausting her. "This labor afflicts me so painfully," she wrote to a friend. . . . "Why has Nature condemned half of the human race to this awful suffering?" She was, however, good, noble, and delicate. She attracted Goethe immediately but was overwhelmed by the ardent court paid her by this handsome young man, whose protestations of love poured forth "as a flood of fire." She was proud of being admired above all others by a great poet; but she firmly resolved, at least during the first few years, to sublimate this love to friendship. Very pious, she had until then experienced the peace of mind enjoyed by the righteous.

So this sweet feminine spirit, "peaceful and pacifying" (in the beginning), imposed her purity on Goethe. She accepted his homages, consented to see him every day, even received him as her house-guest at Schloss Kochberg, but required of him, "as the price of his presence, a discipline of heart, of feelings, of manners, so rigidly exacted, so devotedly accepted, that it constituted for Goethe a veritable metamorphosis." As the torrent which rushes down from the mountains, when it flows into a large lake, mixes its tumultuous waters with those of the lake, and soon ceases its agitations and poundings, to assume the smooth appearance of the peaceful waters about it, so Goethe, mixing his turbulent thoughts with those of the Calming One, partook of her serene dignity, of her lunar tranquility. In Charlotte's eyes, the supreme quality of man lay in self-control. She taught it to Goethe. Henceforth he would raise himself, thanks to her, to Olympian wisdom, much greater still than the furies of a Titan.

Goethe in Weimar was an example, almost unique, of a poetic genius at the wheel of command. It was the time for power and accomplishment. He wrote in his *Journal*: "My daily tasks require my constant presence; this duty, which I esteem more and more each day, in the fulfilment of what I hope will make me the equal of the greatest of men, and in that alone. . . . Besides, the talisman of the great love of Frau von Stein protects me with its aroma. . . . How shortsighted I was concerning human and divine matters. . . . How many days I let go by, wasting myself away in sensitivity and empty passions. . . . May the idea of purity grow more brightly in me, each and every day." The turning point was now definitely taken. Goethe had become Goethe.



POEMS

by ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

POET

For Ernest Hemingway

THERE must be
Moments when we see right through
Although we say we can't. I knew
A fisher who could lean and look
Blind into dazzle on the sea
And strike into that fire his hook,
Far under, and lean back and laugh
And let the line run out, and reel
What rod could weigh nor line could feel —
The heavy silver of his wish,
And when the reel-spool faltered, kneel
And with a fumbling hand that shook,
Boat, all bloody from the gaff,
A shivering fish.

THE WOOD DOVE AT SANDY SPRING

DOVE that lets the silence answer
Time after time the asking voice,
Trusting stillness as sweet dancer
Trusts to the music all her choice,

Dove that lets the music fall
Note after note into the silence,
Dove, ah dove, we also call:
Shall we learn silence in a while?

AND OUT OF WEAKNESS, SONG

WAKED by the pale pink
Intimation to the eastward,
Cock, the prey of every beast,
Takes breath upon the hen-house rafter,
Leans above the fiery brink
And shrieks in brazen obscene burst
On burst of uncontrollable derisive laughter:
Cock has seen the sun! He first! He first!

WITH AGE WISDOM

At twenty, stooping round about,
I thought the world a miserable place,
Truth a trick, faith in doubt,
Little beauty, less grace.

Now at sixty what I see,
Although the world is worse by far,
Stops my heart in ecstasy.
God, the wonders that there are!

MY NAKED AUNT

Who puts off shift
Has love's concealment left.

Who puts off skin
Has pain to wind her in.

Who puts off flesh
Wears soul's enormous wish.

Who puts off bone
Has all of death for gown.

None go naked who have drawn this breath
Till love's put off and pain and wish and death.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH IN ANTIGUA

For John Cowles

I THINK these empty pews are not deserted
Even though the ocean wind
Sings to itself as though they were,
And the blinds rattle. Here in the West Indies

Women, when they learn that lonely music,
Learn to hide their heart-beats from each other.
There might be kneeling women in these pews
Although the wandering wind touched nothing.

I think dead English women come here.
This church was all they had of England —
This and the hymn-tunes and the prayers:

They never called the island home.
But here, however the wood blinds might swing
Or the wind cry, all the house was theirs.



If you were beginning your career again, what branch of science or area of research would you choose? This question was put to one of England's distinguished psychiatrists, the author of standard works in his field and a man who has won recognition as a teacher. His reply took the form of an article which has already been printed in England. A second paper by the same author, "Psychiatry and Spiritual Healing," will be published in the August Atlantic, and we ask those who wish to reply to hold their fire until they have read both.

A PSYCHIATRIST'S CHOICE

ANONYMOUS

I

IF I were starting again, I should try to re-enter my main field of work: namely, investigation of all the varied physical methods of treatment of the brain and their selective uses in varying types of patient. And I should first of all, before entering psychiatry, try to learn more basic biochemistry, neurophysiology, and electronics instead of concentrating on psychology or philosophy. Or I might seriously consider becoming a neurosurgeon with a specialized psychiatric training. Either way, one's future would then be more certain as far as finding out how to help the greatest number of nervously ill patients was concerned. Skilled treatment of the mentally ill must still remain the overwhelming priority and concern of psychiatry today. For, first of all, we must demonstrate our abilities to cure our patients before even thinking of daring to advise the world and his wife on their numerous everyday problems.

This may sound a strange viewpoint to the general public, who have now come to believe in large numbers that a practicing psychiatrist is mostly preoccupied with specialized psychotherapeutic techniques and beliefs, often derived from Freud's work, which have been indoctrinated into him by several years spent on an analytic couch, before being permitted to practice what often amounts to an esoteric mystery with a dominant sexual theme. Psychoanalysis is now no longer always the pursuit of a science, but is tending to include an acceptance of almost rigidly held beliefs concerning a metaphysical psyche, and the mind of the psychoanalyst generally becomes blinkered in the process to advances arising in the various fields of general medicine and surgery and suddenly becoming applicable to the treatment of the mentally ill.

To show the reason for my present attitude of mind, it is only necessary to look back to the time twenty years ago when I first entered psychiatry

from general medicine. The dogmas and techniques of Freud, Adler, and Jung were in existence then and very little different from those of today. They had been practiced in England for some years previously, but had made no appreciable dent in the number of the nervously ill. It is sometimes forgotten how old Freudian practice really is. After the First World War, medical students at one of the London teaching hospitals were being told by one of the founders of the English school of psychoanalysis that some people were possibly afraid of zeppelins because they were phallic symbols. No increasing numbers of patients, however, are provenly leaving mental hospitals because of an increasing use of psychoanalytic methods in the last thirty years, and by now it is becoming extremely doubtful that they ever will.

Where, therefore, can one look for hope of more rapid practical progress? Only one mental disease was really being cured in 1934, and that was early syphilis of the brain. This discovery had at last been made when it was shown that the giving of a series of malarial rigors could kill effectively the spirochetes of syphilis in the human brain. Now injections of penicillin can be equally effective. The illness had at one time been called the "moral neurosis." Little was then known as to its real cause except the patient's past life, environment, and experiences; and the grandiose and wish-fulfilling nature of many of the symptoms seemed self-evident. Large churches in the hospital grounds are testimony to the only real therapy provided for such patients at that time, who might form up to a third of all those in some mental hospitals. Today, since injections of penicillin given in a general hospital may be all that is needed, psychiatrists may see as few as one of these patients in a year.

I was also taught as a student that the flushings of women at the change of life could result from a

subconscious protest at the impending change in their sexual status, and even saw patients being psychoanalyzed for this complaint. Since the discovery of cheaply produced female sex hormones, however, the symptoms can now be cured with the greatest ease and simplicity despite all the postulated efforts of the subconscious mind. Likewise, in the southern states of the U.S.A. a group of persons became neurotic or mad in the spring of each year. They could only be encouraged psychologically to bear the apparently obvious precipitating burdens of poverty, poor food, and dismal homes. The discovery of vitamin B₂ now allows a simple drug to be given them which cures their mental symptoms despite their poverty and environmental stresses, until more vitamins become available to them in the growing crops.

It is certain that many other major types of mental disorder will eventually be found to have a physical basis. Schizophrenia or "split mind" also used to be explained to me as being due to a subconsciously motivated withdrawal from reality, and states of depression are still taught by some as being the late results of breast frustration in infancy. But up to 70 per cent of patients treated in the first three months of an attack of schizophrenia can now have their symptoms relieved by a series of insulin comas, and a few electrically induced epileptic fits can quickly remedy a severe state of mental depression. Psychological dogma and psychiatric treatment have, in fact, started to become wildly at loggerheads, and only the Freudian faithful in psychiatry can still apparently ignore such discrepancies between their beliefs and present-day advances in physical treatments of the brain.

An excellent example of this discrepancy is seen in the problem of chronic pathological anxiety. Again the subconscious mind had to be called in as usual to explain this phenomenon. Convulsion therapy, too, while relieving depressions can make such anxiety states worse. But now it is being shown that the cutting of one special tract in the frontal lobes of the brain can reduce crippling chronic anxiety without any impairment of the patient's intelligence, and the theoretical subconscious can be forgotten. Such operations are therefore being used even in the chronic neuroses; and in severer cases of mental illness nearly 10,000 frontal lobe operations have already been performed in England, resulting in about a third of those hitherto considered incurably insane being able to leave their hospitals.

Epilepsy, also previously treated by attempted exorcism of the Devil, is now being controlled by ever more efficient chemical anticonvulsant drugs, and sometimes by operations on the brain to cut out small damaged areas where abnormal electrical discharges are occurring, which may fire off a major fit. Operations may soon be expected to reduce or abolish imaginary voices or hallucinations that

play such a part in creating madness because of their understandable reality to the patient experiencing them.

2

THESE are some of the actual types of practical treatment measures being worked on in psychiatry today by many who are far too busy to beat the propaganda drums, discuss sex symbolism in Bloomsbury, or claim in theory to be able to prevent future wars by better child guidance clinics.

All this practical progress, of course, brings no satisfaction at all to philosophers in our midst — rather the reverse. They demand theories and explanations of how such physical treatments work before accepting them, and wish to continue increasingly fruitless arguments on the body-mind relationship. But it took many hundreds of years to find out why an environmentally determined disease like malaria could be cured by Jesuits' bark (quinine), or scurvy by lemons. This was because microscopes were not available during all this time to see the parasites in the blood stream, and vitamins had not even been thought of. As scientists, we must be prepared to wait perhaps another hundred years or more before even starting to learn how the human brain really works. I would not change my present line of work because we are only at the very beginning of its possibilities rather than near the end of an already overexplored and dogma-ridden field.

There is also the very urgent problem to be worked out of trying to achieve some sort of practical synthesis between already provenly valuable methods of psychological and spiritual healing and the newer physical ones. For all methods of treatment must be used, and combined if necessary, which are shown to help any patient in a practical manner. Patients must certainly never be deprived of any treatment because of as yet unproven dogma, theory, or belief as to the causation of the various types of mental disorders.

The psychiatric treatment problem at home is a desperately urgent one. Half the total hospital beds in England are still filled with psychiatric patients. The suffering involved is unimaginable to those not themselves mentally ill. It has been predicted that 70,000 persons now living in Greater London alone are, for instance, fated to kill themselves, mainly because of mental illness and sometimes solely to avoid having to go into a mental hospital. Even hopeless cancer patients rarely suffer to the point of setting out to destroy themselves deliberately as do the mentally ill even in the earlier stages of their illness.

Research has also hardly begun in prisons, where few specialized physical treatments of the brain are as yet used. Psychotherapy and religion are provided; but current psychotherapeutic methods can

never even dent the criminal treatment problem, just as they have failed in the psychiatric field, if only because of the large numbers involved, while religion has lost its sense of certainty, which was its most valuable treatment weapon.

The criminal field is now lying open to major advances and new lines of research once present policy is broadened. What is needed is to provide better research and treatment facilities in the now admittedly hopeless impasse that has been created by too much concentration on sometimes wrong objectives. As only one example of future possibilities, it is now known that crimes of impulsive violence are not only committed mostly by young persons, but by those whose electrical brain waves show a defect in normal brain maturation for their particular age. The broken and violent childhood home from which they so often come may not be the cause but often only evidence that this particular brain defect is an inherited abnormality from one or both parents. The abnormality generally rights itself by the age of forty, and impulsive violence then dies down for no other apparent reason. Simple drugs will almost certainly be found to correct this inherited form of delayed maturation process in the brain of such people, who may be of normal intelligence but have all the impulsive and selfish emotional responses seen normally in very much younger children.

The legal mind is inclined to laugh at psychiatry. But if facts are of importance before passing judgment, it might first wonder why the ordinary mental hospitals today contain many more violently anti-social people than the prisons, many more potential murderers and disturbers of the peace, who are handled with half the fuss and bother, and allowed in or out of hospital according to their prevailing state of mind and behavior. Furthermore, they get skilled treatment rather than punishment for their abnormal behavior, in addition to essential short or very long periods of compulsory detention.

3

NO PERSON with any sort of skill in medical research can help making some sort of contribution to this whole new field in his lifetime, judging by the happenings of the past twenty years. But so deep is the present cleavage between concepts of mind and body that even among doctors themselves too few have the sense to see it. Also, psychiatry has had its status altered in recent years by the increasing number of more talkative, philosophic doctors flooding into it as a refuge from the concrete scientific approach now demanded by

general medicine and surgery. These do too much of the talking at present and too little of the actual treatment of the mentally ill. They could have remained very happily in the general medicine of old, since most diseases could then be so easily and so convincingly explained to the patient by an interaction of metaphysical forces akin to the modern superego, ego, and id, though at that time they were thought of in terms of "humors," "vapors," or "innate heats." Patients did not recover with the treatments based on such philosophical theories, but it still took centuries to get rid of them because they were so attractive to those who still demand or must give a plausible explanation for any sort of observable phenomenon.

It is a pity that medical philosophers have had to seek an asylum in psychiatry in more senses than one, for psychiatry's main proven hope of *practical* progress is to return to a general medical outlook instead of seeking to create an ever-widening gulf between medicine and itself. It is too often forgotten that medicine has been able to make its spectacular advances in the last hundred years only by deliberately giving up all-embracing metaphysical theories, seeking for empirical physical remedies, and then perhaps only many years later finding out how and why they work. Even now we do not know how penicillin or insulin really acts, though the lives of tens of thousands have already been saved by them.

Another reason why I would not change my present and admittedly "limited" research viewpoint is due to a present paradox in medical research. Everybody realizes the importance of taking into account the "whole" man and his environment. Yet far greater practical progress has actually been achieved by deliberately neglecting this obvious truth and first studying perhaps the blood, liver, heart, brain, or chemical changes occurring in the body regardless of thousands of happenings that may all be influencing these in theory. When we have learned how to make the unstable brain and nervous system more capable of withstanding environmental stresses, better able to think and learn from experience, or be indoctrinated successfully if needed, I personally would then be prepared to hand it over to the philosophers, priests, and politicians, and let them carry on in their own fields what is essentially their proper work. Today too many psychiatrists are neglecting the brain itself and trying to interfere in functions outside the proper province of medicine; while men of God, philosophers, and politicians are working on the theory that better religion, better houses, or larger prisons can remedy the badly functioning brain.



An Atlantic Story



FRANCES JUDGE, whose husband is Superintendent of Bandelier National Monument, near Santa Fe, New Mexico, recently left the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming where, for six years, her husband was Chief Ranger in Grand Teton National Park. Mrs. Judge spent much of her childhood in this section of Wyoming. Her story "Second Life," published as an Atlantic "First" in November, 1952, was about her great-grandmother, who began homesteading in Wyoming when she was over eighty years old. In her new story she gives us an unforgettable picture of her grandmother after she settled in Jackson Hole.

VITAL LAUGHTER

by FRANCES JUDGE

I DON'T know who they are," Gram would say, "but I wish they were in hell." And she'd put the binoculars back on the sill of the kitchen window and study for a while, with the naked eye, the potential visitors coming along the road that wound down Uhl Hill, through fields, and along our willow lane.

When Gram felt the need of people beyond the ranch, she dropped everything and took off, down country, on horseback or with team and buggy or, if it were winter, on skis that Gramp had made for her. She preferred going to people rather than having them come to her. It was annoying to have guests come to the ranch; they knocked her routine into a cocked hat; they upset her spontaneous plans. But she never suffered from a guilty conscience over upsetting the plans of others. Yet ranchers were glad to see her arrive, if for no other reason than to hear her laugh. She was the only person we three children knew who could laugh a mile. More than once we had heard her laugh move, full and clear, across the wild, wild fields.

She had known sorrow and uncertainty before she came to Jackson Hole. Here she found her heaven and no one was going to make it hell for her if she could help it.

In 1896, when Gram met and married Gramp — a powerful, handsome Dutchman with a quick limp — he was already established on 160 acres in the upper reaches of the Jackson Hole valley in Wyoming. Gramp — John Shive — took up the land, by squatter's right, about 1892. Since no

man could outwork him and few even keep up with him, by the time he married Gram and found himself with a ten-year-old stepdaughter, he was doing as well, in ranching, as could be expected in this high valley in the 1890s.

Gram was thirty-nine years old when she married Gramp. She was not beautiful — never had been; she wasn't even pretty. Her body was short, sturdy, compact, and nail-hard. Her ankles were thick. She was high-chested, flat-breasted. Her face was full, her skin well broken into wrinkles. Her nose was short and round — an unusual nose, unlike anyone else's. Her prematurely gray hair came to a widow's peak on a high forehead. Her eyes were large, wide apart, intelligent, mischievous, and a lovely gentian blue.

Her coarsened skin and her white hair made her seem, upon first appearance, much older than Gramp (she was four years his senior), but not for long. Her high spirit, vitality, and rough gaiety could match those of anyone of any age. Because she did things other women did not do, and didn't give a damn, she was envied.

Her childhood had been free but not happy. She grew up in a harum-scarum fashion in the gold camp of Bannack, Montana. She was given the name of Lucy Priscilla, but it was second choice. Since she was born on the eighth of May, her mother wanted to call her Eighth May, but fortunately her father put his foot down.

That she learned to read is a wonder; she never went beyond the first few grades, and life around

her was too interesting and too full of work to be varied with reading. Yet she read well, spelled well, and wrote a pleasing hand. But her English sounded as though it had been chopped with an ax, and always sailed out on a high, harsh voice.

In her teens she was inveigled into marriage by an old man. They had two children: a son that died in infancy, and a daughter, Frances — Fannie. The old, old man could not support his family, so Gram divorced him and hired herself out as a ranch hand. She labored in the hayfields and even broke saddle and work horses as a man might do; in fact, not all men could do such work.

When Fannie was six or seven years old, Gram remarried. Her second husband, James Nesbitt, was a young, meticulous, good-looking Irishman. Because he owned a "photographic studio" in Dillon, Montana, he was known as an "artist." His hair lay beautifully curled on his high forehead and he played in the "city" band. With Jim for a husband Lucy Priscilla — Lou — lived, for a few years, the life of a lady — she who was in the habit of riding horseback over the folded hills around Dillon, herding cattle, chasing wild horses, killing rattlesnakes, cursing the prickly pear, loving the smell of sage, open fields, and log barns. This new life must have been stifling, but she probably would have forced herself to remain in fancy harness for the sake of her two daughters, Fannie and little Carrie Maybelle, if her husband had not been a drunkard. When Carrie was three and Fannie thirteen, she divorced Jim Nesbitt and took pride in hating him and whiskey the rest of her long life.

So she was twice widowed — by choice and probably good sense.

2

SHE worked her way through hard years. And always with her was the sorrow of Fannie's chronic ill health. A year or two after the girl's marriage Fannie died — a tragic invalid. Gram dispelled her sorrow through heavy work; she scattered her grief over the fields and through the mountains — Fannie had been a gentle, lovely girl. Gram all but fought her heartache with her two fists.

At last, being adventuresome, she made her way to the wild, remote Jackson Hole country. Here with John Shive she found her paradise. They and the West were young together, rough and unbounded. Where the rivers of this valley came from and ran to was no concern of Gram's. Who first saw them and the Teton Mountains meant nothing. She knew no curiosity about their past. The rivers and the mountains were here; wasn't that enough? Life began in this valley with her and Gramp, not beyond. The wind and the rain against her and the sun on her head — that was important. And work and laughter. She never lived in the past; there was no name among her ancestors

that she pickled, guarded, and talked about with starched pride. She was not even inquisitive about Gramp's ancestors or his past.

They were simple people, Gram and Gramp. Their original buildings, clustered at the far side of the west field, were entirely utilitarian. But when Gramp built his first house, he saw to it that one window opened to the Teton Range. Later he built Gram a bay window from photographer's glass plates discarded by her. This window swept into view her feeble flower garden that was choked by what nature flung into the yard. The garden was enclosed by an elkhorn fence. The antlers had been hilariously and laboriously gathered by Gram and Mother — Carrie — during those first years in Jackson Hole, when Mother was a child. The two would travel horseback up through open wild meadows into the hills back of the ranch, taking Topsy with them — a mare who would stand perfectly still while being piled high with antlers. After two or three had been roped to a packsaddle, the rest would interlock and cling one to another — a great bleached network of arms.

All the old buildings wore sod roofs. In the spring they were green with foxtail.

And each spring the old house was papered inside with interesting material. Gram would make a trip down country with team and buggy, gathering magazines and newspapers. She was hardly home when they were slapped on the walls, which was always disappointing and frustrating to Mother, who was thirsty for knowledge; she always hoped for a little time to read before the magazines became a part of the house. But Gram could never see the necessity of learning through reading. However, she would condescend to hang the sheets right side up so that Mother could get a page of a story here, a column of an article there. And she gleaned, through opera glasses given her by a dude, what the ceiling had to offer.

But in time the old house was ready to fall in on them, so they were willing to move. Gramp always said, "Wear out the old before using the new." Literally this had been done.

In all the rest of Jackson Hole there was nothing quite so elegant as the new two-story buildings — the Big House and the Little House — built by my father with all of Gram and Gramp's savings and thousands of dollars more. The houses stood on a bare knoll backed by sage-covered hills that rose into mountains and a wilderness of aspen and pine. The knoll commanded a sweeping view of fields cut by the Buffalo River; a view of many-ridged mountains. And jagging the western skyline were the pinnacles of the Teton Range, standing without foothills, as though they had sprung up overnight. Dad was proud of these buildings he had designed and built. But to Gram and Gramp these buildings were no more pleasant than were the old ones in the west field with the elkhorn fence, the bachelor-

buttons and weeds in the yard, and hop vines climbing the house logs.

Work was the one significant thing in ranch life. Gram, having the strength of a horse, expected the same strength of everyone else. Everyone had to work. To get ahead of what? Perhaps Mother Nature, perhaps Gram. Gramp was the only one who could keep ahead of both from spring until fall, through winter, and back to spring again.

3

SPRING! It never came until May. March would be filled with wind, sunshine, snow flurries, and melting icicles — and worry over lack of hay for the stock. April meant hot sun, cold wind, deep snow, more worry over hay, and a restlessness and a longing for spring. It was hell underfoot, as Gram said. The snow was dejected, dirty, porous. One foot went through the crust, the other stayed on top. Damn!

Gram was one of the main reasons we never missed the outside world during those slow months of late winter. Though she ruled us with an exacting hand and tongue and made us do our share of work, she could never hold from us her laughter or her spontaneous fun, and she never tried.

She would come in from outside work looking like the “ragged end of hard times” and pour a cup of coffee. Always the spoon stood in her cup ready to gouge an eye. If Mother and we children were at work in the house, she made our work light with her clowning. She would put down her coffee cup, jump up on a chair, and crow like a rooster or roar like a lion, her eyes big, round, and startlingly blue. Sometimes she drew her skirts tight between her legs and stood on her head for us, against the wall. She could never master this feat without a wall to fall against. We’d howl with laughter and beg, “Do it again, Gram! Do it some more!” If, in our delight, one of us tried to kiss her, she would either hiss like a snake or open her mouth wide so that we’d come within an ace of falling in. She’d say, “You’re a bunch of little warriors,” and then she’d pretend to swear at us in Chinese, “Aflee-uumbaya-a . . . a-eunna-combaya-a . . .” We never knew whether she made up the Chinese words or had in her childhood heard them in the Montana mining camp. If Gramp happened to be in the kitchen, his face would turn red with his silent laughter. He always enjoyed her raucity.

At table she was funny too. When we had uncooked cabbage at a meal, one or all of us would say, “Oh, be a rabbit, Gram; eat like a rabbit, please!” If she was in the proper mood, she would draw in her cheeks, leaving her lips pinched until they stood up and down, and then she would rabbit-chew. We would sit with our mouths hanging open and watch the cabbage disappear like magic.

Gram’s musical entertainment usually came in the evening during that brief period between late chores and early bed. Once in a while she sang for us in Chinese and played her own weird accompaniment on the fiddle. When she played something other than her Chinese specialty, Mother chorded for her on the piano (a small grand that Dad bought Mother when we children were babies), but the accompaniment would be drowned out. When Gram sat at the piano, she played with such gusto that I’m sure the strings vibrated for the rest of the night. Whenever we attended a party at Moran or the Elk schoolhouse or at some ranch, Gram played the banjo or fiddle and called a square dance at the same time, one foot pounding the floor. When she chose the banjo, she always used a nickel as a pick because it made more noise than her fingers could make. Her playing was out of tune, but there was such zip to it no one could keep his feet still. As she said herself, she could play to beat hens a pecking. If she caught the eye of one of us, she would wink as much as to say, “Pretty good, ain’t it?” She’d end a fiddling tune suddenly on a bass note as though she had run amuck and struck something head-on. Once in a great while she played a slow waltz such as “Over the Waves” and it would sound so sorrowful that I would fill with tears. It is probably a good thing her playing was no better than it was or I couldn’t have stood it!

When happy, Gram was happy all over; she whistled, laughed, and yelled. When she was mad she was mad all over. When she was sick, she was sick all over — and funny too. She would groan, “I’m going to die. Yes, I’m going to die. Oh, my God, why can’t I die?”

She gave herself such drastic treatment for any and all ailments that it is a tribute to her constitution that she lived to be eighty. Once she put a bit of lye into an aching tooth; the pain almost took off her head — and ours too. She gradually lost her hearing in one ear because she put oil into it that was too hot for the sensitive drum. But Gram, always making the most of any situation, slept with the deaf ear up so as not to be disturbed with night sounds. And her partial deafness brought pleasure to the rest of us in a roundabout way. She would laugh hilariously over amusing things some drab person said to her; someone whom the rest of us had never heard emit a clever word. She would repeat the remarks and we’d all laugh. We finally realized that Gram was laughing over what she *thought* the person said; she never knew that *she* was the clever one.

Once a cow she was milking kicked her in the face, breaking her nose. Gramp and Mother did what they could to repair the damage with the help of a can of Denver Mud. But when the nose was swollen as big as a washtub (it felt that big to Gram), a bee stung her on the chin, swelling it to meet the nose. She looked so tragically funny

that no one could keep from laughing Gram couldn't laugh — there wasn't any place on her face for laughing — but she was a good sport even though she suffered so loud that she could be heard all over the ranch.

One March, when the crusted snow was dangerously glistening, she was struck with snow blindness after a long ski trip. Willingly she took a severe cure, since it was her own idea. Rocks were heated very hot and placed in a tin tub on the floor; Gram was seated on a low chair beside the tub with a heavy blanket thrown over her, tub, and rocks. Slowly sugar was sprinkled on the boulders, sending up a stinging smoke, making the eyes water and burn. Gram wailed and laughed under the blanket, but she lived through the cure. How could her eyes remain their lovely blue?

Gram loved horses. Her love for them was fearless, aggressive, and often took the form of open hostility. Now and again, when she drove a team, the team ran away. Gram would brace her short, thick legs, curse and yell at the horses, and enjoy herself immensely. When she rode Nemo, Mother's dainty chestnut sorrel, the mare ran away, scattering Gram's hairpins over field or hill. However, Nemo never ran away with Mother. She rode the mare with a martingale and checkrein, but Gram couldn't be bothered with a checkrein — she never wore one herself.

Not only could she break horses to ride, but she could also shoe them. However, Gramp never allowed her to do so. He was such a silent man I never knew whether he thought it was unladylike or that Gram might do some damage to the horse.

When Nig died — the co-star of her top buggy team, Nig and Hix — his death brought grief in high comedy. Gram found him dead in the barn one early spring morning; he had gradually wasted away with some horse disease. We all heard her crying as she returned to the kitchen. She didn't want to show weakness, so in the middle of her tears she laughed at herself. She leaned over the stove and actually dripped tears into the huge can of garbage she was heating for the chickens. "Oh, my God, how'll I get on without Nig?" She threw her apron over her face, sat on the arm of a chair, and wailed. Then she laughed for being such a fool over a horse. We gathered around her in sympathy and laughed too, to ease her embarrassment. Ruff, my younger brother, suggested sympathetically that Nig be skinned and the hide tanned, to be hung on a wall somewhere. "Oh, no, no!" she moaned. "I'd just as soon have Jack's hide nailed to the wall as the hide of my favorite horse."

4

WEATHER in this high country was always interesting. It either hindered or helped crops, livestock, and work. And it was interesting just in

itself. Gram would say, "Well, I'll go out and see what the sky has to say." She would brace her sturdy legs, facing the southwest where our storms came from. If it looked like snow she would come into the house, saying, "We're going to get more of The Beautiful, damn it." And we always got more of The Beautiful. Damn it.

But May always came, even though Gram was sure it would not. May! The soft air moved one's hair, and the sun brought up good odors from the earth. The bare, lacy aspen branches held an expectant glow. Cattle found a few green things; the hay had lasted or it had not, and that was that.

All winter Gramp kept a pile of manure in the barn so that it would heat. In the spring he would put about four feet of the manure into a very deep pit, top it with four to six inches of rich soil, and cover the whole thing with a glass frame made of photographer's plates which had been carefully saved from the early years when Gram took her first fling at photography. The manure would heat the soil and within three days some of the plants would be up.

All through the long winters we had nothing fresh to eat in the way of vegetables, except cabbage. As soon as the first dandelion greens peeped above the ground in May, Gram would call us and we'd be down on all fours unearthing them. Digging around in the dark, clean soil and smelling the fresh open earth was part of satisfying our hunger. Gram would say, "I know just how a cow feels when she tastes her first spring grass." But soon the dandelions were too big and strong to be palatable, and we hungered afresh for other greens.

But food on the ranch was good. Mother cooked with imagination and beauty and she did most of the cooking, but Gram had a way of putting things together, all her own, that made plain food wonderful. Since she had little respect for reading, she didn't bother much with a cookbook; she made things out of her head. She and Gramp both had a taste for unusual dishes. Every year or two a bear would be killed. The grease — pale yellow and soft like honey — would be used, among other things, for deep frying. Gramp was sure that no fat could equal bear grease for doughnuts. And he always carefully skinned and prepared the feet for pickling. What a rare treat — pickled bear's feet!

Other specialties were pickled tongue of elk or pig; the marrow from a fresh boiled bone on delicate bread; hot boiled egg-bag, eaten with fresh bread; wild field mushrooms fried in butter (sometimes a dishpanful could be picked from the west field after a gentle rain, but they always had to be gathered young before the worms found them).

The majority of ranchers in Jackson Hole cooked the life out of any kind of meat, so the way Gram and Gramp prepared their elk steaks became known up and down the valley. In our kitchen galvanized

pie plates would be heated piping hot in the warming oven while the fire was antagonized with pitch until the top of the stove turned red with heat. T-bone elk steaks were seared quickly on both sides, turned into the pie plates, spread with butter, and eaten immediately. Often they were served with rings of onion sliced into thick sweet cream.

We were very proud of Gramp's cooking. It never failed to be good. And the nearest he ever came to bragging was on his food. He said, "If I have a frying pan and a little flour I kin live a long time in the mountains. But with you kids it's different. You've got to know something. You've got to git an education."

5

BY JUNE the frogs were singing like mad in every pond and there was the voice of killdeer and crane, goose and duck. Cow elk could be heard barking to their calves near the rushing Buffalo River. From the river itself came the grinding sound of uprooted trees that were carried along the swollen current. Snowslides roared like early spring thunder high in the Tetons; we could hear them on warm, dripping days.

The loveliest sign of full spring was the wild clematis trailing from the cow's horn that hung against one wall of the dining room. Busy as Mother was, she would take time to walk to a pine-darkened hill beyond the ranch buildings and bring back the delicate purple flower and its vine. Gram would tramp into the house, drink her coffee with the spoon standing in it, admire the clematis briefly because she loved any and all flowers, and be gone — back to barnyard, hill, or field.

The beastliest sign of June was the mosquitoes. Gram would say, "Oh, my God, the mosquitoes." They whined over and around and through us. They were breathed in. They hung in a cloud over our heads when we stepped outside; they blackened the screen doors. There was no section of Jackson Hole where they were worse. The horses and cattle stamped in anger. We children had blood-stained arms and legs from the bites we scratched. Gram fought the abominable things with her two fists. Sometimes she wore netting over her hat, pulled down, double, to her shoulders. "It won't keep out the damned little things," she once said, "but by doubling it, I befuddle them." Surely, her cursing helped too.

But in spite of mosquitoes and heavy work outdoors, Gram was seldom in trousers. She generally wore a house dress or a shirtwaist with divided skirts — known in Jackson Hole as double-barreled skirts — made of khaki, buttoned or hooked over well-laced corsets. A drive to Jackson, forty miles down country, called for dressing up in fancy shirtwaist and wool skirt with an added piece of jewelry, such as her handmade gold ring

set with garnets, or the enormous sterling belt pin covered with her curlicued initials — LPS.

The only jewelry Gram wore at home was a pair of small, rough nugget earrings and a heavy gold band on the third finger of her left hand. Until her death, when she was eighty, I took for granted that this wide ring had been placed there by Gramp when they were married. But when the ring came to me I found engraved inside it: *Carrie to Mama, 1902*. Why should Mother give this ring to Gram? Perhaps she was embarrassed because Gram wore no wedding ring. I shall never know the truth.

For Gram and the rest of the grownups summer was a short, warm breath filled with work: haying, seeing to the cattle on the range, repairing fence, washing, ironing, baking — and laughing. The days were longer now, so more work and more laughter could be crammed into the hours between daylight and dark. When haying ended, fall was a swift, bright breath.

And in the fall, hunting for the winter's meat was a natural part of ranch life in the valley. However, any season of the year meant big game hunting for the people of Jackson Hole if they wanted fresh meat, in spite of an established season by the state.

There were guns all through our house; sometimes they stood three deep in a corner. Gramp was the best shot on the ranch, but he took no special pride in it. He hunted methodically, without lust, to get meat we needed. We were sure he couldn't miss an elk if he tried, because one moonlit night in the dead of winter, when a herd of fifty or sixty elk came, in single file, into the north field to pilfer the haystacks that had been fenced away from them, Gramp got up from his bed, took up his gun, and from the bedroom window shot and killed the lead bull. Much to his annoyance he had to get into his clothes, go down into the field, and bleed and dress out the animal so that no meat would be wasted.

Mother was a very good target shot with a six-shooter, but she despised killing. Gram loved the hunt. Apparently it helped to satisfy the animal in her. Gram's theory was this: If it's fit to eat it ought to be killed; if it ain't fit to eat, it certainly ought to be killed.

When she first came to Jackson Hole she always went big game hunting with Gramp if meat was needed on the ranch. (A rancher, in those days, seldom killed his beef. Cattle were raised to be sold, not to be killed and eaten at home. To bring them successfully to maturity was too expensive and too worrisome for ranch butchering.) Gram would help dress out an elk and drag it home by the saddle horn, or quarter it and bring it in on a pack horse if it were shot any distance from the ranch. Finally she ventured out alone, when meat was needed and Gramp was too busy to go. Within a few hours she returned.

"I got an elk, Jack. A dandy cow."

"Where is it?"

"Why . . . back where I shot it."

"Did you bleed it? Did you gut it?"

Gram looked sheepish. "I bled it; that's all."

He shook his head. "You've hunted enough with me to know better than that."

"It ain't easy to dress out alone. I thought you'd —"

He cut off her words. "Anybody that shoots an elk around here cleans it and drags it in or they don't go hunting. Go bring in your game."

Gram did as she was told, and though she laughingly cursed Gramp for being no gentleman, she was proud that he made her complete the job. After that she often went alone for meat and brought home the kill.

After the quick brilliant beauty of fall, grass, trees, river, and clouds all moved with the wind, carrying everything into winter. Heavy clouds would shroud the Teton Mountains and, when they lifted, the peaks would be covered with fresh snow. Gram would say, "The mountains are putting on their winter underwear," and shake her head and talk about the gosh-damned wind, and insist that the weather had turned to the devil, and complain about winter coming wrong-end-to. She didn't like winter and she fought it.

But, in truth, she was never held in or down by weather or anything else. She had too many interests and too much work. In winter she carried out her hobbies. Once she decided to study taxidermy. She tried to mount a hawk, but she failed to apply the knowledge she had learned to the whole bird; flies got to the wings — maggots dropped out. The hawk had to be burned. After a little more study, but not enough, she tried to mount a skunk, but the tail wouldn't stand up, it dragged on the floor, so she lost interest in "the art of preparing, stuffing, and mounting the skins of animals in lifelike form."

Photography was of more lasting interest — and far more expensive. Gramp said, in his quiet way, that it took the price of one steer a year to keep her in film and other necessary supplies. She snapped pictures of everyone, coming and going. Usually the clothesline, the woodpile, or the toilet was in the background. Gram had no eye for setting. Or had she? Maybe her goal was to get all three in one picture — clothesline, woodpile, and toilet!

She spent the evenings of one winter braiding a fancy horsehair bridle for Mother — sixteen strands. It was professionally done, with tassels hanging all over it and along the braided reins. She always had some other kind of handwork in progress too: paste beads, a melon-seed bag, delicate embroidery. Gram had no eye for color where her clothes were concerned — she might combine green, blue, purple, and red — but the embroidery that lay waiting to be picked up would be white, intricate, and expertly

done on linen. Now and again, of a winter evening, Gramp would pick up the embroidery and work ten or fifteen minutes, his huge hands dwarfing the piece; yet one could not tell where Gram left off and Gramp began — his work was that well done. How proud we were to think he could brand a calf and embroider with the same two hands! But, of course, Gram could also do both.

We never knew from month to month what her next interest would be. Neither did she.

Gram never wanted Mother to have children, but after we sneaked by her into the world, she was proud of us, though we would never have guessed it by her words. Once when we all got in her way she said to Mother, "Carrie, it's a good thing you didn't have triplets and quadrupeds too or I'd a wrung their damn little necks. If there's anything I hate it's a snarl of kids around." She would fuss about the stringiness of my hair, about Ruff's mouth forever hanging open, and would tell Bill, my twin, that his sharp shoulder blades reminded her of the running gears of a katydid. And she would say to Mother, "My God, Carrie, you don't make these kids eat right and you don't make them comb or wash." Mother, with a week's work piled ahead of her to be done in one day, would only laugh in her light, musical way and tell us what a joy we were to her, what a satisfaction, no matter what we ate or didn't eat, or how we looked. "You are my life," she would say, "I couldn't live without you."

But through Gram's harsh words of ridicule we could feel her pride in us, and read it in her eyes — when we didn't neglect our duties. And we could feel her love for Mother anchored on bedrock, even though she continuously yelled, "Hurry, Carrie, hurry!" as Mother moved slowly through her work. She leaned on the broom or mop and read a magazine until Gram yelled, "My God, hurry!" The handle of the churn slowed down with her reading until Gram screamed, "Hurry, hurry!" She washed and ironed and scrubbed and sang, and though Gram tried to drop a rock into her thoughts, Mother was always mentally free. She could never be chained to scrub pail, broom, churn — or to Gram; she lived an inner life of her own, unrestrained.

And so lived the rest of us.

But Gram was the freest of all. She never tried to be anything but her own unbounded, funny self. Her life was complete. She needed no one from beyond these mountains so long as we all were here. And seldom knowing the need of anyone beyond the ranch, she never ceased wishing her neighbors were in hell — a cheery sort of hell.

For twenty-two years she and Gramp ranched in Jackson Hole. In this valley Gram found her happiness and in this valley she held it.

Work was her life — laced with laughter. And the laughter came easy because the work was good.



Born and reared on a farm in Idaho, EZRA TAFT BENSON is a farmers' Secretary of Agriculture who has shown unlimited courage in urging farm policy back toward more self-reliance and less subsidy. He attended Utah State Agricultural College and Brigham Young University, earned a degree in agricultural economics at Iowa State College, and did further graduate work at the University of California. For many years he carried on successful farming operations, and served as a county agricultural agent and specialist in service marketing. In 1939 he was appointed executive secretary of the National Council of Farmer Coöperatives.

A WORKABLE FARM POLICY

by EZRA TAFT BENSON

1

THE strength of a nation, to a large degree, rests in its ability to meet successfully the never-ending succession of problems that arise. This is true in agriculture just as in other phases of our national life. The problems of today are the successes of tomorrow. They are, when rightly viewed, steppingstones along the road to progress rather than stumbling blocks to compound our complexities.

Occasionally there are people who look wistfully for a solution to what is called the "farm problem." Actually there is no single over-all problem. Neither is there a single solution.

The problems of agriculture are changing ones. They are numerous. They vary from year to year in complexity and severity. In meeting these problems it is important that we keep our eye at all times on the goal of a stronger and better America. Solutions must strengthen the cause of freedom. They must deal fairly with farmers and other economic groups of our society. Our efforts must result in consistent progress toward the betterment of mankind.

I realize that farm problems can mean different things to different people. The farmer whose principal income is derived from wheat may see his problem largely as a matter of increased profitable exports. The rancher may view his in terms of improved cattle prices. A member of Congress may look at things from an entirely different point of view. And so may the Secretary of Agriculture.

This was brought home to me rather forcefully during a recent meeting with a Congressman from one of the dairy states. He was greatly disturbed, as I am, over the declining per capita consumption of butter and the piling up of huge quantities of dairy products in government hands. We discussed the problem at some length from the viewpoint of farmers, consumers, and the government.

"Here are the facts," I said. "Here is what we have done. Given the same facts, what would you have done?"

The Congressman's response was quick. He asked, "Do you mean if I were Secretary of Agriculture or if I were running for re-election?"

In approaching farm problems, we are dealing with something that affects not only the welfare of all farmers, but that of all business, of all working people, of all consumers, of all taxpayers, of all citizens.

It is one thing to evaluate situations objectively; it is quite another to criticize with a complete lack of reasoning. I am just old-fashioned enough to believe that the American people — particularly our farmers — admire and respect their political representatives when their actions denote wise statesmanship. On the other hand, they are pained when such representatives betray unreasoning partisanship or ulterior motives which require the sacrificing of sound principles for momentary expediency. What is right for all the people, in my judgment, makes good political sense of the statesmanship variety.

I continue to believe that honesty is the only sound policy. Through experience I have learned the invaluable lesson that when I am at peace with God and can approach Him with a clear conscience regarding my activities, I have no need to fear the criticism of any man. I have been proceeding upon the belief that as the people fully understand the causes of our current agricultural problems, they will logically turn toward the best solutions and accept them. The Department has sought to lay the whole picture before them in open discussions.

Our problems today center in the necessity of shifting from an agricultural economy of practically unlimited wartime demands to the more moderate demands of peacetime, while providing reasonable

protection for farm income. The present farm program employing emergency, wartime, rigid price supports for a few important commodities is impeding such a transition. To a marked degree it is making an *orderly* transition impossible.

The present program has a number of flaws: —

It results in unbalanced production through rigid supports on some commodities for which demands are decreasing.

It encourages a build-up of surpluses which in turn depress prices.

It discourages sound soil conservation practices by maintaining artificial demands for some soil-depleting crops.

It tends to price certain commodities out of both domestic and foreign markets and thus stimulates use of less expensive substitutes.

It destroys the function of price as a brake on overproduction.

It fails to provide reasonable protection for 60 per cent of our annual farm marketings which are not under price supports.

It provides the greatest help to those who need it least — the low-cost, big-volume producers — the least help to small marginal producers.

It creates the complex problem of what to do with land taken out of production because of severe acreage controls.

It provides for such drastic production restrictions that even with high price supports income is seriously jeopardized.

On top of all these disadvantages, the present program has not prevented a decline in net farm income for five out of the past six years. Under this program the government now has between 6 and 7 billion dollars invested in commodities whose prices are being supported. More than 2.5 billion of this amount is represented by commodities actually held in government storage. The balance has been loaned on commodities a large part of which will eventually wind up in government hands. These surpluses hang over the market. They depress prices. They drain off taxpayers' dollars day in and day out. The cost of storage alone is running more than half a million dollars a day.

Let us visualize for a moment what this means. If we were to load on a single train all of the wheat which the government has under loan and in storage, such a train would extend from San Francisco to New York and then back to St. Louis, a total of 4222 miles. If we loaded all of the corn tied up in price-support operations on a single train, the caboose would be in Los Angeles and the locomotive in Newark, N.J. This train would be 3052 miles long.

Other major commodities either under loan or in government storage include more than 8 million bales of cotton, nearly 1.5 billion pounds of dairy products, and almost a billion pounds of vegetable oils.

I believe in an agricultural economy of abundance, but this does not represent the kind of abundance America needs. True abundance must be used; otherwise it is not abundance at all. It is waste. It is bad management. It is almost a crime that cries to Heaven for correction.

Altogether, four commodities — wheat, corn, dairy products, and cotton and cottonseed oil, which comprise only 23 per cent of farm marketings — account for roughly nine tenths of our investments in all price-support operations. More than half of the nation's 5.5 million farmers either do not produce these four commodities or market such small amounts that they derive little in the way of price-support benefits.

To show in the extreme the consequences of high price supports, a caller at my office recently suggested that if this principle had been applied to the harness industry a number of years ago we still might have a thriving harness business in this country. That might be true, but it is certain our storehouses would be filled with harnesses.

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IN VIEW of the surpluses, it may sometimes seem odd that the Department of Agriculture has one agency working to dispose of huge stocks of wheat and another agency seeking to increase the yield of an acre of wheat. Or one group of men struggling with what might be done with stored dairy products and at the same time a group of scientists doing its best to raise the production of milk per cow through improved breeding and feeding. It has even been suggested that perhaps our left hand doesn't know what our right hand is doing. Nothing could be much farther from the truth.

Most of the *permanent* progress of agriculture has stemmed from research, education, scientific development, improved marketing, and better production methods. Through these processes we have produced food and fiber when they have been needed. With these same processes we can achieve permanent gains through the use and adjustment of an abundant production.

We are looking to science to play a major role in cushioning the impact of our present agricultural shift. Let's look at some examples of what can be accomplished. At the end of World War II the citrus industry was faced with a serious orange surplus. Then frozen concentrated orange juice was developed, and prevented the surplus problem from arising. New fermentation methods for producing vitamin B₁₂ and antibiotics in poultry feeds have led to the consumption of an additional 100 million bushels of corn a year.

An annual market for about 40 million pounds of inedible fats and oils was developed through use in an improved grade of oleic acid, epoxidized plasticizers, and hot-dip tinning of steel. Some 25

million pounds of tallow are now being used successfully in the manufacture of synthetic rubber as a result of research. These markets have helped absorb the loss in use of inedible fats and oils due to a sizable switch from soaps to detergents.

The per capita consumption of wheat has been declining for a number of years. The baking industry has frequently claimed that the last half of a loaf of bread is eaten slower than the first half, because of aging or staling. Scientists are now working to prevent this to increase the use of bread. It is estimated that if consumption of bread increased one slice a day for every person, an additional market for 100 million bushels of wheat a year would be created. Scientists are finding valuable new uses for other farm products. But science cannot carry the entire load of changing to a peacetime agriculture. Nor can it do the job fast enough.

To assist in this shift, the Administration early this year presented a new farm program to Congress. It is designed to bring about orderly adjustments before production distortions of a few commodities demoralize our markets, further overtax our storage facilities, and threaten a breakdown of our entire farm price-support system.

This program centers on the following five inter-related points: —

Greater flexibility. This would be achieved through adoption of flexible price supports and a modernized parity formula applicable to all commodities. These flexible supports would help bring about shifts to keep production more in line with consumer needs.

Increased domestic consumption. To accomplish this, we are placing greater emphasis on agricultural marketing services, assisting the food industry with promotion programs and fostering more intensive research.

Increased foreign consumption. To achieve this goal and reverse the recent downswing in exports, we sent foreign trade missions to Europe, Latin America, and the Far East. We also are improving our service to foreign exporters, finding markets outside the normal trade channels through barter and acceptance of local currencies, seeking authority to dispose of a billion dollars' worth of surpluses over three years to help carry out the objectives of American foreign policy.

Insulated emergency reserves. We are proposing to set aside up to 2.5 billion dollars' worth of surplus commodities to implement the adjustment from the old program to the new. These reserves would be removed from regular market channels and held for emergency and relief purposes at home and abroad.

Wisely used diverted acreage. We are working on plans to see that acreage not needed for major crop production is transferred into new soil-building crops. At present about 25 million acres are being taken out of production of wheat, corn, and cotton.

The government will give financial assistance in putting at least a portion of these acres to different uses.

The heart of this five-point program is the flexibility of price supports and adoption of modernized parity for wheat, cotton, corn, and peanuts — the only commodities still on an old parity basis. Unfortunately, these features are also the most controversial.

Modernized parity takes into account increased production efficiency and changes in consumer demand in calculating the cost-price position of the farmer. For wheat, old parity is about 15 points higher than modernized parity. This is because significant changes have occurred in the demand for wheat and in the cost of wheat production during the past forty years.

Our people now consume about 130 pounds of wheat a year per capita. Four decades ago they consumed 200 pounds. In 1910–1914, the base period on which old parity is figured, it took an average of 106 man-hours to produce 100 bushels of wheat. In 1950 it took 26 man-hours. The result of these changes is that when wheat is supported by the government at price relationships which were appropriate forty years ago, overproduction is encouraged in all other areas as well as in the wheat belt. To calculate prices of some items on the old basis and the remainder on the new creates serious disparities and maladjustments. Under existing law, modernized parity is scheduled to go into effect on January 1, 1956.

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FLEXIBLE price supports are also part of existing law, but so far Congress has not permitted them to go into operation. They are now scheduled to be effective on January 1, 1955. This is in line with the Administration's proposal. There is a move in Congress, however, to maintain the old and new parity formulas and to continue rigid supports on some of the commodities now causing most of the trouble. This move fails to take into account some compelling arguments on behalf of flexible supports.

Flexible supports provide for some price fluctuation to keep supply and demand in better balance, while at the same time placing a strong floor ranging between 75 and 90 per cent of parity under the prices of basic commodities.

They produce greater stability in farming operations and in farm markets.

They encourage sound farm management practices.

They create better price equality in relation to other commodities.

They assure abundant food supplies for consumers at reasonable prices.

They stimulate expansion of market outlets at home and abroad.

They hold production controls to a minimum.

They give added incentive for conservation and soil improvement.

They encourage efficient use of agricultural resources.

Flexible price supports will promote these goals with a maximum of reliance on the coöperative and competitive efforts of free men and a minimum of dependence on government control.

A number of commodities are now being supported on a flexible basis. A highly publicized example of flexibles was this spring's reduction in the support level on dairy products from 90 to 75 per cent. This was an unusual situation and the full cut was required by law.

Nonetheless, it serves to demonstrate the soundness of the flexible principle. The dairy industry was suffering from serious production and marketing dislocations. These were the result of a rather sharp decline in consumption in the face of increasing production and declining exports. At the time that I announced the decision lowering support prices, the government held the equivalent of more than 8 billion pounds of whole milk in storage. Production, even in a seasonally slack period, was running well ahead of consumption. The domestic per capita consumption of fluid milk and cream had declined 12 per cent, or 47 pounds, since 1945. For the same period, consumption of butter had declined the equivalent of 45 pounds of whole milk.

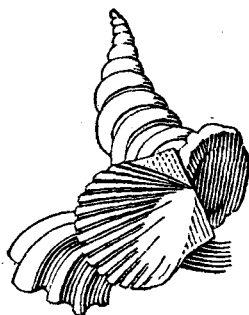
The job was clearly one of putting the dairy industry back on its own feet, building strong markets and getting rid of the surplus through increased consumption. A continuation of the existing distortions might needlessly have condemned the industry to a long period of government subsidization and eventual permanent loss of markets for some dairy products.

The cut in price supports brought a lowering of retail prices which already is spurring consumption. This, coupled with a vigorous educational and promotional program stressing the value of dairy products, should go a long way toward restoring some traditional markets and re-establishing the industry on a firm and profitable basis. Our people need to consume more dairy products. Milk is good. It is inexpensive. It is the most nearly perfect food for children, young people, and adults. If the full dietary needs of the nation for dairy products were being met, there would actually be a shortage. An industry with such a potential must not become apathetic toward vigorous, effective selling; it must not become a victim of government subsidy.

To help the industry make the necessary adjustments, the Department of Agriculture is assisting in a promotional campaign, is speeding disposal of government-held stocks, and is encouraging greater efficiency through the culling of low-producing dairy cattle. Additional steps will be taken as found necessary.

The decision on the dairy issue was made in the long-range interest of the industry itself. In spite of this, it has occasioned considerable opposition. Of one thing I am certain, however. The decisions that made this country great were characterized by neither timidity nor shortsightedness. American agriculture did not reach its present eminence because of any farm price-support formula — either rigid or flexible.

As agriculture continues to make great forward strides, it will not be because of mere legislation. It will be because the people on the farms — together with our scientists — all push forward the march of progress in an atmosphere of freedom that has made our agricultural plant one of the modern wonders of the world.





For going on four decades, EDITH R. JONES and her husband, a Massachusetts architect, have lived in an old house on the hill overlooking Marblehead Harbor with a view of the world from Cape Ann to Cape Cod. From this vantage point, her thoughts have gone back to that summer of 1899 when, as a young girl living in England, she was absorbed into the gay household of Stephen Crane and his magnetic wife Cora. Henry James used to cycle over for tea and other guests included Joseph Conrad, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wells, and Ford Madox Hueffer — and she makes it sound like yesterday.

STEPHEN CRANE AT BREDE

by EDITH R. JONES

I

IN JUNE, 1899, my mother took me to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Crane, who were staying at a hotel in London. I had been away at school in Switzerland and now I was being introduced to a lot of my parents' and my sister's friends whom I had not met before. I did not know that Stephen Crane was a famous author. I only knew that he and Cora were family friends. In spite of the small difference between us in age (Stephen was twenty-seven and Cora a few years older, and I was nineteen), they at once began to "mother" and "father" me. I called them "Mr. Crane" and "Mummy Crane." They called me "Snubby" because of my short nose. They were darlings to me from that day until they went out of my life, more than half a century ago, leaving a hole that has never been filled. Who could ever forget Stephen and his whimsicalities, and Cora with her gleaming golden hair, exquisite skin, and humorous mind?

With them at the hotel was their niece, Helen Crane, who was eighteen. Her father, Stephen's brother, was a judge in some town in New York. Before my mother and I left them that day, the Cranes decided that they wanted to have a party for Henley Regatta and invited me to be there. I think the regatta is held around July 4, and it was then that I next met them. The Cranes and Helen, Karl Harriman, and several others and I all stayed at a little riverside inn. I remember that the old Marquis of Queensberry was also there.

In those days, in England, everyone had plenty of servants. If one were invited by a new acquaintance to a house party, one stayed a long weekend; if by a friend, one might stay two weeks or a month, always knowing that the hostess's household was not being disrupted by the visit. Happy days — for the guests, if not for the servants. From Henley I went to Yorkshire to stay with my school chum,

Florence Bray. I was supposed to pay her a long visit, but after I had been there a couple of days, I received a letter from Cora Crane, saying they were having a party at Brede Place, of the same people who had been at Henley, and that I must come at once. I wrote her my regrets, telling her I had promised to stay with the Brays. Back and forth flew telegrams. I must bring Miss Bray with me. I finally persuaded Florence to accept and off we went for our first sight of Brede. The Henley party was there, also A. E. W. Mason and some others, George Lynch among them. The Cranes called Mr. Lynch "the Wild Irishman." He was one of the handsomest and most irresponsible people I have ever known. He had been a war correspondent in China during the Boxer Rebellion and had brought home stacks of gorgeous mandarin coats, heavily embroidered silk, lined with sable and ermine.

The party left after a few days, but Florence stayed for two weeks and I stayed until January, 1900. While the crowd was there, we were all invited over to tea with Henry James in his house in Rye. The Cranes and I went frequently after that, and Mr. James would bicycle the seven miles over to Brede at least once a week. One day Mr. James and Stephen were having a discussion about something, and Stephen was getting the better of the argument. Suddenly Mr. James said, "How old are you?" "Twenty-seven," said Stephen. "Humph," said Mr. James, "prattling babel!"

In those days, I used to sing a little and Stephen liked it. Whenever Mr. James came to call, I was made to sing for the poor man. Then Cora would say, "Now, let's have a concert." I would pick up the five puppies and, with three heads over one arm and two over the other, I would sing and play while five little muzzles rose howling in anguish.

Mr. James and the Cranes would become limp with mirth.

Sometimes, when there was a crowd in the house, there would be a tap on my bedroom door soon after I had gone to sleep. Cora's voice would say, "Stephen wants some music. Slip into your dressing gown and bring your comb." We would all troop down to the huge old kitchen, to which we never had access in the daytime because the servants were there. The party might consist of A. E. W. Mason, Joseph Conrad, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wells, and others. We would first raid the pantry, and then, with tissue paper over our combs and Stephen conducting with the toasting fork as his baton, we all would sing horribly and happily through the combs. Such foolishness amused those brilliant minds!

2

BREDE PLACE was a beautiful old manor house which belonged to the Morton Frewens. Mrs. Frewen was Lady Randolph Churchill's sister and Winston Churchill's aunt. The Frewens then lived in London and on their estate in Ireland, and I imagine they rented Brede to the Cranes for a very small sum. The house stood in a big park and there was a little brook into which I used to wade with one dog at a time, get him thoroughly wet, and then soap him all over — our one way of keeping them clean. There were Sponge, king of them all, a cross between a thoroughbred retriever and an old English sheep dog, the wisest and best of dogs; Flannel, fox terrier bitch; two Russian poodles, amiable but stupid; and the progeny of them all. Not a cat that I can remember on the place. Two horses in the stables. Stephen loved to ride them and to drive them harnessed to a high English dogcart.

I wish I could remember the history of the house, parts of which dated back, I think, to the thirteenth century. The Cranes always said that the "modern improvements" were made in Elizabethan days. There was no running water — it had to be pumped outdoors and brought in. No gas or electric lights, just lamps and candles. Huge open fireplaces. Many rooms in the house were left unfurnished. Cora had found a lot of lovely old four-poster beds being used as chicken coops in neighboring farmyards and had bought them for a song and had them rubbed down and fitted with mattresses. Cora had been clever in finding other odds and ends for the house. The beautiful big oak-paneled hall, where we lived most of the time, was full of comfortable couches and chairs and pretty tables with lamps and plants and books. The dining room had a long refectory table and rushes on the floor from the meadows by the brook. There was a chapel in the house, but it had long been used as a storeroom. The Cranes stored apples there.

Karl Harriman wrote in the *Critic* for July, 1900: "The old manor house . . . was built in the 13th

century. . . . The chill, damp and draughts of the old house were terrible." I suppose they were. In *Mightier than the Sword*, Ford Madox Ford (he was called Ford Madox Hueffer then, I think) described "the ill-fated mansion . . . in a damp hollow . . . partly Elizabethan, partly even medieval . . . full of evil influences." Rubbish! It stood high, looking down over a little valley where flocks of sheep cropped the good grass. And the house radiated with the happiness of the Cranes. When Mr. Hueffer came to Brede, he read some of his poems to us. In one, there was a line about "birds in the treetops," which he read "birds in the tea tops," and we three had much difficulty in concealing our giggles.

Stephen's workroom was an austere place with a not too comfortable chair and a long table in it, bare except for his papers. When he was in the writing mood, we would all stay away from him. But sometimes he would say that he could think better if he had company, and then he would bring his work down to the hall and write while Cora and I sewed. One day he told us that he had had a dream which he thought would make a good story. He dreamed that he was acting on the stage of some theater and in the play he was a prisoner. He had been handcuffed and his ankles were bound together. Suddenly there was a cry of "Fire!" In his dream, all the other actors and the audience ran for the exits and forgot that he was tied up and helpless. That was his dream. He wondered, in writing about it, how long it might take him to inch his way along a corridor to an outside door. So he got Cora and me to tie his hands and his ankles together and then he spent the morning trying, over a given distance, to hop or roll or work along like an inchworm, all in deadly seriousness. I don't know whether he published the story, but he lived it and wrote it.

Heather, the butler, was pompous and typical, but devoted to the Cranes. When there was a crowd in the house, he would manage between courses to wash and dry the flat silver, for there was not a great amount of it.

Vernall, the cook, was half English, half Swiss. She had been my mother's cook for about ten years, and Mother had taught her to cook good American dishes. Mr. James loved her doughnuts. I have unfortunately lost a lovely photograph of him, eating Vernall's doughnuts at the church fair. Vernall's husband, Chatters, did the outdoor work and the carrying of water. There were a couple of maids. And Pat, the coachman, and his wife lived over the stables. A big establishment, but they could not do with less.

The house was supposed to be haunted and no one from Brede village would work there after dark. I slept in the haunted room, and Stephen insisted that a dog or two should sleep there too. He was afraid someone might try to play practical jokes and scare

me. Outside my windows was thick ivy in which white owls roosted, and their hoo-hoo-hoos were eerie if you didn't know where they came from. The room had three doors, leading to other rooms or halls. When I went up to dress for dinner, I would carefully close each door. A moment later I would look fearsomely over my left shoulder. Door number one would be open. Then, over my right shoulder, door number two open and, a little further to the right, door number three. I always turned slowly and always had the same spooky feeling. But the doors, I knew, were not really bewitched. They all had old slippery wooden latches which had to be pegged to stay shut.

When I was lying in bed at night, I seemed to hear babies crying, or a coach-and-four would come trundling from a distance, the horses' hoofbeats pounding louder and louder over my head. I loved it, because it was the wind making the rafters creak and groan.

3

SOMETIMES Cora, Stephen, and I would be alone; sometimes there was one guest, a couple, or a crowd. I have read articles about Stephen's frantic worry about money, about people who came uninvited and battered upon him, of his writing early and late to make enough to pay for all that was demanded of him. I never heard money mentioned while I was there. I never saw an uninvited guest. The guests who came were invited by Cora at Stephen's suggestion. I have heard her protest to him that he should have a rest after a houseful over a week-end. But he loved to have people there. We never thought of him as being delicate. He was slight but wiry. People have said of him that he drank too much, smoked too much. That is nonsense. He always had a tumbler of whisky and soda by his side as he wrote, and he sipped it from time to time. I mixed his drinks for him and I did it the way he wanted, with about two teaspoonfuls of whisky in a tall glass of soda water. He might have three of these during the day. He always had a cigarette in his fingers, but most of the time it was out. Cora and I used to pick up dozens of cigarette stubs which had obviously been puffed once, then thrown away in disgust when he found they had gone out.

Mr. Frewer was the rector of Brede village. Soon after Florence Bray and I went to Brede Place, a fair was held in the rectory garden. Cora had a booth where she sold knickknacks; Florence played the piano and sang; everyone did what he or she could to help. I told fortunes. This I was chosen to do because I had long dark hair and could be dressed up to look like a gypsy. I sat in a little summer-house, with a table in front of me. On it were a lot of envelopes filled with sugar and spices which I sold as love potions to the "local yokels," as Stephen called them. Henry James insisted upon sitting

there with me all afternoon, adding much to my confusion. I knew nothing about telling fortunes and I only hoped I was not raising false hopes in the bosoms of the young couples who came shyly in to consult me. I was shyer than they were.

The first month or so of my visit to Brede, Helen Crane was there too. Helen was sophisticated in some ways, childish in others, and Stephen thought she needed more education. My sister, Mabel Barr, and I had been at Rosemont-Dézaley in Lausanne and loved the school. Stephen wrote Helen's parents and got their consent to her going to Rosemont. The Cranes decided that Stephen would take Helen to Switzerland, and that Cora and I would accompany them as far as Paris and wait there for his return. I think it must have been the end of August when we four got into the omnibus (used as a rule to meet guests at Rye Station) and were driven by Pat, the coachman, to Folkestone, where we spent the night with the H. G. Wellses. That evening Mrs. Wells and I gave them some music of sorts; then we all played animal grab. I can still hear Stephen roaring like a lion, Cora twittering like a canary, Mr. Wells barking like a dog.

Next morning George Lynch joined us and we crossed to Boulogne. In our compartment on the train to Paris there was a stout middle-aged and very serious Frenchman. He slept most of the time, with his mouth wide open. We had a lunch basket with us, and while we were getting things out of it Mr. Lynch took a bottle of fizzy water, the cork of which was tied on like a champagne cork. From the corner of my eye I saw him aim nonchalantly, so that no one would notice, cut the string, and — pop! into the poor Frenchman's mouth went the cork and a generous supply of soda water. Fury! Rage! But George apologized so charmingly for his "carelessness" that the victim was soon mollified. Not so Stephen. He later gave Mr. Lynch the dressing-down he deserved.

We four stayed at the old Hôtel Louis le Grand, and Mr. Lynch went off on his own. The first night we were there, after we had all gone to bed, a note arrived from him saying he was going to fight a duel and he wanted Stephen to come at once and be his second. Stephen thought it was just one of George's jokes and refused to go. But early next morning the Wild Irishman appeared, arm in arm with a delightful Frenchman, whose other arm was in a sling!

Cora and I were alone in Paris for a couple of days while Stephen took Helen to Lausanne. We saw the sights and window-shopped. Stephen returned and immediately did a lot of writing. One morning a page of his manuscript was missing and there was wild excitement in the hotel while chambermaids came into our rooms and emptied wastepaper baskets all over the place to see if the page had been thrown away by accident. It was not found and Stephen had to rewrite it.

We met various friends in Paris and had a gay

time, with lunches, dinners, theaters, cafés-chantants, and sightseeing. We had meant to stay quite a while, but suddenly we all got homesick for Brede and the dogs and decided to go home. All the time we were away, both Cora and Stephen got small pieces of candy from penny-in-the-slot machines and mailed them home to the dogs.

One morning in October, Stephen came down to breakfast and said, "Edith has never been to Ireland. Let's go to Ireland." Bless him! He was writing *The O'Ruddy* and he wanted some local color and I was a good excuse. So we packed our bags and off we went to London.

That evening there was a big party at the Frewens', where the Cranes were lionized. Next morning we went to the station to take the train to the boat for Ireland, but found that we had had an old timetable and that the train had gone. No matter. It was fun to have another day in London. We missed that train three days in succession. It sounds as if we were all morons. But we were just happy, care-free country bumpkins who had lost the habit of catching trains. And each day and evening was full of more parties — lunches, teas, dinners. Everyone wanted to entertain the Cranes. Finally we reached Ireland and went from Cork to Ballydehob to Skibbereen to Skull to Bantry, ending at Glengariff, staying at little country inns. We rode in low-back cars or in little trains which Stephen said leaped from crag to crag, and we made friends with people all along the way. We were to have gone to Killarney, but again we got homesick for Brede and the dogs.

4

JOSEPH CONRAD came often to Brede, but his wife was not well at that time and I never met her. The Cranes gave the Conrads one of the puppies, named Pizanner because he was black and utterly mongrel in shape, with a leg on each corner, like an old-fashioned square piano. The Conrads renamed him and he was much loved by them. I liked Mr. Conrad the most of any of the Brede guests. He was charming, quiet and courteous. I was shy and inclined to listen rather than to talk. He would discuss books with me as seriously as with his fellow writers.

I wish I knew how to describe the atmosphere of Brede. I have never known two people more deeply in love with one another than were Stephen and Cora. Their sweetness and consideration each for the other were touching and charming. Each was extremely sensitive, each protective. Cora ran the household for Stephen's comfort and happiness. She followed his every change of mood. If he wanted silence, he had silence. If he wanted company and gaiety, he had them. They were fine people, both of them. They were *good*. Always they were good. Not only were they "good" to me.

They were ethically good. They were kind. They were just.

Stephen had candid gray eyes and tawny hair and mustache, both rather shaggy. He was slender but not delicate-looking. Cora was short. She had great dignity and quiet charm. Her hair was pure gold, her skin exquisite. She was a woman of great distinction.

She used to say, "I haven't any more clothes than a rabbit." At Brede she wore a kind of tunic and skirt, which she made herself. Some were made of cotton, some of wool, some of silk or velvet. She always wore sandals. She had brought home the original pair from Greece and had them copied by the cobbler in the village. She had a suit and blouses and shoes which she wore when she went to town, and a lovely black evening gown. But she certainly never spent money on herself. Stephen usually wore knickers at home and he always forgot to put on his garters. Cora said his stockings were accordion-pleated.

One day Stephen was talking about his *Whilomville Stories*. He said most of them were founded on stories that Cora had told him of her childhood. I asked her where she had been born and she told me some place in Massachusetts. I have forgotten the name. Later on, she told me a lot about her childhood and younger days. Her parents had died when she was a tot, and her grandfather had brought her up. He had made money out of some system he had devised for restoring old paintings. He died when she was fifteen and left her his money but did not name a guardian for her. The first thing she did, after his death, was to buy herself a long black velvet dress and a string of pearls! Poor child.

I believe that at one time she was married to a young Englishman of title. Her brushes and mirror and other toilet silver were marked with a coronet and initials. And her old trunks in the attic were marked with coronets. She must have been very young at that time. She and Stephen both told me that they met in Greece during the Greco-Turkish War when Stephen was a war correspondent there and Cora was writing for some American newspaper.

When Mr. Conrad, the H. G. Wellses, A. E. W. Mason, Mr. Pugh, and others were at Brede, we would sit around the huge fireplace in the hall in the evenings and everyone would have to tell stories. I remember one told by Mr. Mason. When he was a lad he went to stay with a classmate whom he had visited before. They arrived late at night when everyone had gone to bed. The young host showed Mason to the room he had had on other visits, and Mason went to bed and to sleep. He awakened to hear groans and to see a white figure floating between ceiling and floor. Terrified, he pulled the bed-clothes over his head and finally went to sleep. In the morning he found that a poor young maid had hanged herself from the tester of his big four-poster bed. She had thought the room was empty.

For a long time my family had been clamoring for me to come home, but the Cranes would say they needed me — they would be all alone (alone! with endless guests) in the country, miles from anywhere. Finally, Christmas was in the offing and I *must* go home. “No,” said Stephen. “Let’s have a real party. We’ll have all your family here and your friends and our friends. It will be your party. We’ll have a ball and a play.” “What play?” asked Cora and I. “Oh, you two can make up some sort of play and I’ll get a lot of friends to send a scene or a sentence or even a word that you can work into it. Then we can say they wrote it.” That was how *The Ghost* was born. I think it was Edwin Pugh who contributed “He died of an indignity caught while chasing his hat down the Strand.”

Later, various actor-managers, among them Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, reading in the newspapers the formidable list of “authors,” wrote Stephen asking if we would give the play in one of their London theaters! The play was utter nonsense. Mr. Mason as the Ghost had the only real role. The rest of us sang or danced or did what stunts we could. The cast had a good time but I do not know how much the audience enjoyed it.

Cora and I worked like dogs before the party — sending out invitations, hiring extra servants from London. The play had to be written and typed, each of us typing with two fingers. Music had to be copied and new words written for each song. I painted the scenery: the huge fireplace in the hall was the backdrop. Guest rooms had to be arranged for married couples. Erstwhile big empty rooms fixed up as dormitories, one for men, one for women. An orchestra had to be engaged, cots hired from a local hospital. Cora got the village blacksmith to make dozens of iron brackets, each holding two candles, to hang around the oak-paneled walls of the hall. We made long ropes of holly and greenery and festooned them around the walls. We wrote on cards who-should-take-in-whom to dinner every evening, and put them near each guest’s bed.

The cast came a day before the other guests. After a sketchy rehearsal at home, we gave a trial performance of *The Ghost* that afternoon in the village schoolhouse for the school children. When the other guests arrived next day, we numbered about fifty. We had the real performance that night.

Next night was the ball. Then everyone left the following day and we three were alone again. But I had been told that now I must come home.

Cora asked Stephen if he had enjoyed the party and he said yes, every bit of it.

I left them the first week in January, 1900, expecting to see them both soon again. Stephen had been his usual self, not tired or bothered in any way. He seemed as vigorous as ever. Cora and I wrote every few days to one another and all seemed well. Then came a frantic letter saying Stephen had had a hemorrhage and that she was rushing him to the Black Forest. Then, the end.

Cora died just a few years later. I loved them both.

In 1902 I returned to the United States, after having lived most of my life abroad. Almost thirty years later, when my daughter Katherine was fourteen, I took her to England and to Brede. I wondered if anyone would be there. I had lost track of Mrs. Frewen and thought she was probably in Ireland. As we drove through the park to the house, it was obvious that someone was in residence, as everything was well cared for along the drive. I rang the bell at the familiar front door and a pretty maid answered it. I asked her if Mrs. Frewen were there. She said yes and asked us to come in. I said I would rather wait until she asked Mrs. Frewen if she remembered Edith Richie, a friend of the Cranes. She came rushing back, saying, “Please come in, madam. Mrs. Frewen is so anxious to see you.”

Into the big hall we went. It looked very different from the Cranes’ time. Beautiful furniture, fine pictures. Soon, in came Mrs. Frewen, a little old lady, very changed from earlier days. She hugged us both and told Katherine about the happy times we had had together. She showed us all over the house. Her bedroom was a room that had been empty in our time. In it was a bed that had belonged to Queen Anne. The chapel had been rededicated, and over the altar was a copy of the Descent from the Cross which her daughter, Clare Sheridan, had sculptured for the Kitchener Memorial. House and garden were full of beauty.

I told Mrs. Frewen that I had slept in the haunted room for five months. She said that when they first moved back to Brede, after their house in Ireland had been burned during the Troubles, she had invited her sister, Lady Randolph Churchill, to pay her a visit. She put her in the haunted room. Next morning, Lady Randolph left in a hurry and said she never would enter Brede Place again. But Winston came and slept there and didn’t mind.



A physicist with an M.A. from Harvard University, JOHN H. TROLL is a consultant for companies that manufacture electronic computers and has worked for many years on thinking machines of various kinds. He has written for military publications and technical books dealing with radar target intelligence and German electronic progress during the last war. In the article which follows he discusses the furtive rivalry between man and machine.

THE THINKING OF MEN AND MACHINES

by JOHN H. TROLL

I

THE uneasy, half-embarrassed rivalry between man and machine has reached a peak with the thinking machine. We have become used to machines that are more powerful, more durable, more accurate, and faster than we are, but machines that challenge our intelligence are hard to take. At this point the competition becomes uncomfortable.

Machines and tools have always been created in the image of man. The hammer grew from the balled fist, the rake from the hand with fingers outstretched for scratching, the shovel from the hand hollowed to scoop. As machines became more than simple tools, outstripping their creators in performance, demanding and obtaining increasing amounts of power, and acquiring superhuman speeds and accuracies, their outward resemblance to the natural model disappeared; only the names of the machine's parts show vestiges of their human origin. The highly complex machinery of the modern industrial age has arms that swing, fingers that fold, legs that support, teeth that grind, and male and female parts that mate. Machines feed on material, run when things go well, and spit and cough when they don't.

But the newest machines possess human traits that had always been considered far beyond mechanization. Here we find not only electric eyes that see and sensing devices that feel, but also memories that recall and logic sections that classify, arrange, and select. These machines can make choices, comparisons, and decisions, learn from past experience, and reach logical conclusions on the basis of premises. It may no longer be denied: these machines can really think.

This realization has renewed the furtive rivalry between man and machine. The battle is being fought underground because even to concede the existence of such a contest would be undignified. Like a small child jealous of the attention paid a puppy, men do not often admit openly that this

inhuman contrivance of nuts and bolts and evilly gleaming electron tubes is a threat. But as the child will get even with the puppy by tweaking its tail when no one is looking, so man, consciously or unconsciously, likes to throw monkey wrenches into machines and see them get their comeuppance.

Newspaper editors a few years back felt that there would be interest in a story about a Japanese arithmetician who, with an abacus — a simple device made of a few counting beads — won a race against a mechanical calculating machine. The story was prominently featured in the world press. If the mechanical calculator had won, there would have been no story.

No one likes to depend on a rival. Consequently there is a general desire to distrust and by-pass machines. Pilots during the Second World War preferred to fly by the seat of their pants — a device so notoriously insensitive that it won't tell the pilot when he flies upside down — rather than by their highly precise and reliable instruments. Many posters and disciplinary actions were necessary to make pilots use their instruments.

When Univac, one of the computers used on election night, made an amazingly accurate prediction of the outcome on the basis of very early returns, it was disbelieved by the experts who designed and constructed it. Even when by all rational standards it becomes evident that the machine knows better, man is reluctant to let it have the last word.

An even more telling sign of this half-secret battle of man and the technical monster of his creation is the character of the Utopias of our time. Where Thomas More of the sixteenth century and Edward Bellamy of the nineteenth found ideal, beautifully harmonious societies in their imaginary travels, with satisfactory solutions to the pressing problems of their days, George Orwell and Aldous Huxley in our age see only a nightmarishly heightened outgrowth of the modern world. In their

Utopias, standardization, an integral part of the machine culture, extends to the hygienically controlled production of humans; machines take all the major roles in human enjoyment, dominating even sex and simple sports; machines write all novels and plays and newspapers and create all art and entertainment; machines watch and spy day and night, destroying all vestiges of human individuality. Is the arrival of the thinking machine the first sign that these nightmares are about to become a reality? Is man hopelessly outmatched in this bout with the machine?

Take for instance the calculation involved in the design of photographic lenses. Before the arrival of computers, one could design lenses by painstaking pencil and paper work. By this method an experienced lens designer took about six years to design one of the complicated lenses. The desk calculator cut this time to about fifteen weeks, and now a giant computer like the Bureau of Standards SEEAC does the job in a single hour.

2

LET us look at this lens design problem a little closer to learn something about the way such a machine operates. A good optical lens like those used in the best cameras differs from simple lenses or from eyeglasses mainly in that it consists of many glasses of various shapes all cemented together. The designers must prescribe the exact shape of each of these glasses making up a lens so that all rays originating from a point, say from a star we want to photograph, will meet in another point behind the lens, forming an image of the star. Actually, these rays cannot be made to meet in a point, which would be ideal, but will all fall within a circle. The smaller the circle, the better defined the image and the better the lens.

The design procedure is part calculation, part trial and error. There are, of course, an infinite number of angles at which the rays may enter the lens. A good many of these must be traced through the lens. That is, we must find the change in angle for each ray as it enters and leaves each glass. As a result, we know the angle of the ray when it leaves the last glass surface and therefore where it will meet the other rays. Though the arithmetical procedure to find these changes of angles for each ray is not complicated, it requires accuracies to about seven decimals, and many rays have to be considered. After all the required rays are traced we find the diameter of the circle within which they meet. If we find it small enough to suit our requirements, the job is done. But if it appears too large, we must change by a slight amount one of the shapes of the glass surfaces. Now we trace all the rays for the new condition and see whether we have improved the design or made it worse. It used to take a man six years to complete such a job.

How much of this work can the computer take over for us? Almost all of it. It requires only an adequate set of instructions. These must contain a formula which shows what the angle of a ray is when leaving a surface if we know the angle of entrance, some properties of the glass, the shape of the surface, and the color of the ray. In addition, the instructions tell the computer how good a lens it must design and what initial shapes to start with.

Next, we tell the machine how to proceed. Our program may read: "Start with a ray 45° off to the center axis. Figure its entrance and exit angles through each of the eleven surfaces. Note the angle of exit from the last surface; do the same with the ray at 44° , then 43° , and so forth, in intervals of one degree until the ray at 0° has been traced. Compare the resulting circle where the rays meet with the desired one; if it is the same size or smaller, print out the answer; if it is larger, change the shape of the first surface and repeat the ray tracing. If the new answer is better than the old one but still not right, change the surface again in the same direction. If the new answer is worse, change in the opposite direction. When the best answer is still not right, change the second surface the same way, and so through all other surfaces until the answer is right."

The actual instructions to the computer appear not in words but in a mathematical shorthand written on magnetic tape or in the form of punched holes in a paper tape very much like the good old player piano roll — quite a remarkable device in days when no one thought of computers. It could memorize long piano pieces, know which notes to play, when and how loud, and yet no one worried about its being a thinking machine.

Now that the machine has received its instructions, it can go to work. Strangely enough, it performs in an eerie silence. There are no motors whirring, no bells clanging, not even a hum as it races through millions of trial-and-error calculations with a speed that is literally close to that of lightning. Only the even red glow of the tubes shows that anything is going on. When the computer is finished, there is the clacking of an electric typewriter printing out the solution.

If anything goes wrong, the machine stops and types out what is the matter. Often it can tell which of its many tubes has failed or what additional information it requires to complete the problem. Most computers are designed so that they never give wrong answers; if something fails, the machine gives no answer. Once an answer is printed, you can depend upon it. Moreover, computers constantly check their work and will repeat any calculation that appears incorrect.

Can we call such a process thinking? We have seen that it involves remembering, sorting, classifying, and choosing alternatives on the basis of logic. When men do this sort of work, it has always been

considered thinking. And so in fairness to the machine we must concede that within the usual meaning of the word it can and does think. And since in the course of its work the machine discards solutions in favor of better ones, acting on past experience, it cannot be denied that it also learns. Since it thinks fast, it learns fast — much faster than man. Moreover, it makes no mistakes and while working on a problem never forgets. Does this mean that the machine is more intelligent than man?

To state it generally, today's thinking machines are in their element and truly superior to men when they draw conclusions about particular cases to which a general rule applies. There are computers in development that can make quick and accurate strategic decisions in air battles, taking into consideration the positions of the friendly and enemy aircraft — provided they are given a basic tactical rule they can follow. And by the same token, there is no reason why tomorrow's computer could not predict the sales volume for an article corrected for season, weather, the general state of prosperity, Mr. Dior's dictates, and the prevailing feminine mood, as long as it has past sales trends that it can use as a rule.

But the unquestioned obedience to the initial rules which makes for the machine's superhuman precision also sets a limit to its general intelligence. For the results of its thinking can only be as good as the rules that it has been taught to follow. If the rules showed themselves to be totally wrong for the situation, the machine would cling to them stubbornly, threatening, like the broom of the sorcerer's apprentice, destruction for its master and itself.

3

THERE is another kind of thinking — the thinking that sees relations between individual events and forms rules on this basis, and, having formed them, discards or modifies what no longer fits. Men do this kind of thinking so effortlessly that we often do not even consider it thought. If we see a circle, for instance, we immediately recognize it as such regardless of its material or its size. We need not examine each point on the circle separately and compare it with a formula. Moreover, we can tell things that are approximately circular without much strain. Machines cannot sense shapes that are not given point by point or as a mathematical formula.

It is this form of thinking that we use when we recognize someone on the street. We do not, computer fashion, check a lot of details: "5 feet 7 inches tall, size 32 blouse, brown eyes, blond hair, arm length 33 inches, finger lengths 3 inches, 4 inches," and so forth; we can say immediately, "Hello, Mary." It matters little whether Mary has lost or gained weight, has grown taller or dyed her hair.

In fact, we need no precise quantitative information about her at all. On a purely statistical basis, the amount of information required to distinguish her definitely among the 75 million females living in this country would be formidable. Yet we need to know astonishingly little to be quite certain that this is Mary. We may recognize her on a cold winter day though she is covered with bulky clothes from head to foot and nothing shows but the tip of a red nose — or we might recognize her from the rear without even this meager clue. People can recognize one another at unexpected meetings after twenty years, when they have last seen one another in grammar school and when they have grown, acquired beards or figures, changed their voices and their clothing — when, in fact, not a particle of their bodies is the same.

Despite the nearly miraculous feat involved in recognition, it requires no outstanding mental ability. Children and even pets are quite good at it. Yet such an activity exceeds the capabilities of the most complex thinking machines. It depends entirely on forming a general picture, an idea — something more than a simple checking off, or adding, or averaging of all the individual parts.

How we form such ideas or generalizations has always been considered one of the most puzzling aspects of the human mind. The ancient Greeks and particularly Plato saw it closely related to the recognition process. He believed that true reality in the form of ideas was stored in a place visited by man's soul before birth, and that the earthly realization of particular objects was a recall of memories acquired during this prenatal experience. Ideas can not only serve in helping us to recognize what we have seen but can be applied to predict the unknown on the basis of similarity. A cab driver in New York told me that he was able to cut his working day to a respectable eight hours while most of his colleagues had to work ten or twelve. Yet he made just as much money and had as many fares as they did. His secret: he learned to recognize the peculiar characteristics of people making up their minds to take a cab. He could spot such people in a crowd or walking out of a building. Before he let me off, he pointed to a man who was just walking along and said, "He wants a cab." He pulled up next to him and the man got in as I got out.

Most good salesmen know who can be called by his first name and slapped on the back after a few minutes' acquaintance and who must always be addressed as "Mr." and treated with formality. Confidence men are very adept at determining what kind of man makes a good "mark," and they don't have at their disposal a set of standardized psychological tests. Their occupation is safe from the intrusion of the thinking machine.

All of us form definite first impressions and adjust our behavior accordingly. We feel whether the new

acquaintance is friendly, whether he is a threat or harmless, whether he is bright or dull, and how we may best be able to get along with him. We recognize and adjust to behavior just as we recognize a person, not by the busy examination of many detailed facts but by organizing these facts into a new entity.

A similar process is involved when a doctor makes a diagnosis. There are really an infinite number of possible diseases that a doctor may be faced with, and if he had to proceed entirely on serial examination of all the symptoms, most of his patients would die — most likely of old age — before he was able to make a single diagnosis; yet the good diagnostician often identifies a disease immediately, and at other times requires only relatively few specific tests to come to a conclusion. His mental picture of the disease is a whole, not a collection of many details, and he can therefore recognize it when he sees something that matches this mental picture.

A singular human attribute is not only the formation of ideas but the ability to connect such ideas in a useful fashion. The human memory is a filing system that has a far greater capacity than that of the largest thinking machine built. A mechanical brain that had as many tubes or relays as the human brain has nerve cells (some ten billion) would not fit into the Empire State Building, and would require the entire output of Niagara Falls to supply the power and the Niagara River to cool it. Moreover, such a computer could operate but a fraction of a second at a time before several thousand of its tubes would fail and have to be replaced.

One of the largest of today's computers, the Eniac, has about 10,000 tubes and has therefore about as many brain cells as a flatworm.

The human brain, with one million times as many cells, is unique not only for its ability to store vast amounts of information in a small storage space and for requiring vanishing amounts of operating power, but also for the speed and ease with which any remembered item can be produced. The human filing system is so flexible that it can be reshuffled instantly from an infinity of new viewpoints. The most elaborate filing systems or library catalogues are arranged by author, subject, and sometimes date of publication, with cross references between these files. The human file of ideas, however, classifies each idea in an infinite variety of ways; the word "red" can be connected with "green" or "hot" or "blush" or "Skelton" or "Communist" or "blood" or "herring," to mention only a few. Computers can refer to their memories only in a systematic fashion well planned and explained beforehand but cannot create new cross indexing for themselves.

Yet connection of ideas forms an important aspect of thinking. Without it, Newton could not have associated the apocryphal apple with the motion of the planets because the cross index, "apple falling — *see* rate — *see* square law — *see* planets' motion," had not existed. Nor could Norbert Wiener and Shannon have seen that there is a similarity between the way a message loses intelligibility in transmission and an object loses heat to the surrounding area. Nor could physicists have seen that there are similarities in the ways sound, light, and heat behave, so that picturing them as waves would work for all. Nor could Freud have recognized a connection between accidental slips of the tongue and jokes, dreams, and neuroses.

The sort of thinking that can be called truly creative is such forming and organizing of ideas and the connecting of these ideas into new larger entities. And this is precisely what falls beyond the computer's scope. With its electronics, memories, logic systems, lightning speeds, accuracy, and infallibility, a computer cannot create an idea or ask a question that could form a basis for a new outlook.

Nor does it seem likely that tomorrow's computers will do this. The machines of the future may overcome some of the other handicaps, such as their enormous size and power requirements. There are signs that they may even beget their own kind — but never ideas.

True, a computer could be designed which would randomly and madly connect all sorts of facts and then test them for internal consistencies. It would certainly come up with a million theories. But it would have no criterion for selecting the ones that are meaningful.

For what is meaningful is a function of man's need to survive and to create a world for himself that he can manage physically and mentally.

Thinking machines, more than any other invention in the history of mankind, can aid this creation of a workable and understandable environment by checking man's ideas for validity and internal consistency, by saving him millions of trials and errors, and by speeding up immeasurably the acquisition of new facts and knowledge. But it always takes a human to come up with the approach, the generalization, the idea which furnishes the basis for the machine's lightning checking, applying, and finding of new facts. How such basic ideas are conceived we do not know. Yet only they can be called truly creative thought — a process which must forever remain in the province of the human spirit. The bad dreams of our Utopians will not come true; even the most complex, advanced thinking machines will not replace or dominate this spirit.



Author of My Name Is Aram, My Heart's in the Highlands, The Human Comedy, and The Bicycle Rider in Beverly Hills, WILLIAM SAROYAN has been writing since he was thirteen years old and has published more than thirty books and plays. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1939 for The Time of Your Life but refused the \$1000 because he "already had \$1000 at that time, and because commerce has no right to patronize art." He accepted the Drama Critics' Circle Award for the same play, "because there was no money involved, and because I knew some of the critics and wanted to meet the others at the free dinner." He lives in Malibu, California.

THE SEA AND THE SMALL BOY

by WILLIAM SAROYAN

I

FROM inside the house I noticed the sea, and it made me glad. It made me so glad I left the inside and went outside, to the front porch. From the porch I went to the back stairway, then down the steps, one at a time. At length I came to the last step, and then to the sand.

Upon the sand I went to the edge of the sea, to the black rock there which is directly, or almost directly, in front of the house.

I climbed the black rock, which is about three times the size of a big car. The sea gulls hovered above the rock waiting for me to get down, so they could alight there again. I looked first at the sea, and then back at the house, not more than thirty yards from the rock. This is the life, I thought. Then I got down, the sea gulls alighted again, and I went back up the stairs.

When I got to the top of the stairs I heard a small voice say, "Oh, man."

I looked across the property line of this house, and there on the front porch of the neighbor's house I saw a small boy, a boy not yet two years old.

He came quickly to the edge of the porch and began to climb the fence around it, put there for his protection by his father.

"Oh, man," he said again.

"Hello, boy."

Now, this is the point: the sea made me glad, and so did the small boy.

I stood in the living room, feeling this gladness. Who wants to write? I thought. What's more, who wants to read?

I opened a book on my desk to see if I wanted to. I read about half a page of a book I seem to have written. It happened to be there. I would have been just as willing to read half a page of a book somebody else had happened to write if the book had happened to be there, but my own book had

happened to be there. I read, "Why does a man smile all his life? Why is he forever smiling and looking to be smiled at?"

I considered this, and then said, "I don't know. Why?"

I closed the book and let it go at that. I felt glad about having asked those questions, though.

"Oh, man," I heard the boy say again.

I went to the window to make sure I *had* heard him again, to see if he was still there on the fence. He was. And I *had* heard him again.

Well, should I go out and try to talk to him? He doesn't know more than six words. Should I go out? (No.)

I had been up since daybreak because at the sea you get up at daybreak. I had been glad from the crack of dawn to the fall of night, about two hours ago. It's night now, and while I don't mind saying I'm *still* glad, I want to know what good is it?

Here was a whole day of gladness, from six in the morning to six in the evening, and what came of it? What art came of it, for instance?

Early in the afternoon when I went upstairs to the garden, I saw that the gopher had moved from the tomatoes to the eggplants. I moved away the freshly pushed-up earth, enlarged the hole, set the trap, slipped it down into the hole, put grass over the top of the hole, and then looked at what I had growing in the garden.

I've got a sloping garden in front of the house. I've got a few feet of topsoil there, washed down from the hill across the road, about fifteen by fifteen feet of it. A month ago I cleared this garden of weeds, dug and turned the earth, threw out the rocks; and I went to a Japanese nursery and bought a dozen each of tomato, bell pepper, and eggplant plants, thirty-five cents a dozen. I planted these plants, most of them took hold, one each of the

eggplants and the bell peppers died, but the rest of the plants took hold, and then the gopher showed up, a little to one side of one of the tomato plants. I went to the hardware store on the highway and bought a gopher trap for half a dollar. I set it and put it in the gopher hole. When I went back a couple of hours later the trap was sprung but the gopher wasn't in it. Well, this afternoon I tried again. What happened? The trap got sprung, but the gopher wasn't in it again. I admire that, just as I admire the weeds that are fighting back in the garden.

I've no idea how the gopher's going to make out, whether the trap's going to get him, or whether he's going to go somewhere else to be an admirable pest.

At any rate, I looked at what I had in the garden. I tried to imagine the red ripe tomatoes on the tomato plants. It wasn't difficult. I imagined them very red, very ripe, very large, and I imagined eating them straight from the plant, with a little salt. It was great. If I never get one little tomato from any of the plants I've planted, imagining this afternoon that I got very red, ripe, and large ones, and ate them, will be enough for me.

I looked at the small tree I found growing among the weeds. Seeing this brave little tree, an apricot most likely, also made me glad. I had put a stick into the earth beside it, and I had tied the tree to the stick, so that it would grow straight and strong and put forth all kinds of fine freckled apricots. That won't be for three years, most likely, but you've got to give an apricot tree a break the minute you notice it needs one.

I did a little imagining about apricots too: they tasted fine. Apricots *do* taste fine, but finer than ever when you get them off your own tree that you didn't even go to the trouble of planting, that you happened to find while you were clearing your land of weeds. (I see no harm in calling it land. If it were 640 acres, the principle would be the same — 640 acres is a section of land. That's a little too much for a writer, I think. Certainly too much if he expects to do all the work himself.)

2

AFTER the apricot imagining, I went back into the house. There wasn't anywhere else to go. I put coffee into a cup, drank it, and smoked a cigarette. If my teeth were good, I thought, I'd be in pretty good shape for a writer my age, but my teeth are shot. Well, you can't have everything. I'm still glad of course, but I wish to God I hadn't remembered my teeth. It began when I was nine or ten or eleven. They began to go, I mean. The dentists began to fall on them. I still have most of them, but what's the use kidding, they're shot. I had to remember them because while I was drinking the coffee I couldn't help feeling where the silver filling had come out of one of them two weeks ago. When

it happened I made up my mind to go to a dentist the following day and have a new silver filling put in, but I haven't done it yet. I don't know a dentist around here. I understand there's a Seventh Day Adventist dentist somewhere near-by, who is supposed to be pretty good, but I haven't got his name and address, and I'm not sure that even if I had it I would hurry over and have him go to work. I'm afraid to hurry over because I know he's going to take a look at my teeth and tell me there's a *lot* of work to be done if I'm not going to lose them. (What business is it of his? He's always telling me that.)

Now, I go back to my desk to see if I want to put it in order. I find that I don't. It's not that it's too much trouble, it's just that it doesn't do a writer any good to get his desk in order. It doesn't help. After he gets it in order, if he's going to write, he's still got to write. Getting his desk in order doesn't get any writing done.

I notice six very small pieces of green glass on my desk. My daughter gathered them from the sea instead of pebbles or shells. A green bottle had gotten itself broken and the sea had washed up some of its pieces and my daughter had found them and had brought them home. That was three weeks ago. Every weekend when she comes back she says, "Where's my greenies?" I show them to her. She takes them and examines each of them very carefully. Remembering her examining them made me glad, too.

The mail — is anything more important to a writer? At last the little roadster of the mailman stops at the box at the edge of the garden, and after a moment I bring a bundle of stuff to my desk. A book by a friend of mine, sent with the compliments of his publisher. A book by a South African writer, sent by the publisher. Two sets of proofs of a story, one to revise and return, the other to send to England. Something with foreign stamps. The stamps say Ceskoslovensko.

There is no money in the mail, but that's all right. I once dreamed a fortune came to me in the mail. And then another time I dreamed that fame did. They were fine dreams, but terrible. They were depressing.

After the mail, I went up the front steps to the garage, got out the shovel, the rake, and the hoe, and went to work, planting seeds of various kinds, following the instructions on the back of each packet: watermelon, casaba, okra, zucchini. Pretty soon I'd have stuff growing all over the place, and I'd harvest the stuff, look at it, and eat it.

Working in a sloping garden isn't easy, though. You've got to be careful not to slip, and slide under the house, which is built on piling. After this work I went down the steps and began to walk on the beach. Now, the people who live in the houses on this beach, when they go for walks, wear shorts or swimming suits, which is sensible, but when I

want to walk I don't want to bother to change to shorts, so I go out the way I am. I pick up driftwood every time I go out because that's all I burn in the fireplace. Picking it up and bringing it to the fireplace is good exercise, and besides I like the idea of burning fuel that I get for nothing. I gathered six or seven good pieces, and brought them home. On the way home I got an idea for a story. The Business Man on the Beach, hah hah.

During the walk my shoes got muddy, so I took them off and polished them, and then three other pairs: all the shoes I have.

And I went right on being glad: about the sea, the house, the piling on which it is built, my shoes, the small boy next door, the driftwood, the fire, my daughter's greenies, the garden, and the gopher.

I sat down on the sofa to read the afternoon paper and noticed my son's sandy footprint on the black leather, from yesterday. Seeing it made me feel lonely for a moment, but only for a moment, and then I was glad again. It was a fine footprint. It was where it didn't belong, but I was glad he had

put it there just the same. I read the afternoon paper, and then it was time for supper. This was a pot of tea, French bread, and white cheese. A fine supper, the tea brisk and refreshing, the music over the radio excellent: piano and orchestra.

I was glad the whole day, and I still am, more or less, but what comes of gladness? If a writer isn't sick, if he isn't mad, if he isn't in despair, what can he say? The things that I've been saying? What good are *they*? What do *they* mean? Well, man, let's not get any of this wrong. They don't mean anything. But the small boy next door—you've got to admit that what *he* said means something.

"Oh, man."

I know he didn't say it because he sensed I was glad. He said it because man *is* a glad animal and wants to share his gladness, wants to pass it along, and would do so long after he's two, if he could, if there were only some way to bring something good out of gladness, something half as good as what comes out of sadness or madness.



STATUE ON THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

by JOHN ACKERSON

THE five-year-old climbs to my lap,
Opens the big red book;
Unwanted chapters quickly flap;
She knows where she must look.

Now the spear glistens from the page
As Nan's blue eyes stare down,
And seamen, called by patriot rage,
Steer for the chosen town.

I watch the eager, luminous face,
The pretty parted lips;
The child obeys, while meantime race
Homeward the Attic ships.

Surely the tall goddess must love
This loyal head of gold,
Let a hard radiance from above
Shine as the tale is told.



Clergyman and author, DR. REINHOLD NIEBUHR has been Professor of Applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary since 1930. He was ordained in 1915 and took up his first and only pastorate in the Bethel Evangelical Church of Detroit, where over a period of thirteen years the membership mounted from forty to more than eight hundred. In his lectures, as in his books, Dr. Niebuhr has carried on an intellectual crusade against the complacencies of an age of reason.

IS HISTORY PREDICTABLE?

by REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

EVERYONE knows that history is drama; yet we persistently try to make it into something else. Drama, as art, must have at least two characteristics. The characters must act with a certain degree of consistency and not be arbitrarily manipulated to suit the necessities of a plot. But a drama must also present unpredictable events and reactions to situations. If actions were wholly predictable they would not impress the audience as "true"; for the audience knows instinctively that persons have a certain degree of freedom over all the pressures of events and causal chains in which they are involved. The unpredictability of human actions makes the drama interesting, including the drama of history itself.

If this be true, every historian must be something of a dramatist as well as scientist. He must be a scientist in his search for the facts. But he must have artistic imagination to discern the dramatic pattern which is spelled out by the facts. If he imagines himself merely a scientist, he will suffer from the illusion that he could predict the future if he only knew all the facts. If he seeks to become a "philosopher of history," he will be under the illusion that he has discerned some permanent metaphysical pattern under the vast variety of historical events. That illusion will tempt him to even bolder and more hazardous predictions. For while there are undoubtedly historical patterns, every effort of philosophers to interpret events upon the basis of these alleged patterns has resulted in error and confusion.

Our present total historical situation is a vivid reminder of the unpredictability of history. We are involved in a cold war and an armaments race. Some wise men, relying upon historical analogy, tell us that a cold-war tension must inevitably make for a hot war. But when some of them insisted that the Korean war was the beginning of an-

other world war, their predictions were refuted.

The miscalculations in regard to historical events in the immediate past are but instances of many miscalculations in recent history which prove the unpredictability of history. Since there are discernible patterns in history, we are right in speaking of "probable" events. But we can never speak of future events as "inevitable." If war should come, a thousand historians of subsequent ages would bend their energies to explaining just how it came about. And some would even prove that, given certain factors now known to us, the war was inevitable. That is wisdom after the fact. There is no way of turning it into wisdom before the fact. We have a right, and even a duty, to distinguish between a highly probable eventuality and an inevitable one. In our situation a war is highly probable; but no amount of accurate analysis of the present factors and forces which a future historian might regard as the basis of its inevitability could justify a present historian in predicting its inevitability. The difference between prospect and retrospect is caused by the fact that the actors in the historical drama are partly determined by the pressures upon their decisions but they also remain free to make their choices. These choices can be fitted into a dramatic pattern after the event but not before.

Some of the false predictions of recent history are derived from failure to discern all the factors and forces in the situation, and some are caused by dogmatic efforts to press the drama of history into a false framework. Chamberlain predicted "peace in our time" because he failed to gauge the demonic force in Nazism correctly. He may have thus made the war he wanted to avoid more inevitable. But who will say that he may not also have made victory more possible in a war which his miscalculations made more inevitable? If we are to believe

some very sober historians, the radar defenses and the airplanes which saved Britain in 1939 were not ready in 1938. Such a consideration incidentally makes Stanley Baldwin, rather than Chamberlain, the culprit of the piece. It also introduces the intriguing notion that a man stupid enough to trust the Nazis was required to buy the time necessary to ensure Britain's survival. Such factors add to the charm of history as a drama. Chamberlain's error reminds us that predictions of future events may be wrong not only because unpredictable factors enter into the web of history but because we may fail to estimate some constant factors correctly. In this case the underestimated constant was the consistent evil in Nazism.

Most frequently, faulty predictions are due not only to the effort to fit history into some preconception but to a fault in the preconception about the character of history itself. Thus Hegel anticipated the fulfillment of Western culture in Prussia. The error may seem to have been caused by national arrogance, but it was prompted by a more basic fault in Hegel's dogma, which erroneously tried to fit historical events into a particular "dialectical" logic. Marx reconstituted the Hegelian conception of historical logic and saw the future in terms of even more serious miscalculations. His basic error was to regard a particular institution, that of property, as the root of all evil. This error prompted the erroneous prediction that civilizations which had eliminated property would be free of all egoism, individual and collective. Thus the corruption of the Marxist dream in Stalinist tyranny could not be foreseen even though it was an "inevitable" rather than a fortuitous corruption. Trotsky was so enamored of the Marxist dogma that he continued to predict that the Stalinist corruption would be eliminated, even while he suffered as a victim of it. He believed that the change in "property relations" would ultimately bring forth fruits of justice.

According to the Marxist dogma the "class struggle" would become more and more severe and would result in the increasing misery of the poor, until their resentments would set the world on fire with revolution. This prediction is in fact refuted by the increasing well-being of the working classes in advanced technical civilizations. This result is due to the creation of balances of power in technical societies which proved to be more, rather than less, flexible and adequate than those of agrarian societies. The complex class structure of modern technical societies is a complete refutation of the Marxist notion of a progressive simplification of the class structure, so that only owners and the dispossessed would remain at the historical climax. Significantly, the Marxist dogma can produce some very false predictions even when it is not held in its most rigorous form.

Many social scientists and economists confi-

dently predicted a major depression in America after the war. The Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal went so far as to suggest a hazardous trade agreement between Sweden and Russia as a "hedge" against the prophesied American depression. Many incalculable factors accounted for this miscalculation. The "cushions" against a depression built into our economy by ten years of legislation were not considered. But the error was probably due chiefly to a failure to note that the American businessman, despite his ideological inflexibility, possessed a practical flexibility which made him come to terms with historical contingencies in a way which was, for instance, beyond the wisdom of the French businessman.

One must incidentally attribute a great deal of the fury of the Communists to their frustration and bafflement when history does not follow the logic which they projected for it. Thus they have to lie ever more desperately to show that American workers are living in abject poverty. Had not their logic assigned such a fate for the workers?

2

THE "dogma" which underlies the "liberal" world view is almost as productive of miscalculations as the Marxist dogma. The dogma assumes that historical development will inevitably solve the main problems of human existence, including the problems of the human community. Since the primary fruit of historical development is man's increasing freedom and power over nature, and since this power and this freedom create new problems in new dimensions for every former problem solved, the dogma naturally has resulted in many serious miscalculations, from the day that the aging French encyclopedists hailed Napoleon as the great servant of the "liberal" movement. They made the mistake of associating the misuse of power only with the traditional monarchic political forms, just as Marxism subsequently associated the misuse of power only with "bourgeois" forms. Wilson's hope that the First World War would make the world "safe for democracy" was part of this liberal dream of progress. Actually the war's aftermath resulted in new perils to democracy, and the rise of unanticipated tyrannies.

We have dwelt too long on the miscalculations which are due to dogmatic frames of meaning which contain some basic miscalculation of the human and historical situation. The fact is that, even upon the basis of the most flexible pattern of meaning for history, we still would make mistakes about the future. How could anyone have anticipated, for instance, that the "bourgeois" or capitalist movement would become merged with the aristocracy in Britain and borrow some virtues from the traditional society; that it would destroy the traditional society in France but take

over some of its vices; and that in Germany the businessman would grow more efficient and powerful than in France while remaining politically incompetent and impotent? All these developments are not wholly incomprehensible in retrospect, but they are unpredictable in prospect.

Many of the historical miscalculations are due to mistaken analogies. History is fruitful of recurrences and therefore of analogies. If it were not so, no "lessons" could be learned from history. But since history also elaborates endless dramatic variations, none of the analogies are exact enough to become the basis for prediction. It is now fairly clear that both Roosevelt and Eisenhower looked hopefully to the future of Russian-American relations. Eisenhower told our Congress in 1945 that we understood each other because of our common "anti-imperialism." The barb at Britain was obvious. But the analogy could not comprehend the virtue of democracy at the heart of British "imperialism," nor the tyrannical corruption at the heart of the Communist "anti-imperialism."

Now, in the days of our disillusionment, another analogy is popular but equally dubious as a source of wisdom. Are not the Nazis and Communists very much alike? it is asked. Are not both equally tyrannical and cruel? Indeed they are very much alike; but not so much so that we ought to predict confidently that the Communists will inevitably go to war as the Nazis did. Communism is primarily a political conspiracy rather than a military movement. It relies on a dogma which promises its ultimate victory over us by a logic of history. Communists will therefore not have the same desperation as the Nazis had. Furthermore, Communism is a tyranny which rests upon utopian illusions rather than cynically nationalist aspirations, a difference which makes it more dangerous than the Nazis politically but not in a military sense. It is as "irrational" as Hitlerism, but its irrationality is of a different order. It relies, not upon mystic intuitions, but upon cool calculations rendered irrational by the restrictions upon the mind which its dogmas create. Finally, it has a wide expanse of territory, contrasted with the narrow geographic base of the Nazis. It is therefore not liable to be as desperate as Nazism.

These differences do not encourage complacency. The Communists remain dangerous foes who might become desperate and who might stumble into war in their dogmatic blindness. But the differences should refute the idea of an inevitable war and of the corollary idea: a "preventive" war. For all we know, there may be an analogy between Communism and Mohammedanism. It may, like Islam, persist as an historic force after it has lost its dynamic. But let us not press this or any analogy too far. For Islam did not subside as a dynamic force until it was defeated by European civilization in military conflict. We can learn from historical

analogies, but we must not rely upon them too much, simply because when "history repeats itself" it never does so exactly. There is an endless emergence of novel factors in each situation which makes every analogy and comparison inexact.

Reliance upon historical analogy is frequently unreflective. When it is based upon an explicit philosophy of history the philosophy is rooted in a similar error, as that which underlies the idea of progress. Both equate historical drama too simply with the processes of nature. The one thinks that there is an essential similarity between natural and historical recurrences. The other rests its dogma on the similarity between natural and historical development. Both ideas are refuted by the radical nature of human freedom, which is able to elaborate endless dramatic variations upon the woof of recurrence and the warp of development furnished by nature.

Spengler and Toynbee have given us an interpretation of history based upon the classical idea that nature and history have similar cycles of recurrence, the only difference being that the cycles in which the rise and fall of historic cultures occur are larger than the cycles of birth, growth, decay, and death of natural organisms. Toynbee's recent effort to illumine our conflict with Communism in terms of an analogy between Eastern and Western Christendom leads to more confusion than illumination; for Communism is a novel factor for which there is no analogy in that ancient struggle, however intriguing may be the subordinate similarities which Toynbee finds in the attitudes of contemporary and medieval Russia. We are, after all, dealing with Russia now as the homeland of a world-wide secular and demonic religious movement. There is no analogy for this conflict in history.

Historians are notoriously hostile to, or critical of, the efforts of Toynbee and Spengler. Sometimes their hostility springs from their implicit acceptance of a more popular but equally implausible philosophy of history: the idea of progress. Sometimes their criticisms are prompted by their knowledge that these patterns of history falsify the historical details in some field in which the particular historian knows most. But partly the hostility springs from the dramatic instincts of a true historian. He senses that the drama of history is falsified and obscured by any "philosophy of history," for if it is a rigorous philosophy it claims to discover metaphysical channels for the stuff of history. That means that historical events are regarded as necessary actualizations of possibilities. The historian knows that what happens to persons and what happens in history are not necessary actualizations. History is an endlessly varied dramatic encounter between people and groups in which every event is so closely related to a previous event that the historian can give an account of the causal chain. But nothing happens with such a

compulsion of natural or rational necessity that the future may be predicted upon the basis of past events. Some historians still believe that they might be able to predict the future if they only knew a little more. If they give themselves to this illusion they are not as wise as the most reflective statesmen, Churchill for instance. Such practical men have learned that the secret of wisdom is not to rely too much on any large patterns of history or upon any seeming exact analogies. They feel, even more than the historian, that the present occasion and responsibility are unique and cannot fit nicely into any pattern or yield their secret in terms of any analogy.

We mortals are so proud of our knowledge of the past that we are inclined to impatience and em-

barrassment because we know so little about the future. We try to overcome this embarrassment by all kinds of scientific and philosophical devices designed to penetrate the veil which hides the future. These devices, when not too ambitious, can be the servants of wisdom; for we are not creatures of the day and must prepare for the morrow. But too ambitious and pretentious anticipations of an essentially unpredictable future not only destroy the drama of history: they also increase its perils. We know how much havoc has been wrought by believers in an inevitable revolution. It would be tragic if we added to the havoc by believing in an inevitable war. Significantly, the worst damage is done when a bogus omnipotence seeks to come to the aid of a bogus omniscience.



COTTON

by CHARLES G. BELL

IN LONG perspective rows the cotton now
Is blooming. Better to come at the end of summer
When the warm insistence of that more liquid than air
Billows to its cumulus, and the flat land singing
Under cotton white as its clouds pours fruitfulness.

There are men whose most casual word or gesture
Is a function of their nature and full of meaning;
It is this that we love in those of personality.
So too with a land: therefore our allegiance
Was less to the nation or state than this bowl of the Delta.

For even its crop has the softness of air and water:
Flowing in white merging streams to the Mississippi,
Fleece pillows of the gathered bolls in tall wagons
Drawn by mules over roadways, piled cloudy puffs,
Where we would lie cushioned as we swayed through the town.

Greenville was the center; bales gathered on its wharf.
The stern-wheelers would dock with barges; and black stevedores
With a splendid roll of muscles and rippling oaths
Would load them, and always in the night distance
The low whistles were moaning as they churned down the river.

Sometimes we would ride them to the foot of the bend,
Cross the neck to drift with the stream, the ten mile
Sweep and back where we came; and at dusk from a floating
Log, I have seen them go flickering, down and down,
Bright bearers of cotton into those mirrored glooms.



Born in Vienna in 1912, ERICH LEINSDORF studied piano, cello, and composition at the State Academy of Music, and at the age of twenty-two became assistant to Dr. Bruno Walter and later to Toscanini at the Salzburg Festival. After three seasons of opera and concerts in Bologna, Trieste, Florence, and San Remo, he came to the United States, where he was engaged as assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Since then he has made an international career of conducting opera and symphony orchestras, and this season is his eighth as permanent conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra.

THE EDUCATION OF A YOUNG CONDUCTOR

by ERICH LEINSDORF

FOR many years I have maintained the theory that a lack of opera companies constitutes the most severe handicap for the American conductor. Our education in Europe was facilitated by a network of opera houses, comparable in terms of the United States to the magnificent organization of minor league baseball, without which the sixteen clubs of the major leagues could not possibly obtain the kind of talent that makes this game so stimulating. The minor leagues of the operatic world, the several hundred theaters throughout the provinces, were the training grounds which formed the conductors who later made the history of music significant.

With its handful of opera companies, this country has nothing comparable. The existing opera companies here, furthermore, have no opportunities for the young apprentice because the high cost of all labor and the resulting shortage of preparation time make it impossible to take on an apprentice conductor.

John N. Burk wrote an article for the November, 1953, *Atlantic Monthly* which emphasized all these points. It should have been a great pleasure and a considerable satisfaction to me to find my own arguments eloquently stated. But when I read that article, my old thesis sounded not quite satisfactory, and I could not help feeling that even with more opera houses we might have some difficulty with our young conductors. We live in a society which is clearly geared to the pre-eminence of business. The professions take second place; it is an honored second place, but it is second place. The professional man who wishes to succeed today must be several other things besides a professional man. He must fill several other roles: he must be an able administrator; he must have facility for speaking in public at luncheons, dinners, clubs,

meetings, fund-raising campaigns; and he must be capable in politics and business.

This situation is vexing not only to conductors but to scientists as well. The scientist, however, has less of a grievance than the musician and the artist. He rides on the crest of the wave; he does not work for money-losing organizations. He works mostly for industry or for endowed research. Yet the scientist complains that the amount of business and administration that he has to attend to takes him away from his essential scientific work.

The political and business requirements are not entirely symptoms of our own times. The artist who has wanted to succeed has always been more or less of a diplomat or politician — call it what you will; and some of our very greatest artists excelled in business. Beethoven, to mention one of the immortals, made very shrewd business arrangements with his publishers about how, where, and when he was to be paid. There were others of equal ability, and therefore it would be unfair and inaccurate to call it a sign of our times that an artist has to be adept in the ways of business and politics.

The other requirements, however — especially those of administration and of organization — which face the conductor are new and are very difficult to combine with artistic accomplishment.

The young man who enters a conductorial career (if that is possible on these terms) will find as his most likely opportunity a community orchestra in one of the several hundred towns which have such organizations. He may find only a town with a willingness and interest to have such a community orchestra, and he himself may have to create the organization which will serve as the field for his own talents.

The amount of nonmusical work which awaits him in either case is stupendous. If he has to be

the founder of a new orchestra, it will not matter too much what kind of musician he is; only his organizational ability will count. But let us assume that he has the chance of taking an already existing organization and becoming its musical head. He will have some six or eight programs during a winter season, and it will be very hard for him to find sufficient days and hours during which to sit down quietly and alone with the scores which he is to prepare. The telephone calls, the correspondence, everything connected with the running of the orchestra, will fall upon him. There will be hardly any budget for a staff to handle matters of routine; he will be called upon to do all of it.

It will be in certain ways a valuable experience. If the young man is able and adaptable, he will emerge as a thoroughly professional organizer, and the chances are that he will discharge his musical duties with considerable *élan* and great success. But this in itself means very little. The talent and the original success are down payments on an enormously large debt.

There is a promise and a potential behind each talent, and the obligation of a man is to come as close to fulfilling his potential as he possibly can. From that course there should be no deviation. The necessity of being a man of business affairs as well as an artist must affect the development of a talent. I have seen young men of unquestionable talent — of so much talent that a great many opportunities were offered to them — who, being success-conscious, career-conscious, practical-minded, and ambitious, took the opportunities and frittered themselves away. I am referring to cases which I have noticed by chance and coincidence, and which have never come to the attention of the broad public — young men who started out with fervor, talent, interest, and ambition not only to succeed but to grow, to learn. If one should talk to them tomorrow, one would hear that they still cherish those ambitions. But the pressures of practical life are taking a great toll. They are accepting too many jobs, and with each job too many extraneous and nonmusical tasks.

A man, to further himself, his career, and his opportunities, will not be content with directing a choir in a given city. He will also take on an amateur orchestra in another city a hundred miles away. He will go once a week to rehearse the amateur orchestra. Even assuming that this orchestra is managed by its own members, the conductor will have to drive 200 miles every seven days, and in the meantime he will have to be at his musical best. The hours of the drive are obviously not only lost to his musical task; they are tiring. He will arrive after a hundred miles on our United States highways a tired man; he will return to his home in the early hours of the morning exhausted; he will start off the next day with these overlong and overtiresome drives in his bones. The tasks and duties

which he has to meet that day will suffer. He will overdo things; and when one overdoes, one's work suffers in quality; and if the quality suffers, there can be very little in the way of development and growth.

There is also a different kind of burden — an unfair burden — placed upon the native conductor by community leaders. If an orchestra engages a man from abroad, the members of various clubs and committees may find him extremely attractive and charming. If their new lion knows no English, it will be very convenient for him because he can refuse all speaking engagements. That means he does not have to waste his time collecting his thoughts, and he does not have to spend many hours preparing something appealing and sensible to say.

The native young man has no such luck; he is expected to appear at as many functions as he can possibly make. He is expected to sit on many platforms and listen to other people speak. He is expected to eat his luncheon in the company of one hundred or two hundred or three hundred people. His digestion is expected to withstand the impact of those ghastly meals. He is supposed to help in running the organization. And all this from a young man who probably needs more time for his own musical preparation than the fellow who is hired on the basis of already having an established reputation and many years of experience.

So the problem is not alone the missing opera companies. If we had as many opera companies as Europe, our young conductors might be expected to sew the costumes together, make the translations, act as make-up men, and move scenery in their spare time — they would surely be expected to do a lot of things that would take them away from their essential tasks.

Let there be no doubt that the desire for great native artists can be fulfilled only when the talents who live in our midst in great numbers are permitted to develop as artists. That does not mean that they need ivory towers; that does not mean that they need cotton and sterilized bandages to keep everything down-to-earth and realistic away from their tender little souls. It merely means that the largest part of their working lives should be spent in freedom from business, in freedom from administration, in freedom from the worries of promotion, advertising, box office, luncheons, dinners, meetings. There is always going to be a certain amount of this connected with these professions, and I do not wish to lay down here any laws or any utopian theories, but the young men who come up today seem to me to be executives with a side endeavor of conducting. That proportion must be reversed if we are to expect talents of any consequence to mature and develop into great masters who will be able to take over the musical reins of this country.



Keeper of rare books and editor of publications at the Boston Public Library, ZOLTAN HARASZTI recalls for us, in the paper which follows, the little-known figure who was chiefly responsible for establishing the first public library in the United States. Mr. Haraszti, a scholar of wide interests, is the author of John Adams and the Prophets of Progress, an excerpt of which we published in the Atlantic a few years ago.

THE FIRST PUBLIC LIBRARY

by ZOLTAN HARASZTI

1

AHUNDRED years old, the Boston Public Library still holds a special position among the public libraries of America. Its home in Copley Square, that noble Renaissance palace with its beautiful stairway and magnificent halls, its famous murals of Puvis de Chavannes and John Singer Sargent, and its charming arcaded courtyard, is a *must* for all the innumerable sightseers to Boston and New England. Its great special collections, particularly its superb early Americana, Shakespeareana, and first editions of Spanish literature, make it one of the richest storehouses for scholarly research. It was the first large public library to be supported by taxation, and it thus determined the development of the entire public library movement.

Now that the hundredth anniversary of the Library is being celebrated, Alexandre Vattemare, who perhaps more than any other man was responsible for its foundation, should be recalled. The encyclopedias, Britannica or Larousse, do not even mention his name. And yet in the forties of the last century Alexandre Vattemare was one of the most widely known figures here and in Europe. In fact, he achieved fame not only in one but in two distinct personalities: as Monsieur Alexandre and as M. Vattemare.

M. Vattemare, the earnest, eloquent Frenchman whom America knew — a gentleman in early middle age, with large, quick eyes under a fine and open forehead, and with distinguished manners — was eager to build public libraries and to establish a system of literary and scientific exchanges among the nations. And his zeal certainly met with appreciation in America, including Canada. He was hailed everywhere as the apostle of a new era of civilization. Monsieur Alexandre, however, some twenty years before M. Vattemare, had exerted even a stronger hold upon the public. In the chief cities of Europe, from London to Moscow and from Madrid to Pesth, he was known to vast audi-

ences — as the greatest ventriloquist of the age.

Nicholas Marie Alexandre was born in Paris in 1797, the son of a well-to-do advocate. Wearied by the Revolution, Vattemare *père* retired to a small estate at Lisieux, in Normandy, and it was there that the peculiarities of his son's voice were discovered. As a boy of eight or ten, young Alexandre played one practical joke after another on neighbors, innkeepers, sentimental widows, and even on his father. For two years, he studied in a seminary, then entered the Hospital of St. Louis in Paris. He quickly became an assistant surgeon, but with all his duties he continued his tricks, on colleagues and patients alike. His great courage in treating the Prussian prisoners of war for typhus was remembered after Waterloo; he was asked to accompany the convalescent soldiers to Berlin. Persuaded by friends to become a professional entertainer, for the next three years he performed in Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and finally in England.

Money was never a primary consideration with Vattemare; once he gave — so he said — half of his earnings for the relief of a burned-down city in Russia. Generous in the extreme and received everywhere with hospitality, he believed that the barriers between nations were largely artificial. Understanding was what was most needed; thus he hit upon the idea of an international exchange of books of science and literature. He had great physical endurance and was trained to overcome obstacles; the perseverance required by his early profession he henceforth applied to his new work. Resuming his old family name, from Monsieur Alexandre he became M. Vattemare.

Vattemare first came to America in October, 1839. The New York newspapers wrote excitedly about him. The news of his plan — “important intelligence” — was printed in headlines; meetings were held, and he had “crowds of listeners.” He

told the audience how on his countless travels he found that the great libraries often possessed duplicate copies of books, looked upon as mere rubbish in one city and regarded as indispensable in another; that important works giving information about the problems of taxation, water supply, and street pavements of one country were unknown in another! And people swallowed his words in wonderment.

In Washington, President Van Buren was delighted with his proposal that the great libraries should give their duplicates to an international clearing house. John Quincy Adams, always cosmopolitan in his sympathies, was most active in his support. Vattemare outlined his plan to Congress. What could America offer in a system of international exchanges? In the absence of printed books, Vattemare wrote, "the natural products of the countries . . . are sought and inquired for with avidity in Europe." Europe was also interested in our laws, statutes, and ordinances. By unanimous vote, the House and Senate authorized the Librarian to exchange their duplicates, and to print thereafter fifty additional copies of their documents for the purpose of exchange.

The state governments followed the example of the Federal government. Vattemare journeyed from one capital to another; in April, 1841, he appeared in Boston. His first visit was to the home of Josiah Quincy, Jr., where he met a dozen gentlemen, the father of his host among them. The elder Quincy, President of Harvard and former Mayor of Boston, heartily endorsed Vattemare's idea that "a building should be obtained for uniting all the libraries and collections in one place . . . and the whole freely opened to the public." He meant the Boston Athenaeum, Mercantile Library, Social Law Library, and half a dozen other libraries.

Josiah Quincy, Jr., shared his father's opinion, and with him all the young men to whom Vattemare addressed himself. With the idealism which led some of their friends to the founding of Brook Farm, they advocated the establishment of a public library which "would benefit the great body of the people."

Unfortunately, the proposal of uniting the various local libraries met with little success. The enterprise began to lag. But Vattemare's letter of January, 1843, announcing the sending to Boston of fifty volumes given by the city of Paris, aroused some qualms of conscience. A movement was started to reciprocate the gift. Hundreds of volumes were donated by various citizens, among others Emerson and Longfellow.

2.

IT WAS on his second visit to America that Vattemare accomplished most. He arrived in May, 1847, and stayed till December, 1850. During the years between his two visits he had sent over thousands

of books, and he now brought with him twelve thousand volumes, three thousand maps, and a large number of medals, statues, and engravings. These were destined for the various states.

His reception was even warmer than before. He knew how to arouse patriotic pride. "France and Maine," he began at Augusta, "are now connected with so many ties, not only of ancient friendship, but increasing social relations. . . ." At Concord it was the two republics "France and New Hampshire"; at Montpelier, "France and Vermont"; at Providence, "France and Rhode Island." His addresses to the legislatures, printed by every state, were admirable for energy and clarity.

Congress granted him the privilege of franking letters and packages, and also of receiving them free of postage; he was exempted from paying duties on parcels from abroad and was given free dock space in the port of New York as his central depot in America. Not only the government, but the shipping companies, railroads, hotels, and restaurants regarded him as their own distinguished guest. "From the hour I set my foot upon your shores to this hour," he said in the third year of his stay, "I have not yet been permitted to expend the first dollar, either for my personal support or my traveling expenses."

Maine was the first to appoint him its literary agent. Massachusetts followed suit, with eleven other states, including far-off Indiana, joining in. Vattemare's scheme required ten thousand dollars a year for the upkeep of a central agency in Paris. The Federal government voted two thousand dollars and the states, variously, three or four hundred as their contributions.

In Boston the auspices were especially favorable. Josiah Quincy, Jr., was now Mayor, and he was a real friend. To provide an occasion for talking matters over, he gave a party to which all members of the City Council were invited. And Vattemare was not slow in persuasion. He kept close to the Mayor, trying to convince him that a gift by him would inspire generosity in others. Quincy finally decided to offer five thousand dollars for a public library, on condition that other citizens double the sum.

Meanwhile more and more shipments of books arrived in Boston through Vattemare's agency: books on geological measurements, regulation of slaughterhouses, the cultivation of the mulberry and the rearing of silk worms, and similar subjects. A room in City Hall was set aside for their safekeeping, and for the books which would be used in exchange for the gift.

The Mayor's offer was allowed to lapse, but the committee on the Library was meeting frequently, and in January the Mayor was directed to apply to the legislature for power to establish and maintain a public library. In response to his move, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts passed an enabling act which, with the acceptance of the alder-

men, on April 3, 1848, became a statute — the first statute ever passed for a public library as a municipal institution supported by direct taxation.

Official action is slow at its best, and Vattemare had to kill much time in Boston. In many houses he was a welcome visitor, and nowhere more than at the Quincys' — in the home of old Josiah Quincy; of his son, the Mayor; or at his daughter's, Mrs. Benjamin D. Greene. Vattemare was a most entertaining companion. His face, melancholy at rest, lighted up with animation when he began to talk. His foreignness, his many experiences, invested him with a piquant interest. And he was always tactful, "indescribably simple, resembling a child."

In his public utterances he never mentioned his earlier occupation, but among friends he was not shy to talk about it. He even improvised little performances, imitating the buzzing of the bee, the ticking of the clock, the crackling of fire, and the frying of butter. Monsieur Alexandre, he said himself, had no little influence upon the success of the literary exchanges of M. Vattemare. "When the latter failed to interest the attention or gain admission to important personages, the former took the place and carried the day." There was, however, something touching — the confession of a feeling of inferiority — in his remark that "Monsieur Alexandre was dead, never to rise again," and that "Vattemare's children had never heard Alexandre."

He brought with him the facsimile of an album filled with the autographs of famous men and women of all nations. There were letters from Lafayette, Thomas Moore, the Dowager Queen of England, and scores of others. As they went through the album, Vattemare would tell his hostess innumerable anecdotes. It was rather exciting to hear on Beacon Hill how the Emperor of Austria had sent him the flowers which he and Madame happened to admire on a walk in the palace gardens; how Nicholas, the handsome Emperor of Russia, rode by the side of his carriage to hear him tell a story.

But his talk about the literary people of Paris was perhaps even more fascinating. In a drawing room one does not need to be eloquent; so he spoke with casual frankness. Chateaubriand he called the worst spendthrift who ever lived, and the vainest of men too — with the single exception of Lamartine, who was "the incarnation of egotism and vanity." Before he left France, all the celebrated authors gave him copies of their works to take for exchange to America. Lamartine alone declined. "If the Americans want my books, they may buy them," he said phlegmatically. But in spite of these shortcomings, Vattemare always admired in him the poet. Victor Hugo, George Sand, and "others of that class" offered him, of course, plenty of their books, but he refused to take them. Vattemare was a thoroughly respectable man who could not approve of the loose life and crazy views of those bo-

hemians. George Sand, he said (and ladies in Boston liked to hear of George Sand), he had never seen in woman's dress but twice.

From pleasant gossip he would suddenly shift to the topic of international exchanges. Life was not all pleasure for him, and he often complained of the impossibility of making people "understand." In certain quarters his early profession could not be forgotten. There they looked upon "the humble missionary of the intellectual union of nations" (as he called himself) with skepticism, and there were even murmurings that he was a charlatan.

3

NEVERTHELESS, gifts of books and money were rapidly accumulating; the Library, without people's noticing it, was already there. In May, 1852, Mayor Seaver appointed the first Board of Trustees, and finally in October a city ordinance gave a definite form to the institution. That same month a letter was received from Joshua Bates, senior member of Baring Brothers in London and once a poor Boston boy, offering fifty thousand dollars to buy "all the necessary books." The Library was finally opened on March 20, 1854, on the ground floor of the Adams School-house on Mason Street.

Vattemare continued his work in Paris with unabated vigor. His books came in ever-increasing numbers not only to Boston but also to other cities in America as well as Europe. His "intellectual federation," he assured the Belgian Academy in 1853, was extended to "almost all the governments of the two hemispheres." He had brought by then one hundred and thirty libraries within the scope of his operations. The "Agence Central des Échanges Internationaux," 56 rue de Clichy, was a flourishing enterprise.

He never came to America again. His interest in things American, however, did not diminish. And Boston remained especially dear to his heart. The Library was now a reality, and he rejoiced to hear about its progress. He did not claim any merit for himself. "If the seed planted has produced an abundant harvest, it is only to be attributed to the nature of the soil," he wrote to Josiah Quincy, Jr. He pointed rather to the "generous patriotism of Messrs. Bates, Phillips, Ticknor, Edward Everett and other noble sons of Massachusetts."

Time worked against Vattemare. His idea was good — it was accepted and practiced in full. But as the years went on, there was less need for the services of the originator. The Smithsonian Institution took over the distribution of scientific publications, and the libraries became more and more dependent upon professional book dealers. Then came the Civil War, and amidst its tumults the "Échanges Internationaux" passed into oblivion.

When Vattemare died in 1864, at the age of sixty-seven, the papers reported it in a single paragraph.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

LONDON. — “Are you here to read or are you here for pleasure?” is the first question put to an American editor when he arrives in London, and if your answer is yes to both, as mine was, within forty-eight hours all shelf space in your sitting room and bedroom, all table tops, and most chairs will be piled high with manuscripts, bound proofs, and advance copies of English publications hoping for publication in the United States. It is agreeable to have a wife along so that she can share the eye-work with you, and it is imperative to find a competent English secretary who will not be baffled by American idiom and who will keep sending the undesirable candidates back to their points of origin. English literary agents and publishers are punctilious, and it would never do to return a manuscript to the wrong sanctum. As in times past, I was saved from this embarrassment by Pat Brayne, a cheery, impeccable secretary (address supplied on request).

The day began at 8.30 with breakfast served in our sitting room. Since there is no good orange juice in the United Kingdom and since every American in the first week feels puffed up by the starchy diet, we bought fresh oranges and clusters of rich purple grapes from the barrows on Piccadilly. Editorial ideas are stimulated by food and drink, and I not infrequently have breakfast engagements when in New York or Washington, but I kept this hour for private cogitation abroad since the London schedule (a word they always mispronounce) provides five other occasions when an editor can entertain or be entertained by his clientele: luncheon, tea, “drinks” (our cocktail hour), dinner, and supper (from 10 P.M. on). Having confirmed the day’s engagements in my little black book, I settled down to a quiet morning with the Great Brayne.

On my very first visit to an agent’s office I acquired two unpublished manuscripts by Dylan Thomas; the rich and perceptive short stories by

Wolf Mankowitz came next, and good things after that until I had bought more than a score of contributions for the magazine — and still the quest went on. Claude Cockburn promised to write an account of the famous hoax of the Piltdown Man and of the dentist who exploded it. Richard Gordon, whose books, *Doctor in the House* and *Doctor at Sea*, have sold a quarter of a million copies in England, agreed to look into the several years of research the Harvard Hospital outside of Oxford has devoted to the common cold (and how you don’t get it). A golf tournament was being played in a high wind with hard, fast greens, and the anguish as reported by the *Times* prompted me to write to Bernard Darwin for a paper on “Golf in the High Wind.”

With the sun flooding Half Moon Street (we had twenty-six days of sunshine) and with Piccadilly and Green Park only half a block from my windows, it was tantalizing to think of the London that beckoned if one were not bound to print. Occasionally in the afternoons I rebelled. I sauntered down St. James’s to buy a hat in Lock’s; poured over salmon flies at that beloved shop, Hardy’s Fishing; saw the exhibition of portraits by Augustus John; or I went window-shopping in the Burlington Arcade, where I bought a half-dozen neckties, sniffed my way through that most fragrant tasteful emporium, Fortnum & Mason, or with the help of Mr. Forester of Leader’s ticket agency made my reservations for the shows that are hard to get into: *Airs on a Shoestring*, *The Boy Friend*, and that slice of English Chekhov, *A Day by the Sea*, in which John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson lead an incomparable cast.

The food in London is better than at any time since the war. The lobster, grilled Dover sole, and poached turbot (Nelson’s favorite fish) as served at The Mermaid, an appendage of Fleming’s, are memorable. The sirloin steak at Isow’s in Soho, and the beefsteak and kidney pie at The Ivy, where the literati gather, the juicy duck I had at the Caprice (the hardest of all to get into — be sure you telephone in advance), the hors d’oeuvres and mutton at the Ritz — these were some of the “bests” I enjoyed.

The number of good restaurants has multiplied and one can’t hope to cover them all in three weeks; I brought back with me as an appetizer for future visits that succulent and amusing booklet, *London Night and Day*, illustrated by Osbert Lancaster. Mr. Lancaster is one of those versatile gents for whom there is no simple label: artist and architect, a cartoonist whose comics in the Beaverbrook press

**The true inside
story of a secret
weapon that
almost changed
our history
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V-2

By WALTER DORNBERGER

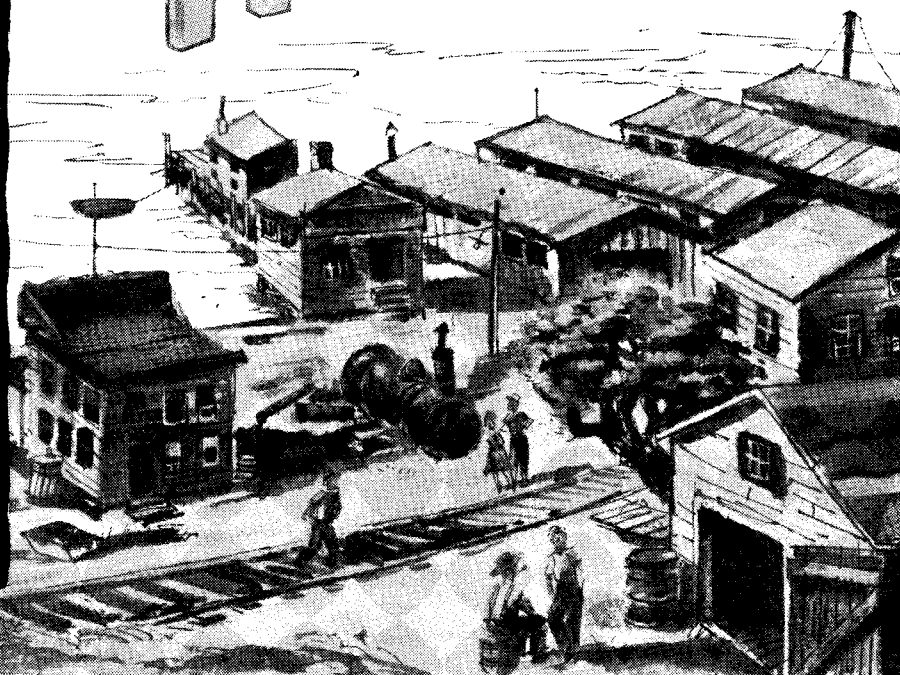
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Sweet Thursday

THE VIKING PRESS



are as popular as anything in *Punch*, a connoisseur and a lover of Greece, he is that rarity, a contemporary historian who can capture the façade of an age and the habits and quiddities of those who lived in it. His memoirs of his Victorian childhood, *All Done from Memory* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75), which has been published with us though not yet in England, provides a perfect reminder for Americans viewing London from the outside.

To Oxford

Now I had a weekend at Oxford coming up; and since one's time there is never long enough, I telephoned ahead to make sure that my friends were free. On May Day, the Saturday of our arrival, Sir Richard Livingstone took us in tow and a better educator or more kindly humanist does not exist. With him we drove out to Boar's Hill to pay our respects to Gilbert Murray, the classicist who has done more to retrieve the beauty of the Greek plays than any other man in our time. Mr. Murray, now in his eighty-ninth year, had been invited this spring to deliver the annual address before the Classical Association, and the words he spoke on the theme "Are Our Pearls Real?" were received with a standing ovation. When we left his book-lined study with its pleasant view of the sloping garden and the fruit trees in bloom, I had his promise that he would send me a copy.

That afternoon we motored out to have tea with John Masefield at Burcote Brook, and once again I came under the spell of that deep voice as he spoke of English history in a way that made us feel that it happened only yesterday. I asked again if he would show me the fragment of the Armada that the English divers had sent him from the treasure ship sunk in the channel off the Isle of Mull; this led to his telling of the scandalous sinking of the *Royal George*, a minute-by-minute account — the poet said he was paraphrasing David — which made the tilting deck and the panic as she split seem as graphic as the *Lusitania*.

Sunday I was introduced to All Souls by Isaiah Berlin, and there at supper met the younger dons and the Vice-Chancellor. One other Cambridge man besides myself was present, Noël Annan, a Fellow of King's, and he and I did our best to hold the bridge against the banter and badinage which Oxford loves to heap upon the Light Blue.

Which brings me to an observation first begun thirty years ago: that English conversation has a probing, a mimicry, a rude and teasing sting which is the perfection of small talk and which, when they are working on one another, reduces the visitor to silence — he can't compete. They epitomize, deprecate, laugh at, and satirize their opposite numbers with devastating wit. Whistler I think of as one American who acquired the art, and an art it is. To listen to the two country squires, Evelyn Waugh, the novelist, and Cyril Connolly, the critic, deplor-

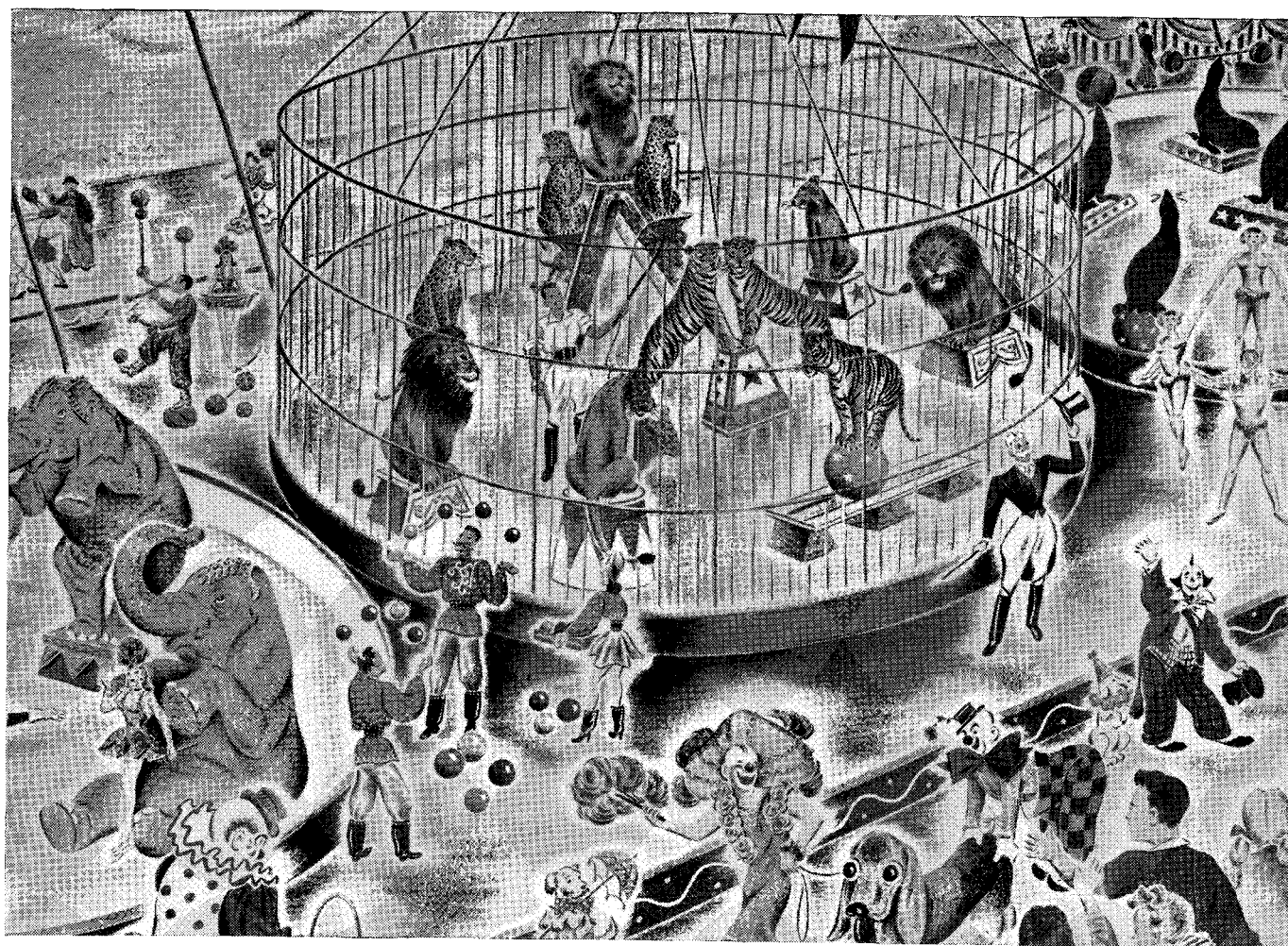
ing their boredom away from London; or Humphrey Ellis tell of his dinner on a Spanish train, or Kenneth Tynan, their best dramatic critic, compare the mores of Broadway with those of the London theater, is to be convulsed.

And this in turn leads to a remark on their reading. English readers follow their proclivity far more widely than we. They are captivated by no list of best sellers (none is printed), and the book clubs corral only a fraction. Travel books (Spain and Africa seem in the ascendancy today), religious books, books on gardening, yachting, mountain climbing, prehistoric Britain, Buddhism, and modern architecture, all have their loyal following. The English are undimmed by any infatuation with television. Difficulties of style do not stand in the way of their enjoying a gifted writer like Ivy Compton-Burnett, who is seldom read on our side. They read.

And so back to the mine, back to my little suite on Half Moon Street where Shelley had once lived, back to more books, correspondence, and manuscripts, back to the climax of the trip and what might be termed "a proper English day." An old friend of mine, Morley Dobson, the poet, had come down from the Lake Country and we held a twenty-year reunion beginning with fish and chips at The Mermaid. We made reservations for *Twelfth Night* at the Old Vic, and then headed down to the riverbank to spend the afternoon at the Tower of London.

This visit to the Tower was something neither would have done without the other, but five minutes after we had surrendered ourselves to the guidance of our Beefeater, I am sure we were both happy we had come. It is a cruel and bloody scroll of the British past which unrolls for you as you cross over the drawbridge and move from tower to tower. But the plaintive records make the gray pile live: the Biblical texts scratched into the stone by prisoners during their long vigil; the rampart where Elizabeth, the girl, took her daily walk never knowing whether Queen Mary would that week order her execution; the tower where Sir Walter Raleigh spent part of the twelve years before he was beheaded, where he courted, married, and had a son; the chopping block, the giant ravens, the ancient gleaming armor, and St. John's Chapel in the White Tower, with its Norman beauty and the brass plate on the wall telling of its blazing past. "No more bloodthirsty than our own time," remarked Morley as at last we re-emerged into the twentieth century.

While Morley and my wife had tea, I changed into a dark suit and was whisked off to the House of Commons to see the Prime Minister. Sir Winston, pink-skinned, clear-eyed, made me welcome with a spot of Scotch and a long cigar, and the brief absorbing visit that followed I shall long remember. But that is another story.



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BOOKS

The Editors Like

Americana

GENERAL JO SHELBY by *Daniel O'Flaherty*. (University of North Carolina Press, \$6.00.) Shelby was the Confederacy's cavalry commander in the west, the general who never surrendered but marched his brigade off to Mexico and further adventures. Brilliant, unorthodox, indomitable, an honest man and a bit of a freebooter, he is one of the most engaging figures of the Civil War, and Mr. O'Flaherty writes his story with proper sparkle.

THE BURR CONSPIRACY by *Thomas Perkins Abernethy*. (Oxford University Press, \$6.00.) Despite the formidable research and fascinating detail in this history, Burr's proceedings remain confused and confusing. No fault of the author — Aaron was a master of evasion; no one else could elucidate the affair completely, and he never did.

THE CASE OF MRS. SURRATT by *Guy W. Moore*. (University of Oklahoma Press, \$3.00.) The trial of Mrs. Surraatt and the evidence on which she was hanged for complicity in Lincoln's murder make interesting reading with decidedly uncomfortable implications.

CONFEDERATE AGENT by *James D. Horan*. (Crown, \$5.00.) The extent of anti-Union activity in the North during the Civil War, as revealed in the life of the Confederate agent Captain Himes (late of Morgan's raiders), is amazing. It's also pleasantly absurd, since all of these fine plots misfired.

Fiction

THE HEART IN THE DESERT by *Gilbert Phelps*. (John Day, \$3.75.) In this acid tour de force, a literary critic unconsciously betrays his jealousy and hatred of the novelist whose biography he is writing, supposedly as a friend.

FANFARE FOR A WITCH by *Vaughan Wilkins*. (Macmillan, \$3.50.) A Moroccan empress, a Pasha of Two Tails, a fine gaggle of English eccentrics, and enough mistaken identities for another *Confidential Clerk* make this Hanoverian charade pure fun to read.

ROMAN WALL by *Bryher*. (Pantheon, \$2.75.) Roman Switzerland on the eve of a barbarian invasion is the scene of another of Bryher's vivid, poetic, unnervingly persuasive studies of falling civilizations.

Of Antiquities

THE HOMERIC GODS by *Walter F. Otto*. (Pantheon, \$5.00.) Some fairly romantic prose is involved in this attempt to convey to modern readers the Greeks' own attitude toward their gods, but the author's theories are highly interesting.

4,000 YEARS UNDER THE SEA by *Philippe Diolé*. (Messner, \$4.50.) The peculiar problems and rewards of diving for Roman wine jars and Hellenic statuary, described in lively fashion by the French scholar and journalist who is a pioneer in marine archaeology.

HANDBOOK OF THE GREEK COLLECTION by *Gisela M. A. Richter*. (Harvard University Press, \$12.50.) Officially, this is the catalogue of the Greek collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but a clear, brisk text combines with the many photographs to form a sound survey of Greek art in general.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



Under Milk Wood (New Directions, \$3.00) — "A Play for Voices" completed by **Dylan Thomas** not long before his death — is a work of comic genius; a rollicking, fantastical celebration of life. Written in a gaily capering, loosely poetic prose, *Under Milk Wood* chronicles the happenings of an ordinary spring day and night in the Welsh village of Llaregub — a "small, decaying watering-place which may, indeed, be called a 'back-water of life' without disrespect to its natives who possess, to this day, a salty individuality of their own." Speaking through forty-one characters and twenty-two anonymous "voices," Thomas conjures up the texture of human life with an amused appreciation of the fleshly facts and appetites. His awareness of man's absurdities is mordant without being corrosive. He pokes fun at human frailty with understanding and with love.

Here are just a few glimpses of Llaregub, a few intimations of the author's magic. First it is "night neddying among the snuggeries of babies"; and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, the cocklers, are "sleeping . . . side by wrinkled side, toothless, salt and brown, like two old kippers in a box." Morning introduces Mr. Mog Edwards, "Samson-syrup-gold maned, whacking thighed and thunderbolt-bass'd," bending over Miss Myfanwy Price with "eyes like blowlamps": "I am a draper mad with love. I love you more than all the flannelette and calico, candlewick, dimity, crash and merino, tussore, cretonne, crépon, muslin, poplin, ticking and twill in the whole Cloth Hall of the World. I have come to take you away to my Emporium on the Hill, where the change hums on the wires." And Miss Myfanwy Price tenderly promises: "I will knit you a wallet of forget-me-not-blue, for the money to be comfy." Later, children crowd to her sweetshop to buy "brandyballs, winegums . . . liquorice sweet as sick, nougat to tug and ribbon out like another red rubbery tongue, gum to glue in girls' curls, crimson coughdrops to spit blood, ice-cream cornets, dandelion-and-burdock, raspberry and cherryade, pop goes the weasel and the wind."

In this small masterpiece, Thomas gives a display of verbal pyrotechnics which suggests a deity disporting himself with the element he rules. Mercury playing with fire or Neptune with water could hardly turn in a more virtuoso performance than

Dylan Thomas making with the Welsh blarney.

Of love and death

In *The Black Swan* (Knopf, \$2.75), Thomas Mann returns to the compact dimensions and to the subject matter of *Death in Venice* (transposed into heterosexual terms) — the infatuation of an aging person for a young one. The current novella (translated by Willard Trask) — though it is not nearly as memorable a piece of storytelling as the masterpiece of 1913 — is a provocative addition to Mann's writings. At once strangely tender and unpleasantly, unsparingly clinical, *The Black Swan* explores the mysterious realm where the spirit and the body meet. It represents the most concisely articulated statement — and the most explicit resolution — of a theme that has haunted Mann's work: namely, that the seeds from which great love or great creativity flowers are seeds of disease and destruction.

The setting is Düsseldorf in the twenties. Rosalie von Tümmeler, a pleasant-looking widow of fifty, is profoundly troubled at having reached the change of life. A romantic worshiper of Nature, she feels that, in Nature's eyes, she is about to become superannuated. Her highly intellectual daughter tries to comfort her with the assurance that her psyche will soon adjust itself to the changed condition of her body. But Rosalie is in no mood for adjustment, for she has just fallen passionately in love with a very handsome young American expatriate. And now she experiences a seemingly miraculous rejuvenation.

But the miracle is a terrible deception: what has seemed to Rosalie the reward of her youthful ardor turns out to be the symptom of a fatal disease. The diagnosis pronounced by the surgeon, as he is operating on Rosalie, implies that her *grande passion* itself derived its impetus from organic processes caused by the proliferation of malignant cells.

A good deal of the story is unfolded in lengthy passages of stilted dialogue between Rosalie and her daughter; but the very stiltedness of the characters heightens the tone of compassionate irony in which the novel is keyed. Rosalie's last words suggest a mellowing of Mann's outlook, a reconciliation of sorts with the workings of Nature. Nature, says Rosalie, has not been cruel to her but merciful:

death — by assuming the guise of a resurrection which brought with it the joys of love — has actually been "a great instrument of life."

Erich Maria Remarque's new novel, *A Time to Love and a Time to Die* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95; translated by Denver Lindley), is an enormously expert reworking of materials in which the author has proved himself a specialist — the horrors of twentieth-century war and persecution, and the romanticism of love on borrowed time against a background of crisis.

The first panel is a picture of the hard-pressed German lines in Russia, the April after Stalingrad. In the second panel, the hero, Private Ernst Graeber, returns to his home town on three weeks' leave to find that his parents have been bombed out. While struggling to trace them, he meets the daughter of his family doctor, who is now in a concentration camp, and they fall deeply in love. In the third panel, Graeber is back on the eastern front, and the advancing Russians overrun the remnants of his regiment. Mr. Remarque's novel is a gripping story, full of vivid incident, and at

times genuinely moving. But all in all, it has a slightly glib, faintly manufactured flavor.

Reflection in mirrors

With his four previous books, Louis Auchincloss has won a solid reputation as a polished and eminently civilized writer with a cool, discerning eye and a quietly satiric sense of humor. *The Romantic Egoists* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00), in addition to these qualities, has a somewhat higher voltage than Mr. Auchincloss has hitherto succeeded in generating. The writing is more pointed; some of the characterizations are stronger; the storytelling has more pull and it achieves a sharper impact.

The Romantic Egoists — subtitled "A Reflection in Eight Mirrors" — brings together eight stories with a common narrator, Peter Westcott, and a common theme. Most of these stories are about individuals who insist on going their own way with unbending tenacity — a cousin who fearlessly befriended the narrator when he was a "new kid" at a smart prep school in New England, and who pursued the logic of nonconformity to a desperate conclusion; a wartime naval

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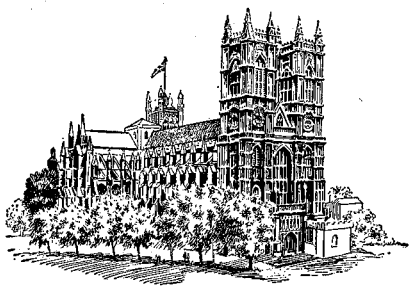
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Spontaneous American gesture

Because of this, a committee of Americans—belonging to the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths—have started The American Fund for Westminster Abbey. The Hon. Winthrop W. Aldrich is honorary chairman, with Morris L. Ernst, William V. Griffin and Langdon P. Marvin as co-chairmen. The goal is \$280,000.

This appeal is addressed to those many friends of Britain in this country who feel that the Abbey is part of their own heritage—and would like to have a hand in making it secure.

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ensign who vociferously proclaimed his determination to avoid sea duty; an uneducated seaman who had become skipper of an LST in the Pacific and who could not forgive his officers for being college men.

"The Great World and Timothy Colt" is an item for the anthologists—a powerful story of a brilliant young lawyer who, after being forced to compromise with his savage pride, fiercely turns his back on his democratic principles and human feelings, and transforms himself into a relentlessly ambitious careerist.

The narrator, who is neither a rebel nor a conformist, admires the misdirected courage of such people but perceives in it a core of stultifying egotism. He recognizes, too—carried to the extreme—impulses in himself which he could not bear to live with. These stories felicitously combine exact and telling observation with acute psychological insight. *The Romantic Egoists* is among the half-dozen works of fiction I have most enjoyed this year.

Christopher Isherwood's new novel, *The World in the Evening* (Random House, \$3.50), seems to me a very disappointing performance for the author of *Good-bye to Berlin*. It further substantiates the thesis that salubrious California, where Mr. Isherwood has been living, is apt to be more debilitating to the serious writer than journalism, Don Juanism, or the demon rum.

Mr. Isherwood's story is a rather mushy chronicle of a man's awakening to the truth that, at thirty-six, he is an arrested adolescent. The best that can be said for the book is that it has a brilliant opening chapter—a description of a Hollywood party and a marital breakup. After this episode, the hero, a wealthy Anglo-American *rentier*, takes refuge in the Pennsylvania home of the Quaker lady who was his guardian when he was young. Here—confined to bed for ten weeks by a subconsciously willed accident—he rereads the letters of his first wife, now dead, a famous English novelist. These letters lead him into a searching re-examination of his life; and he emerges from it with a new insight into his weaknesses and betrayals, with a more mature and invigorating sense of responsibility.

The novel, to be sure, has passages in which one glimpses the hand of an artist. But by and large Mr. Isher-

wood has sagged to a level not greatly above that of the more earnest-minded best sellers serialized in the women's mass magazines. The movie makers should find here a perfectly dreamy scenario for one of those hollow and pretentious dramas of psychological regeneration with which Hollywood self-righteously pays its due to Freud and Mammon.

Explorers

Although the social critics allege that this machine age is stifling the spirit of adventure, accounts of high adventure have occupied a conspicuous place in the nonfiction published since the war—*Kon-Tiki*, *Annapurna*, *The Conquest of Everest*, *Seven Years in Tibet*; and now **Alain Gheerbrant's *Journey to the Far Amazon*** (Simon & Schuster, \$5.00). This extraordinary book (illustrated with thirty-four remarkable photographs) tells how three young Frenchmen and a Colombian struggled through a vast area of jungle never before traversed by white men—the Sierra Parima between Venezuela and Brazil, an inferno whose hazards include bloodsucking bats, man-eating fish, and primitive tribes with a weakness for massacring intruders.

In a remote recess of the Colombian jungle—a region through which the legendary "golden road" of the Incas is supposed to have passed—Gheerbrant's party discovered a rock face 100 yards long and 90 feet high whose entire surface was covered with amazing drawings, hundreds, or possibly thousands, of years old. Among the Piaroas, the explorers participated in a horrifying initiation rite preceded by a weird drinking orgy. Undeterred by the fearsome reputation of the Guaharibos, they made contact with this almost unknown tribe and found themselves among dwarfish barbarians with no implements of stone or iron, no agriculture, no huts or canoes—subhuman creatures subsisting off berries, insects, and even earth. Of the various phonograph records which the four men took with them for diplomatic purposes, they found that a Mozart symphony outdid all others in charms which soothe the savage breast.

I doubt that any of the numerous books about the South American back-of-beyond has told a more fascinating story. But what, above all, makes Gheerbrant's chronicle a classic of Amazonian exploration is that the author is not only an intrepid spirit;

a knowledgeable student of ethnology and anthropology; a modest, humane, and perceptive personality — he is also a poet whose writing does justice to his great adventure.

The late Alfred North Whitehead was one of this century's greatest adventurers in the world of the mind. The essence of his teaching, he often said, was that "the vitality of man's mind is in adventure"; and his conversations — recorded for fifteen years by **Lucien Price** and published in *Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.00) — make a stimulating, far-ranging chronicle of intellectual exploration. The demolition of Newtonian physics by Einstein left Whitehead with a profound skepticism toward all claims to final certainty; a profound abhorrence of dogmatism. "There are no whole truths," Whitehead maintained. "All truths are half-truths. It is trying to treat them as whole truths that plays the devil."

Mr. Price's book conveys to the reader a portrait of a likable old gentleman who looked like "an angel whose halo had slipped," and who was a large-hearted genius with an indefatigably probing mind. There is a quietly sustained note of wit in Whitehead's talk, an abundance of provocative generalizations and aphoristic sayings. Sayings such as: "It would be impossible to imagine anything more un-Christlike than Christian theology." Or: "[A man] may be a man of conscience but his conscience may be a damned *bad* conscience."

Potpourri

Really choice humorous novels are so very rare that it is a singular pleasure to discover two in rapid succession. One is *The Tunnel of Love* (Little, Brown, \$3.50) by **Peter De Vries**; the other *Under the Net* (Viking, \$3.50) by **Iris Murdoch**.

Set in the "psychosomatic belt" of Connecticut, Mr. De Vries's story is a comedy of "Eastern Commuting Culture" with a Sophoclean wind-up climaxed by a happy twist. The plot has to do with the efforts of the Pooles to adopt a baby and with the impudent misconduct of Augie Poole — a gentleman who has a flair for the fancier turns of life and no sense of the rudiments such as earning a dollar.

The Tunnel of Love is an unqualified delight; and a shrewd sense of life's

realities glints through the overtones of farce.

Under the Net is a picaresque tale of the adventures of a London literary hack, an engaging parasite whose code is in part peculiarly off-center and in part gentlemanly to the point of being quixotic. The raffish characters and the agitated plot abounding in burlesque are delightfully original; and the style, too, has an accent all its own.

The autobiography of **Clement R. Attlee** brings us an insider's history of English politics since the First World War from the perspective of the Labor Party. *As It Happened* (Viking, \$5.00) is a perfect reflection of its author's public personality. Completely colorless and unimaginative, completely without style, the book manages to make a favorable impression on the sympathetic reader probably for much the same reasons as those which have endeared Clem Attlee to the British voters. Through a thick curtain of modesty, one glimpses a thoroughly decent man; a down-to-earth idealist; a statesman whose sometimes outspoken verdicts on men and events show that there are an astute mind and a resolute will behind the good gray façade.

The Struggle for Indochina (Stanford University Press, \$5.00) by **Ellen J. Hammer** is a comprehensive, well-written research job which could not be timelier. As political appraisal, however, it is weakened by the fact that the author — while alert to the menace of Communism — betrays the unbendingly anti-French, anti-colonialism bias of the old-fashioned doctrinaire liberal.

Readers of this magazine who enjoyed the extracts from **Charles A. Fenton's** *The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$5.00) will, I think, find the entire story absorbing and enlightening. It is refreshing to recapture the image of Hemingway before he became a character out of Hemingway.

Correction: The price of *The Reason Why* (McGraw-Hill) by Cecil Woodham-Smith is \$4.00 instead of \$5.00 as reported last month.

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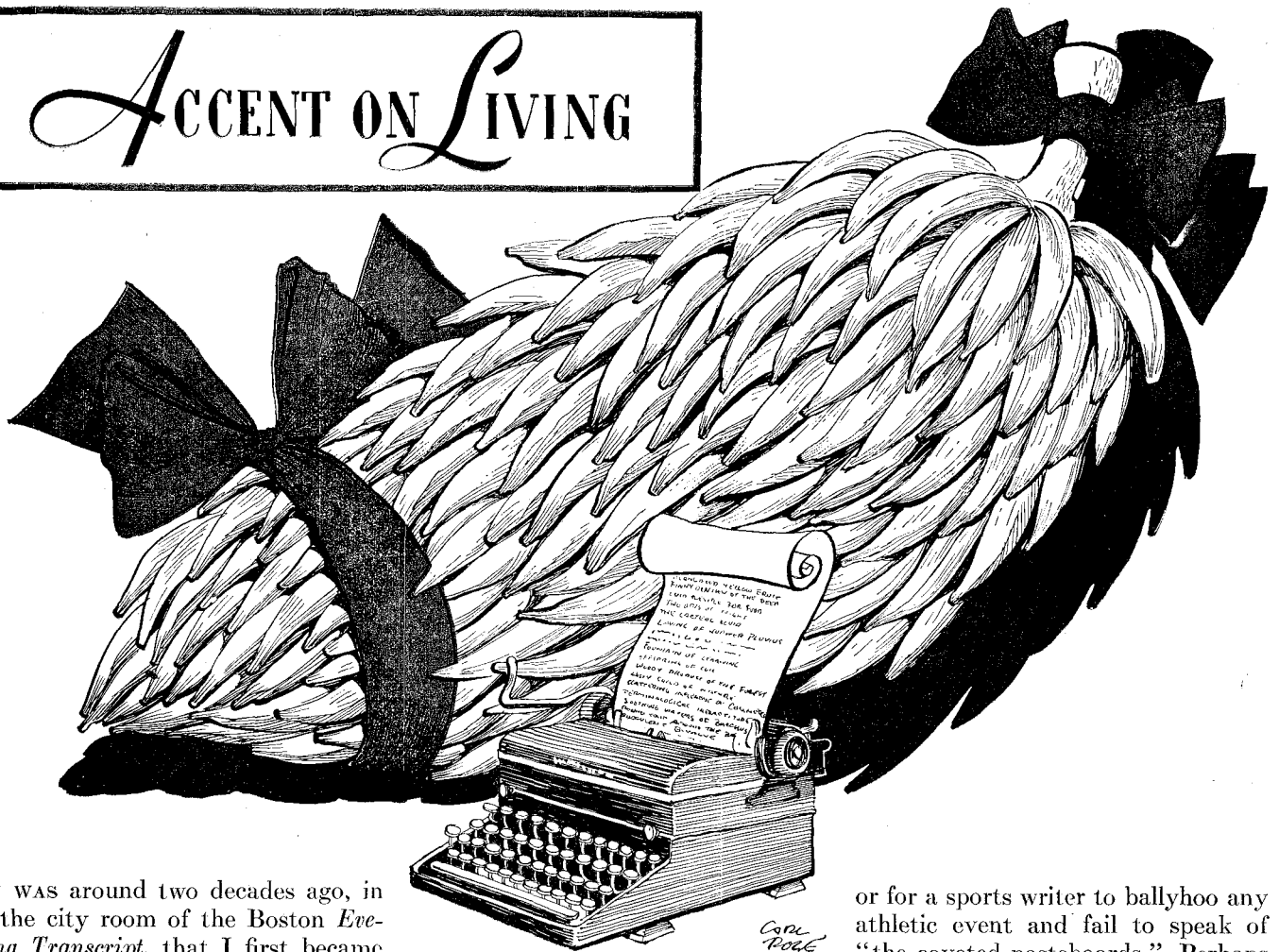
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ACCENT ON LIVING



IT WAS around two decades ago, in the city room of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, that I first became aware of the elongated-yellow-fruit school of writing. The phrase turned up in a story, a determinedly funny story, about some fugitive monkeys and the efforts of police to recapture them by using bananas as bait. The young rewrite man on the story was bowling along in high spirits, full of references to “the gendarmes” and the “blue-coated minions of the law,” and it was inevitable that in such a context the word banana would seem woefully dull. So it was that bananas became, after first mention, “the elongated yellow fruit”—a term which the *Transcript* staff always used thereafter in dealings with the office fruit peddler, especially when the young rewrite man was within earshot.

I have pamphleteered from time to time on the elongated-yellow-fruit school of writing, and friends and strangers alike have sent me many examples of it. As a category, its limits are imprecise; I estimate that it lies somewhere between the cliché and the “fine writing” so dreaded by teachers of English Composition. It is not hackneyed, for some examples of it are certainly one-of-a-kind and

could result from only the most inspired meditation, but neither is it always overblown. It does bespeak an author who wishes to seem witty, knowledgeable, and versatile—this last quality, no doubt, being the goal decreed by the other sort of composition teacher, who objects to “repetition” and demands synonyms for anything mentioned more than once. It can also bespeak an author who is merely pompous.

News and sports stories are the main vehicles for the elongated-yellow-fruit writers, yet examples are found in a variety of places. “Here lurks our *Cyranos of the deep*,” asserts the copy writer in an advertisement of Campbell, Wyant and Cannon Foundry Company, unable to bring himself to repeat the word swordfish. In listing “New Words and Words in the News,” the Funk and Wagnalls Company informs us that a mess sergeant in the U.S. Air Force is now called a “food service technician.” It would be impossible for some writers to mention oysters without a further reference to “the succulent bivalves”

or for a sports writer to ballyhoo any athletic event and fail to speak of “the coveted pasteboards.” Perhaps these are clichés, but surely one has need of the e.y.f. category when Standard Oil Company describes a sheet of glass in the wall of an engine-testing room as “an aperture for visual observation.”

The true elongator abhors a word like milk, usually preferring to call it “the lacteal fluid”; it has reached me also as “the white gold” and “the vitamin-laden liquid,” and the cow as “the bovine milk factory.” Bluebeard, on the second reference in a New York *Herald Tribune* book review, was elongated into “the azure-whiskered wifeslayer.” Here is how the Boston *Globe* described Harvard’s reaction to a lucky break in a game with Dartmouth: “The Johns were not guilty of inspecting the bicuspid of gift-nags.” A few more examples recently received:—

Easter-egg hunt . . . “hen-fruit safari”
(Los Angeles *Mirror*)

Billiard balls . . . “the numbered ¹ spheroids” (University of California Clip-sheet)

Money . . . “that green folding stuff that hubby brings home every week”
(Dr. George Gallup)

¹ Pool, not billiard, balls are numbered.

Chocolate . . . "the beverage derived from the nuts of the cacao-tree" (London *Sketch*)
 Cats . . . "loving little fur bundles" (New York *World Telegram*)
 Peanuts . . . "the succulent goober" (Associated Press)
 Trucks . . . "the rubber-tired mastodons of the highway" (United Press)
 Deer . . . "the antlered ruminants" (Everett, Wash., *Daily Herald*)
 Tennis balls . . . "the furry spheres" (Boston *Globe*)
 Skis . . . "the beatified barrel staves" (Travel)
 Rabbit . . . "the fluffy fence-hopper" (Boston *American*)
 Ice (for skaters) . . . "the extremely frozen medium of their gyroscopic maneuvers" (Los Angeles *Herald and Express*)
 Football officials . . . "the Nuremberg Jury equipped with stripes and whistles" (Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*)

Invecting against the elongated-yellow-fruit writers is much like denouncing sin: the results, if any, are hard to measure, and there is always a willing newcomer to occupy a vacancy.

Every so often a copy desk will send me in galley proof an elongation which it has intercepted on the way to publication, and there are times when I have felt the faint stirrings of a crusade on the subject. But now comes a book called *The Phrase Finder* which lists thousands of what sound like elongated-yellow-fruit examples, not, according to its publishers, with a view to suppressing them but to recommending them to all who write. "For those who want to achieve a truly striking style in humor," so the publishers say of the third section of their new book, "The

Sophisticated Synonym Finder is a sparkling thesaurus of witty phrases. . . . To establish your wit and reputation in all categories of company, you need only thumb through this section to discover, to your amazement, that *love-letters* have become 'petting by mail'. . . . *Longevity* becomes 'a matter of outwitting the grave,' while *Gratitude* is realistically described as 'a lively sense of favors to come.'"

My own reaction to "The Sophisticated Synonym Finder" is the same as that of John May, Jr., commenting on a proposed rate increase and quoted verbatim in the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*. The increase, said he, would be "the bit of dried grass that will rupture the dorsal vertebrae of the ship of the desert."

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE BASEBALL EXPERTS

by ARTHUR S. HARRIS, JR.

From his home in East Longmeadow, Massachusetts, ARTHUR S. HARRIS, JR., sends us an argument which most of the broadcasting audience will agree has long needed utterance.

THE baseball announcers are once again in full cry with what used to be called "play by play" broadcasts. But in recent years they have sounded more like summaries of a cost accountants' convention. They might even be called "statistic by statistic" broadcasts.

From a baseball game nowadays, one hears something like this:—

"Well, fans, that brings up switch-hitting outfielder Tommy Gorman with an average of .279 going into the seventh inning. Batting left, Tommy's average is .276, but swinging from the right side of that plate, Tommy's hitting at .282. He's picked up a .263 average on the road and bats .295 here at home. Tommy's appeared in 76 games and played a total of 609 innings, 293 on the road and 316 here at home. Counting his third-inning strikeout in today's game, fans, he's fanned 46 times, 29 times facing right-handers on the mound, 17 times facing southpaws. Batting left he's fanned 28 times and from the right side of that plate 18 times. He's used the rosin bag just 168 times, and as for hitching up his belt, our

man with the figuring pencil reports that on the road . . ."

I don't know when these figure-crammed broadcasts started—some years before baseball came into the living room on television, and a few years after the single baseball announcer was replaced by a fully equipped broadcasting team. Now that major league announcing has become a genuine big business, we no

	THIS DAY 1952	THIS DAY 1953	THIS DAY LAST MONTH	THIS DAY LAST WEEK	THIS DAY YESTERDAY	TODAY	LIFE TIME TOTAL
TIMES STRUCK OUT	1	0	2	0	1	751	
TIMES WALKED	0	1	0	0	1	115	
TIMES FOULED	4	5	7	9	11	1119	
TIMES STRUCK FIRST PITCH	1	2	1	1	0	135	
TIMES FLIED OUT	0	1	2	0	1	71	
TIMES SPIT ON BAT	7	12	6				

longer have a frankly partisan announcer carrying on alone all afternoon from a tiny perch over third base. (In those days baseball was played in the afternoon.) Today we have a regular crew.

Often three or four announcers spell each other during a nine-inning game, each freshly approaching the microphone apparently determined to

outtalk the others. Sandwiched in between beer and cigarette commercials is a fast-talking description of a baseball game which somehow always seems to be exciting to these mike men, even if the home team is fourteen runs behind. The rule seems to be: Keep talking, sound excited, don't let up. Even if the league's slowest pitcher is at work on the mound, rubbing up the ball between pitches and wiping his steaming eyeglasses, the announcers chatter away like the women who play afternoon bridge with my mother.

If they were describing action on the diamond, this chatter might be defensible. But from listening to these sportcasters and from occasionally watching them behind their shatterproof glass compartment over third base, I know that their eyes are not so much on the field below as on their score cards and record books. They are all experts at scoring a game, and when things get a little slow in the sixth inning, they are likely to re-create the third inning, pitch by pitch.

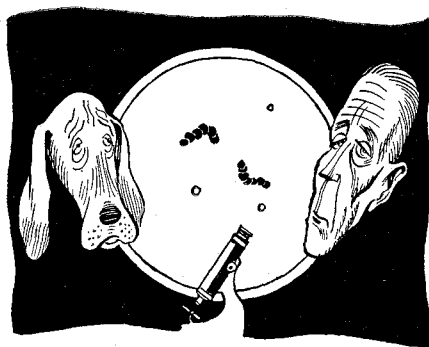
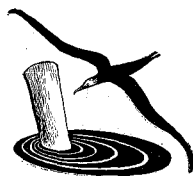
They do not have to rely on their score cards alone. Most major league broadcast crews carry a full-time statistician. These statisticians are not heard on the air—not yet, anyway. But they are unmistakably there, feeding the announcer as many statistics as he can use. These mathe-

maticians are not content with the simpler statistics of batting averages, runs batted in, and games won and lost. They must tell you how many home runs Williams has hit *with* the wind and how many *against*, how many *on the road* and how many *at home*, how many *into the net* and how many *over it*, how many *with a 3-2 count* and how many *without*, how many *this year to date* compared with *six years ago to date*, and of course how many compared with the American League record to date.

It gets so bad that when someone belts one out of the park, we have to listen to several minutes of statistics (his sixth of the year, second at home, first off McDermott, first since June 14, and third against a left-hander), before we find out if anyone happened to score ahead of him. Often as not the next man up will be on first base with a base on balls before the announcer and statistician have taken their noses out of their record books. And by that time the announcer is so busy telling us that this is the Red Sox's sixth base on balls of the game (but twenty-second of the series and the batter's second in the game, fifth in the series) that the poor man has completely forgotten to tell us not only that the homer cleared the Jersey Street screen by four feet, but also that it sent the Red Sox into the lead!

These statisticians are a pretty good lot. I have met Boston's Red Marston and Joe Costanza, who are fine gentlemen, and I've heard enough Brooklyn Dodger games to know that Alan Roth is a wizard with figures. I just wish all these men wouldn't feel obligated to pass on all these minutiae to me — and my wife too. As a matter of fact, she used to like the baseball broadcasts until a few years ago, when she complained they sounded something like stock market reports. Now she won't listen any more. And as for watching an occasional game on television, she puts her foot down. "I can stand their spiels about ale and cigars," she says, "but why do they talk all through the game and describe it when you can see it perfectly well for yourself?"

"Honey," I say, "I just don't know. It beats me."



THE STANDARD ANEMIC DOG

by R. P. LISTER

R. P. LISTER is an English free lance whose light articles and verse are widely known on both sides of the Atlantic.

WHO would have thought (asked Lady Macbeth) the old man to have had so much blood in him?

She would not have asked the same of me, or of Whipple's Standard Anemic Dog. For my own part, I have a certain amount of blood in me, as I can tell when I ram my hand into a thorn or slice a part of it away with a sharp instrument; but the amount is not great, and such blood as I have is not very red blood. It is short of red corpuscles, and it is even short of white, which is a condition only found in cases of acute starvation, pernicious anemia, and a certain rare tropical disease. I have none of these malaises; I eat like a horse, and have never set foot in the tropics. In former days I alternated between being as tough as an old, bloodless boot and as limp as wash leather. I spent a great deal of guineas up and down Harley Street, where interested specialists tapped me and counted my corpuscles. They established that these were few and pale; and at last, when my guineas were about exhausted, one of them went so far as to suggest a means by which this fewness and paleness could be combated. He had no idea why it was necessary, but it worked all right.

Nowadays, when I am toiling out in the field, banging and thwacking away with a huge spade in the cabbage rows, and flinging great ponderous clods of loam over my left shoulder with gay abandon, I often pause — in fact, I pause as often as I toil — and, turning my ruddy, weather-beaten face to the sky, speculate dreamily on what Lady Macbeth would have thought if her husband had been so misguided as to plunge

his weapon into my apparently flourishing carcass instead of into that of the sleeping Duncan. She would have been bitterly disappointed in the result; the bedclothes would hardly need laundering. There would be nothing worth speaking of to smear the recumbent grooms with, and the subsequent hand-washing would be quite pointless. She might just as well have plunged her dagger into Whipple's Standard Anemic Dog.

I should, perhaps, elucidate this matter of Whipple's ingenious dog. It is a dog weighing exactly 10 kilograms; and it has exactly 60 grams of hemoglobin in it. An ordinary dog has 200 grams of hemoglobin in it, as any fool with a hemoglobinometer can tell.

Whipple's is a sad dog; but it is pleasant to think that its condition is only a temporary one. After its time as a Standard Anemic Dog is over, it is allowed to revert to the condition of a normal, 200-grams-of-hemoglobin dog. I, on the other hand, do not so revert. If I reverted at all, it would be by neglecting the directions of the baffled but helpful gentleman in Harley Street; and I should then revert to the condition of a substandard anemic author, which is one I have tried from time to time and do not relish.

It is axiomatic in the journalistic world that "Dog Bites Man" is not news, but that "Man Bites Dog" is. I am not sure to what extent these principles should be modified where Whipple's Standard Anemic Dog is concerned. It is certain, for instance, that "Man Bites Standard Anemic Dog" would be news; but whether "Standard Anemic Dog Bites Man" is, or is not, news would depend, I suppose, on the circumstances of the experiment and the availability of more interesting items for the press at that season when the event occurred.

I, personally, have never tried biting a Standard Anemic Dog; and, up to the time of writing, I have managed to avoid allowing a Standard Anemic Dog to bite me. I have, however, observed one very interesting hematological phenomenon, which I hereby record for the glory of Science. If any student wishes to base his research upon it, only the usual acknowledgment of the source of his inspiration is necessary.

It is a distressful matter to record, but I was once, for a short period, largely bitten by fleas. It was in London, towards the end of the war,

when the flying bombs were at their worst; and as my bedroom was on the top floor, and the noise the creatures made kept me awake, I took to sleeping on the floor in a neighboring basement, along with a dozen or so other denizens of the neighborhood. The porter lived there, and so did the porter's cat; and the porter's cat had fleas.

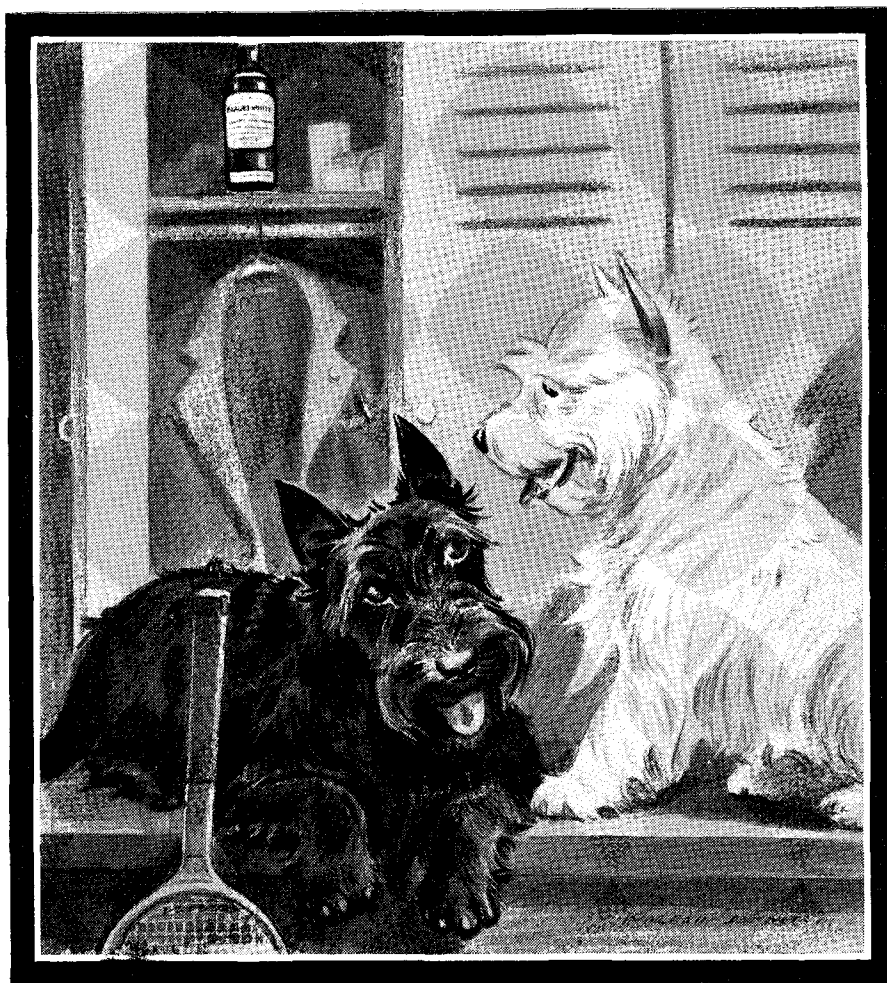
The fleas bit me — "Fleas Bite Substandard Anemic Author" is a suitable headline — and, having bitten me, promptly became substandard anemic fleas. I used to ascend from that basement to my eyrie between six and seven in the morning and promptly have a bath. For all that, on several different occasions, during the day, a substandard anemic flea which had somehow concealed itself about my person and avoided being drowned would hop out of some crevice in my clothing and lie, gasping, at my feet, where it would no doubt shortly have expired if I had not taken the precaution of slaying it first.

The occasion I remember most clearly was one day at my office at the Ministry. The bombs had been bad, sleep had been short, the day was a trying one, and the war seemed to have been going on a very long time. As I sat in an extreme of dejection and soul-weariness, regarding my desk and trying to summon up enough strength to phone someone in Wolverhampton, a substandard anemic flea leaped from me and sat, swaying and panting, on my blotting pad. My clerk and my several colleagues were not watching, and I surreptitiously slew the flea; but I often wondered how I should have felt if I had been at that moment discoursing on grave technical matters (as was sometimes my habit) with some lordly Air Vice-Marshall, all bound about with blue braid.

The episode was the nadir of my own personal war. From then on things got steadily better till V-E Day, which I spent in Wiesbaden getting sozzled on raw white wine.

It is clear, from this scientific evidence, that the biting of substandard anemic authors (or metallurgists, as I then was) is virtually fatal to fleas. It may well follow that the biting of Whipple's Standard Anemic Dog would be fatal to man. I leave it to some ambitious medical student, imbued with scientific ideals and bursting for self-sacrifice, to make the experiment.

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LEARN THE GUITAR!

by JUNE JOHNSON CALDWELL

The author of several short stories, JUNE JOHNSON CALDWELL now makes her home in Tucson, Arizona.

I WANT to play the Spanish guitar. On the surface that may sound like a too simple and everyday desire. But notice, I don't say I want to *learn* to play the Spanish guitar. I just want to play it. I want to be transformed. I want to be transformed from what I am into a guitarist of consummate suavity and skill.

I want to hear a tune and pick it off. "Can I play the what? Just hum the first few bars, please."

I want to sit around campfires and play mournful melodies, and sing French art songs in the living rooms of my friends. I want to have memorized most of the popular songs, a number of the old ones; to have a considerable repertoire of folk ballads, of incidental music to strum while I explain the next number I am going to play and sing, and a few concert pieces. I also want to be able to tune the thing, casually but meticulously, between pieces as I go along, instead of having to take it back to the store where I bought it.

I own a very good secondhand guitar. I own the guitar and Jack Hubbardub's Spanish Guitar Method, Book No. 1.

"After you learn to play the guitar, you can get a teacher," the salesman told me, apparently unaware of any paradox in that statement. "There's plenty in this little book to keep *you* busy for a long time."

When I asked him how long he thought it would take to learn a half dozen songs, he said, "Well, I know a fellow who bought a guitar a year ago, and he makes it a point to practice a half hour every day. After

about a year, he can play pretty well. Not very good, but pretty well."

"Good enough to have a teacher?"

"He might be about ready for that, I don't know."

Well, that's been quite a while ago. I am now on page 19 of Book No. 1 — and, if anything, far from alleviating a suppressed desire, this method of approach aggravates it.

French art songs? Folk ballads? Even incidental music to strum while I explain that my next number is going to be an exercise on the third string in which I put my finger in two different places on it, sounding two different notes which I call out as I do so? No. I might be able to hold the attention of a small group, not of intimate friends but of polite strangers, while I showed them the three positions in which a guitarist can play: standing up, sitting down, and the left foot resting. The seven ways of holding a guitar, four of them wrong. The two ways of holding the pick, one of them wrong.

More than that, under the present arrangement I am bound by a loyalty I do not feel for the compositions of my textbook instructor. The stripe of Mr. Hubbardub is that of all "how to" authors, primarily in music and literature, who take their books as opportunities to publish their own stuff, filling in with other selections carefully ascertained to be in the public domain, out of copyright, free from royalties. So that I, in my repertoire, look forward to the inclusion of "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," and "The Old Oaken Bucket," plus the "Empress," "Lisa," "Moonlight," "Teatime," "Suzette," and "Meditation" waltzes by J. Hubbardub; the "Lancers" and "Guard of Honor" marches, "The Meadow Lark," and "The Young Beginner" — which, as I am in my thirties and it is on page 43, will probably be most inappropriate for me when I arrive there.

If anyone were to ask me for "Home on the Range," even, I would have to substitute "Homesick" by Jack Hubbardub. If someone should request a little flamenco music, I have "El Gitano" by Jack Hubbardub. I might carry it off by going quickly then to "Czardas" by Jack Hubbardub, "The Fountain" by J. Hubbardub, "The National Guard March" by J. Hubbardub, and "Serenade" by Hubbardub. But in there somewhere, I feel something else might be carried off first. Me.



THE MOUTHS OF BABES

by ERNEST BUCKLER

ERNEST BUCKLER lives on a farm at Bridgetown, Nova Scotia. This is his first appearance in the Atlantic.

I PROPOSE to sponsor a law which will provide severe penalties (in extreme cases, the lash) for any person or persons who encourage young children in the act of identifying their facial features. Wouldn't the world be a far better place without scenes like the following?

MUMMY: Danny, could you show Mr. Tidd where your eyes are? (*Danny looks blank.*)

MR. T.: Where are your eyes, Danny?

MUMMY: Come on, Danny . . . you showed me this *morning*. Where are your eyes?

DANNY: Here, kitty, kitty, kitty . . .

MR. T.: I don't believe he *knows* where his eyes are.

MUMMY (*touching Danny's ears*): Are those your eyes? (*Danny strikes her hand away.*)

MR. T.: *He* doesn't know where his eyes are . . . *do you*, Danny?

MUMMY: Danny, if you show Mr. Tidd where your eyes are I might find you a piece of candy, you never can tell. (*Danny tries to break away, but Mummy slaps a half nelson on him.*)

MR. T. (*feeling the grin he's had to sustain these last five minutes begin to twitch uncontrollably, and making a desperate effort to ditch the whole project*): Well, it's certainly been an open winter, hasn't it?

MUMMY (*absently*): Hasn't it, though? (*Stamps foot at Danny in mock anger.*) Danny Sprocklehurst! Where — Are — Your — Eyes?

DANNY: D'ya see those two cavities

in the anterior bone of the head, on either side of the septum? And d'ya see those beady little ovoids in said cavities? Well, those are my eyes. Where are yours?

Danny didn't say that, of course. But don't you wish some day some kid would?

THIS MUFF OF FUR

by MILDRED R. HOWLAND

THE Devil's soul
Is not more black
Than Smudge my cat
Who has more yen
For mice than men.

Narrowed to slits,
His topaz eyes
Fixed on a hole
As there he sits
With fierce control
For hours
And glowers —
Claws curved, intent,
On murder bent.

The glossy brute
Fears not one hoot
My lame pursuit,
And every night
Sneaks out to fight,
Seduce, and prowl;
Long after three,
I hear him yowl
To waken me;
Dizzy with sin,
He staggers in.

Damn his black skin.

No angel's smile
Has half the wile
Of his smug purr
In a feigned nap —
This muff of fur
Curled on my lap.

In my castle
He is the king
And I his vassal.
Bound to appease,
Beseeching paws
With indrawn claws
Pad my old knees;
He knows how weak
I am — the sneak,
Softer than silk
Close by my side,
Milder than milk.

Bless his black hide.



by JOHN M. CONLY

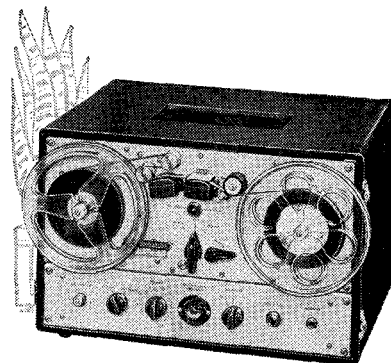
Bartók: Piano Concerto No. 3 with **Prokofieff: Piano Concerto No. 3** (two versions: Julius Katchen, piano; Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London: 12" LP; and Leonard Pennario, piano; Vladimir Golschmann conducting St. Louis Symphony Orchestra; Capitol: 12" LP). The Prokofieff work dates from his early classic-international period; it is vivacious and tuneful. The Bartók was the composer's last work — quiet, contemplative, almost pastoral in spots, very beautiful. Katchen and Ansermet play both a little more eloquently than their rivals, and are far better recorded.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 4 in B Flat Major (Josef Krips conducting Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; London: 12" LP). Giving two record sides (more groove room) to this performance is justified by the dynamic range it permits. Only the Toscanini and Solti (earlier London) versions can match Krips's in performance, and neither comes anywhere near his in recorded sound. Big, broad, and beautiful.

Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1 in D Minor (Wilhelm Backhaus, piano; Karl Böhm conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London: 12" LP). What seems at first slow-measured becomes wonderfully right in a few minutes. Great intelligence and feeling; superb pianism; faultlessly balanced and integrated sound. Memorable.

Benevoli, Orazio: Festival Mass for 53 Voices (Joseph Messner conducting soloists, Salzburger Domchor, and Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Epic: 12" LP). Here "voices" means parts. There are many more than 53 voices, plus much brass and organ, in this rare 1628 example of the "giant baroque" style of composing. It has moments of great drama and ecstatic songfulness. Unfortunately, the recording seems to represent an actual performance; there are slips in the singing and a lot of echo. Nevertheless, it's exciting.

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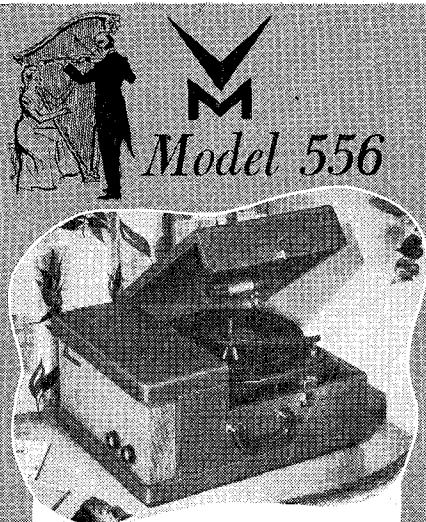
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Kodály: Sonata for Cello Unaccompanied with Prokofieff: Sonata for Cello and Piano, Op. 119 (Edmund Kurtz, cello; Artur Balsam, piano; Columbia: 12" LP). The Kodály is the attraction here, a sort of Hungarian symphonic tone-poem written for one instrument, astonishing in its atmospheric effect. Janos Starker's recording of it for Period was a 1950 hi-fi marvel; this is a newer one, with the uncomplicated Prokofieff thrown in as a bonus.

Mendelssohn: Songs Without Words, Vol. 2 and Vol. 3 (Ginette Doyen, piano; Westminster: two separate 12" LPs). Nothing need be said about the sweet, delightful "songs," except in everlasting surprise at their everlasting variety. The demure gaiety and high competence of Miss Doyen seem exactly right for them, and Westminster has furnished rich, untroubled sound.

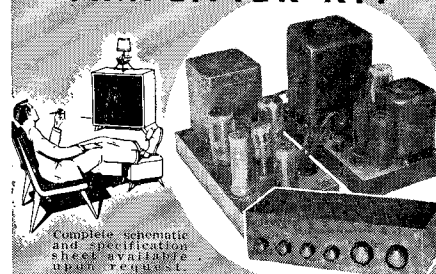
Mozart: Adagio and Rondo for Glass Harmonica, Flute, Oboe, Viola and Cello; Andante for Flute and Orchestra; Concerto for Flute and Harp, K. 299 (Carl Swoboda, celesta; Camillo Wanaussek, flute; Hubert Jellinek, harp; other soloists and Vienna Pro Musica Chamber Orchestra; Vox: 12" LP). The celesta substituting for the almost extinct glass harmonica may be an improvement. At any rate, the effect is pure enchantment. The other goodies in this tasteful grab bag are equally magical, equally unphilosophical. It must be an illusion; nothing can *really* be as pretty as this — or can it?

Mozart: Serenade No. 10, for 13 Wind Instruments (Wind Ensemble of the RIAS Orchestra, Berlin; Telefunken: 12" LP). The choice seems to be between the brainy, disciplined Steinberg performance for Capitol, and this spontaneous version, a little rough here and there both in playing and recording, but very, very nice.

Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G Minor with Schubert: Symphony No. 8, "Unfinished" (Felix Prohaska conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard: 12" LP). Almost weirdly, these two exquisite performances, in splendid reproduction, are matched only in another record offering the same combination. It is that by Leinsdorf on Columbia-Entré, astonishingly similar in concept, abetted by a bigger, better-trained orchestra — and by a price advantage of nearly \$3.00. You had better hear both records before buying.

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Tchaikovsky: *Capriccio Italien*; Andante Cantabile from Op. 11 with Rimsky-Korsakoff: *Capriccio Espagnol*; *Flight of the Bumblebee*; *Dance of the Tumblers* (Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). Another pops-style hi-fi bouquet from the incomparable Phillies — and what more, in July, do you want?

Tchaikovsky: *The Nutcracker* (Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; Mercury: two 12" LPs in album with illustrated bind-in booklet). One of the handsomest packages ever seen contains the first complete *Nutcracker*. And the Olympian fidelity pulls the instrumentalists right into your living room, like a telescope; it's absolutely astounding. Sole criticism: they took the project a little too seriously; this music should have fun in it. Just the same, the portions of the ballet usually omitted turn out to be well worth retrieving, and the gunshot on Side 2 by itself should suffice to sell the set.

Vivaldi: *La Stravaganza* — 12 Concerti for Violin, String Orchestra and Continuo (Rheinhold Barchet, violin; Helma Elsner, harpsichord; Rolf Reinhardt conducting Stuttgart Pro Musica String Orchestra; Vox: three 12" LPs boxed in album with historical brochure). Three great musicians lived at one time — Bach, Handel, and Vivaldi — and the liveliest of these was the redheaded Venetian priest. His enjoyment of life comes through to us in the swift, warm colors of his music. Any impression of "sameness" in these dozen concerti is an illusion soon dispelled by better acquaintance; indeed, no one of them sounds quite the same twice. The performances are felicitous and the recording faithful to the cordial purposes of the music. Here is something very much worth owning.

***The Magic Word* — Poems That Tell Stories** (Agnes Moorehead, Fredric March, Alexander Scourby, readers; Decca: 10" LP). Not all the poems "tell stories," but all are highly effective. Miss Moorehead reads Rosemary Benét's "Nancy Hanks," Mr. March reads "Paul Revere's Ride." All the rest — Noyes's "The Highwayman," Masfield's "Sea Fever," Kipling's "If" and "Gunga Din," and James Weldon Johnson's "The Creation" — are read by an actor named Alexander Scourby, who is obviously richly gifted at this sort of thing. Nothing in the collection is exotic, and nothing sounds trite.

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THE MEET AT CABINTEELY

by EDWIN O'CONNOR

EDWIN O'CONNOR is a critic and novelist whose light prose has frequently appeared in these pages. He returned recently from a leisurely stay in Dublin which produced this account of a country race meeting.

WE LEFT Dublin on a shining, cloudless afternoon, bound for Cabinteely. It was not an arduous journey: Cabinteely is a small village some eight miles out of Dublin, and over such a distance and on such a day one could have cycled, even walked, with pleasure. We, however, drove: we drove swiftly and at what seemed to me to be some peril. My host, a Dublin attorney, maneuvered his small car in a strange pattern of abrupt diagonals, as if he were a yachtsman trying to catch a favoring breeze. As he drove he talked, and he talked mostly about the Point-to-Point.

"The origin of all horse racing," he declared. "Sport for the sake of sport."

It was something new to me, this Point-to-Point; two nights before I had explained that it was not a form of racing widely known in America, and now, as then, my host in turn explained just what it was that we had been neglecting. It was racing in its purest form, he said: no stands, no stables, no railings, no paddocks; only the horses and their jockeys.

"And of course, the bookmakers," he added thoughtfully. "They'll be there. Naturally. But you'll see for yourself. Here's where we turn."

We turned sharply off the highway into a dirt lane scarcely wider than the car, and lined on both sides by stone walls and tall wild shrubs. Three men with signs and arm bands, who had

been posted across the lane some twenty feet ahead, began to walk towards us.

"Ah," said my host. "Now this is interesting. You see, there's really no admission charged to a Point-to-Point like this. That is, to the races as such. But in order to see the races you have to get to them, and it so happens that the only way to get to them is up this road. Hence these men: they're here to collect a toll fee for the use of the road. Theoretically, that money will then be turned over to the club holding the meet. I emphasize the 'theoretically.'"

One of the men approached the car and said genially, "It's a grand day, sir. Are you for the Point-to-Point?"

"We are," said my host, and put his hand in his pocket.

The man rubbed his chin. "Well now," he said, "it's a terrible distance from here to the horses. If you might give us a lift, it would cost you nothing to pass, do y' see?"

My host saw. He took his hand out of his pocket, flung open the door, the three men threw signs and arm bands into the shrubbery, jumped into the car, and we roared off up the impossible alley. We climbed at great speed; the branches on both sides slashed the car wickedly. I said uneasily, "What happens if we meet a car coming the other way?"

My host looked puzzled. "Well, we're hardly likely to do that, are we?" he asked reasonably. "I mean, the point is that people are going *to* the races, not coming *from* them. Right?"

The guest who is also a foreigner does not argue against such logic; I said, "Right." One of the men in back then observed that this was a terrible road for the smashes. His companions agreed; one of them supplied the details of a particularly revolting smash that he himself had witnessed here, just a year ago. My

host drove on, whistling pleasantly.

Suddenly we came upon a man standing in the middle of the road; he too wore an arm band and carried a sign. He waved to us to stop.

"What's this, what's this?" said my host, scenting betrayal, and turning accusingly to the back seat.

"Ah, it's only Dan, sir," said the leader soothingly. "It'll be fine once he sees who we are. All right, Dan!" he bawled, leaning out the window.

Dan's response was prompt: he scowled forbiddingly and the signaling to stop became more agitated. The man in back immediately sized up the situation for what it was: Dan was treacherously proving a slave to responsibility.

"Go right around him, sir," he said urgently. "Very quick now!"

We went around Dan; the car seemed to tilt alarmingly, and Dan jumped back, shouting loudly. I looked through the rear window, and through the dust I could see him running down the road after us, his arms waving in a semaphore of outrage. My host said that it was curious. The man in back said softly that Dan was a queer sort of a man, and the others, consenting to this, began to recall queer things done by Dan in the past.

Abruptly the road ceased; we had come to the edge of wide, rolling, deep-green fields. Dead ahead they sloped upwards into a low mountain, the green turning to tawny near the summit; on the right a level stretch had been converted into a parking lot: it was crammed with Austins, Renaults, Hillmans, Volkswagens. And out beyond the cars were the people: a crowd of several hundred, noisy and quite decentralized. Although the main body had located itself on the side of a hill overlooking most of the course, numerous small parties had detached themselves from this parent group and were camped in independent clumps over the fields where, conceivably, along with the hedges, drop banks, and fences, they were counted as legitimate obstacles.

The men in the rear seat leaped from the car and hurried towards the crowd, shouting back their thanks on the way. As we followed, my host explained the course.

"They must go around those markers, you see," he said, pointing to a series of widely separated flags which had been stuck in the ground. "It's a bit like sailing in that respect. There's no fixed track at all: just over the fields, over the jumps, take in all

the markers, and no short cuts allowed. The whole thing comes to something more than three miles. Hello, look at the bookmakers!"

The bookmakers were worth looking at. Upon this small, country meeting, they had descended in full strength; they stretched in a long line across the grass halfway up the hill, and at right angles to this line was another of equal length. I counted sixty of them: each stood on a small platform, a blackboard before him, on which were the entries for the next race and the tentative odds. Now, as we came nearer, the bookmakers began to chant their hoarse siren calls, the odds began to shift, and the crowd, making ready for the coming race, began to move towards the betting lines.

We moved with it. The crowd was not at all fashionable; it was not at all that kind of race meeting. It was, instead, a spirited, highly good-humored gathering of country people and farmers, out for a day's sport. Mixed in with these were a few Dubliners and an occasional horse. Women selling flowers, oranges, apples, ice cream, and candy were present in great numbers; on top of the hill a pair of refreshment tents had been pitched. A larger tent next to these served as a temporary headquarters for the horses and their jockeys. All around were simple games of chance, the most popular of which seemed to be a kind of primitive roulette.

It was the atmosphere of the fair, and the family fair at that: games had also been provided for the children.



One of these consisted of a large wooden backdrop, to which had been attached a half-dozen balloons. A soccer ball was placed on the ground some fifteen feet away; the object was to kick the ball with sufficient force and accuracy to break a balloon. We watched the game for some time; no prizes were awarded.

"A most successful game," said my

host approvingly. "It keeps the children from plaguing the bookmakers. I don't imagine anyone ever wins much of anything at it."

Post time drew nearer. We had arrived late; it was the third race now coming up. We placed our bets on a horse of my host's choice, then went down to the hedge which served as the first jump, about two hundred yards from the starting line. Due to an epidemic of last-minute withdrawals, there were now but two horses in the race: ours, and a horse ridden by one McGahan, a jockey who had won the previous race.

"A good man," said my host, "but a spiritless animal. No chance at all."

The horses were off. They took the first jump and then, to my horror, swerved to one side and bore down hard on a group of children who, with an elderly woman, stood directly in their path. At what seemed the last possible moment, the elderly woman sprinted nimbly to one side, followed by the children, and the horses rushed past, leaving them unharmed. The near-miss left me slightly shaken; my host was affected somewhat differently. He chuckled admiringly.

"Very nimble," he said. "These people all know what they're about, even the youngest. I expect they do it simply for amusement. Come along, let's go up the hill and see how we're coming on."

As it turned out, we came on badly; McGahan, spiritless animal and all, romped home an easy winner. My host was philosophic. "Had it won, it would have paid nothing," he said.

A small, mournful-faced man came up to us at the finish line. "Ah, Sean," he said to my host.

"Terry," my host said. Introductions were made; the small man said, "Did you have it in the last?"

"No, no," said my host. "The wrong one altogether, I'm sorry to say. And yourself?"

The small man shrugged. "Not a winner for weeks," he said, "and on them every blessed day."

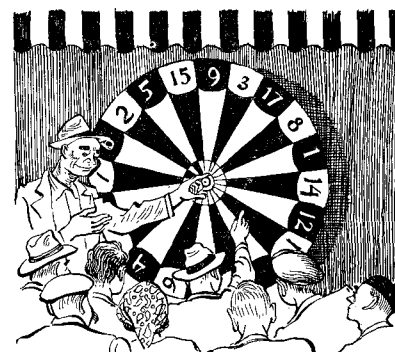
"Ah well," said my host, "as long as you can afford it."

"But I can't!" said the small man vehemently. "God knows I can't. The pity of it is I'm on the tiger's back. Do you understand me?" he said suddenly to me.

I said, "I'm not quite sure . . ."

"On the back of the tiger," he said. "A terrible place to be. You can't get off because the tiger's *there*, you see. You don't quite dare. That's the

way with myself and the races. I'm on the tiger's back and I can't get down. That's the pity of it." He shrugged. "Ah well," he said, "all the best." He shook hands and went



off; my host watched him thoughtfully.

"A most promising poet, really," he said, "and the man who blew up the post office in Coventry some years ago. Come along, let's stroll around."

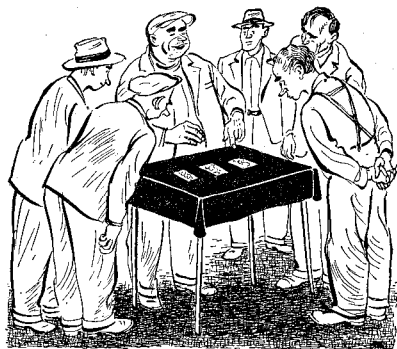
We strolled around. It was an afternoon of undisturbed beauty, rare in Ireland. The usual afternoon shower was nowhere in sight, and as we walked over the rich, rain-watered land, the warm air had a soft, grassy smell, faintly touched with smoke. Merely to breathe felt good. We walked up the hill to the large stable tent; inside, the horses, owners, and jockeys were preparing for the next race. No one seemed in any hurry. We walked by the refreshment tent for youngsters; it was crowded. We walked by the refreshment tent for adults; it was more so. Down the hill the children seemed to have abandoned the balloon-and-soccer game as a bad job, and were now occupied with simpler pleasures of their own devising; running merely for the sake of running, pummeling each other with bits of sod, playing catch with a Jaffa orange. Suddenly my host grabbed my arm.

"See there!" he said, pointing to a small circle of people on our left. "That will be the three-card man. You must see him; he's a great attraction."

We hurried over to the circle. In the center was, indeed, the three-card man: he was a large, burly figure with a puffed, weather-beaten face and a dirty cap pulled down over one eye. Three playing cards were spread, face down, on a small, cloth-covered stand before him; the three-card man was manipulating them rapidly, inviting his audience to tell him, for a price, which one was the queen of spades.

He was, my host informed me, a prime favorite at all Point-to-Points, all the more so because his operations were banned by the police.

Suddenly there were sounds of warning and alarm. The three-card man looked up quickly; in a flash the



cards were in his pocket, the cloth covering of the stand was whisked away, and the stand itself—a collapsible frame of light metal—was miraculously folded into something that looked like an outsized shooting-stick. The three-card man, using it as a cane, moved slowly away, limping noticeably. I turned and looked behind me; a policeman was strolling towards us, smiling sardonically at the pantomime. My host nodded.

"Obviously in secret sympathy," he said. "The three-card man is extremely popular. He'll just wait a bit now, then he'll set up shop somewhere else."

I pointed out that there was a certain injustice in barring the three-card man from an arena in which a number of other gambling games flourished. My host disagreed.

"You see, you do have some chance of winning at them," he said. "With the three-card man, there's no chance at all. It's a great swindle. Shouldn't we be looking into the next race, by the way? We might put a bit on McGahan; he's up again and it's quite obviously his day."

We put a bit on McGahan. As the horses took the first jump, the salmon-pink silks of McGahan were in front; as they went over the second and down into the valley, out of sight, the lead had increased.

"He's on a splendid animal," my host said. "It's purely a question of the margin of victory."

It was at the stone wall jump, a half-mile away across the fields, that catastrophe occurred. The horses went up and over; when they came down, there was a groan from the crowd. One of the horses had fallen;

it was difficult, from where we stood, to tell which one. Still, I could no longer see the salmon-pink colors.

My host said calmly, "I missed that. Who fell?"

I said tentatively, "I think it may have been our man."

He shook his head. "No no," he said. "McGahan doesn't fall; he's the steadiest man in the country. It's impossible to tell from this distance; we'll have to find someone with glasses." We looked about, searching for binoculars; twenty yards to our right a man was slowly lowering a pair from his eyes. We ran towards him; my host said, "Who was it who fell?"

The man gave him a bitter look. "Who was it who would fall?" he said rhetorically. "McGahan, that's who."

My host was thunderstruck. "McGahan!" he said. "Why would he fall?"

The man laughed savagely. "Why would he fall?" he repeated scornfully. "Answer me this: *Why did his father fall before him?*"

Memories run long in Ireland. My host put his hands in his pockets and stared out at the course. Far out on the course a solitary horse was ambling homewards slowly, a small shape in salmon-pink on its back. My host said, "A great pity. Entirely unforeseeable. Still, it really doesn't matter. The winning, I mean. Not at a Point-to-Point."

"Sport for the sake of sport," I said.

He looked at me quickly, even suspiciously. "Yes," he said. "More or less, that is. Naturally."

There were two more races, but McGahan did not ride again; his work for the afternoon was over. And the afternoon itself was drawing to a close; the light, although still bright, was softer, less direct, the grass a shade darker. The bookmakers alone maintained their pace; the rest of the crowd, and in particular the children, had grown quieter; as always, enthusiasm was wearing away with the day. Even as the final race began, the first handfuls of people were making for their cars, eager for the precious head start down the narrow lane.

We left slowly, caught in the flow of departure. Already, on the top of the hill, the refreshment tents were being struck; farther down, the balloon-and-soccer game had gone. The bookmakers, silent now, were making final payments; the flower women, still hopeful, were hurrying along with the crowd, hawking their faded mer-

chandise. Almost at the edge of the parking lot, we came upon the three-card man. He was now a disconsolate figure; it developed that at last he had been apprehended, not by his acknowledged adversary, the uniformed policeman, but by a plain-clothes man, whose approach he had not suspected. He sat now on the ground, surrounded by old victims, dejectedly chewing on a blade of grass.

One man said sympathetically, "And did he take all your dom cards?"

The three-card man nodded mournfully. "Every dom one," he said. "Every *blessed* dom one."

As we got into our car my host said, "That plain-clothes business is bad, very bad. It's never been done before."

There was a small delay while cars jockeyed their way out of the parking lot; then we were in the dirt lane once more, going bumper-to-bumper, at a pace much slower yet more reassuring than that at which we had arrived. We passed the spot where Dan, the faithful sentry, had stood; he was gone now and I wondered if he had seen the Point-to-Point at all. We moved slowly but steadily; in a surprisingly short time we turned out onto the highway, and in a few minutes more we were out of Cabinteely, going back to Dublin.

I was sunburned, relaxed, and a little sleepy; it had been a fine day. We did not talk; my host, free now of annoying traffic restrictions, drove swiftly, tacking from side to side in his familiar fashion. As he drove he whistled softly, almost to himself; finally he said aloud, "But still, it really was extraordinary."



I said drowsily, "What was?"

"Why," he said, "that McGahan should fall at all. That was *most* extraordinary. Don't you agree?"

I agreed that it had all been most extraordinary indeed.

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